WEEK
ENDING
MAY 30, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybod

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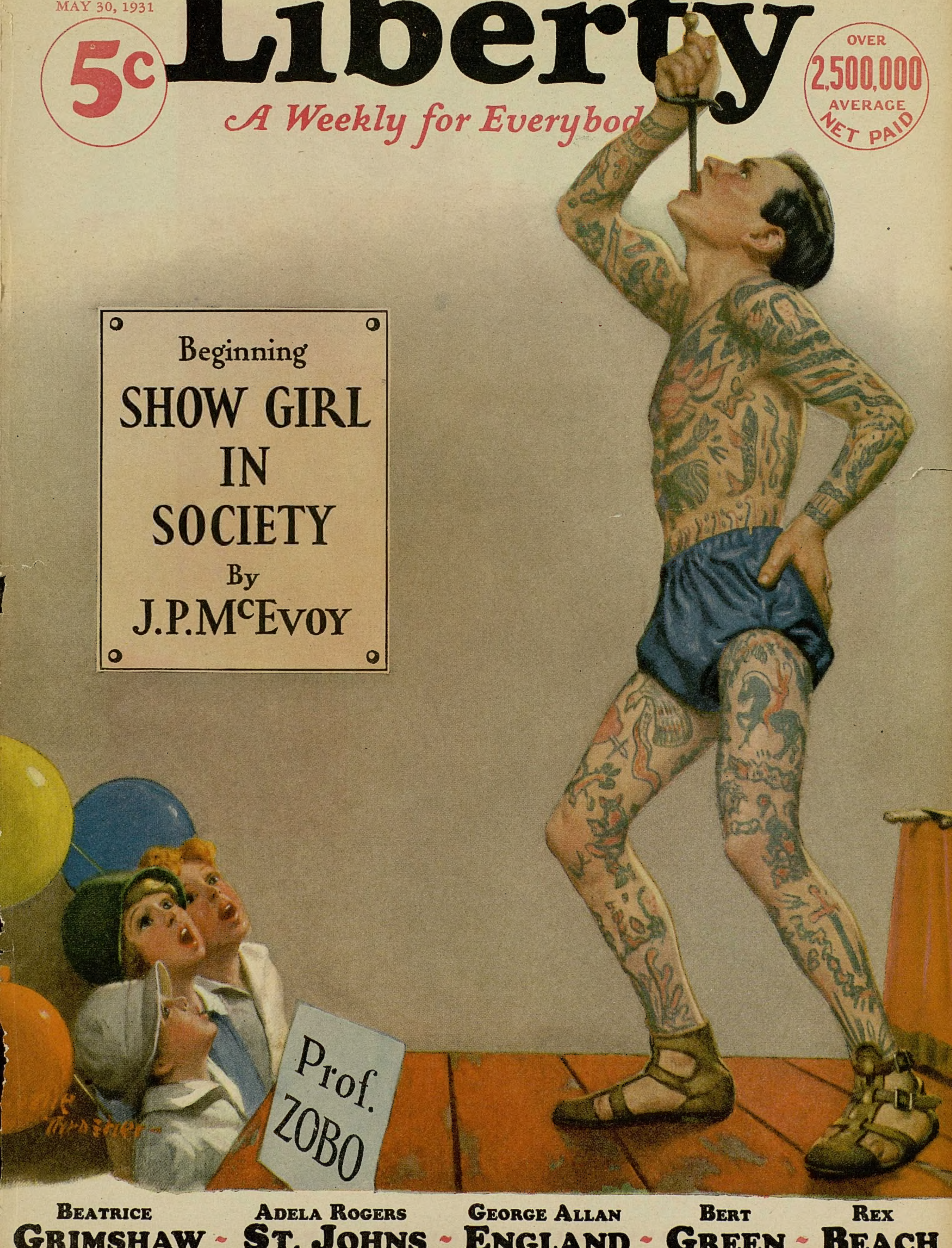
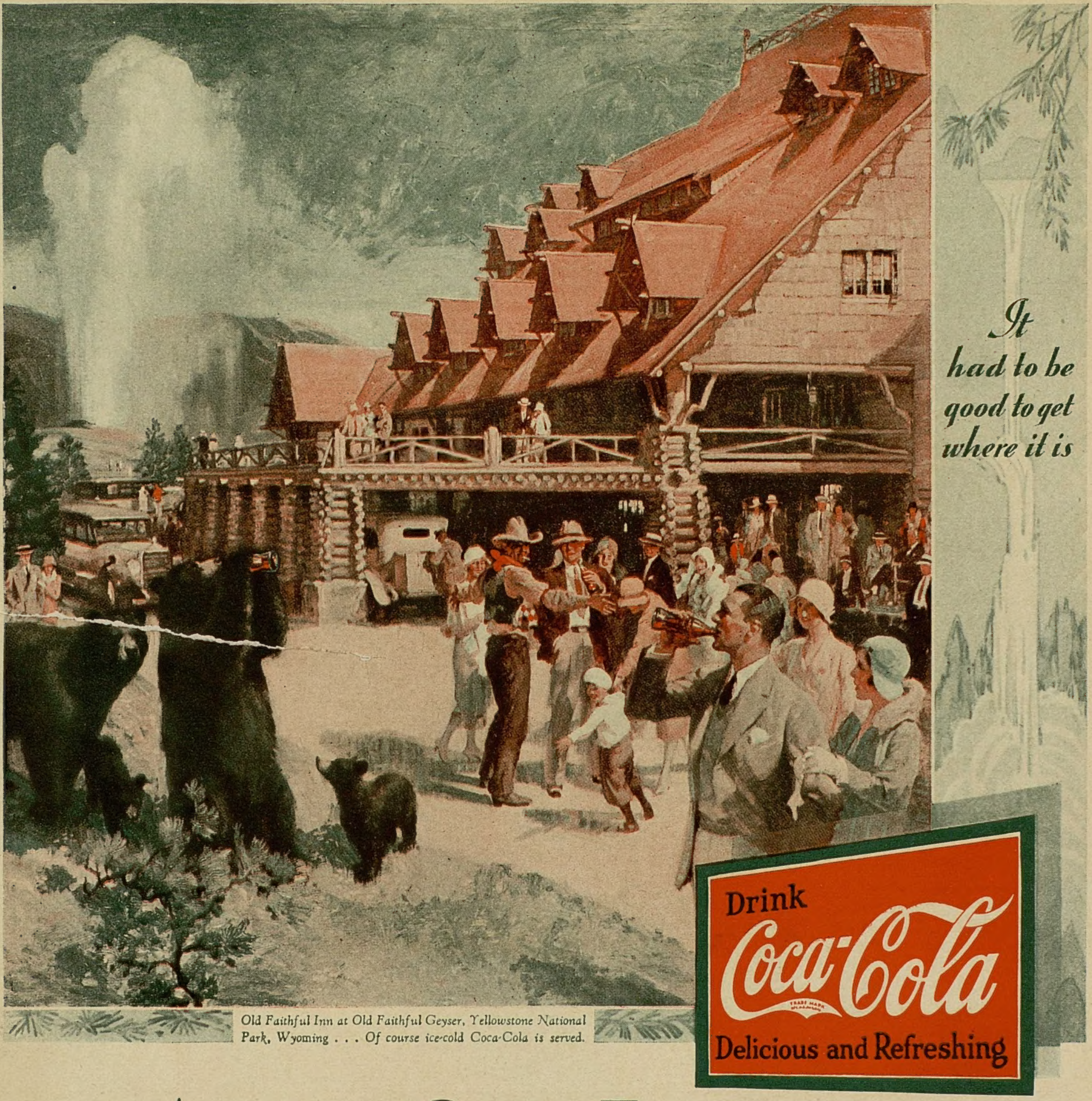


Beginning

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY

By
J.P.McEvoy

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW - **ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS** - **GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND** - **BERT GREEN** - **REX BEACH**



Old Faithful Inn at Old Faithful Geyser, Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming . . . Of course ice-cold Coca-Cola is served.

Another OLD FAITHFUL–
the pause that refreshes
with ice-cold Coca-Cola

OF THE hundreds of thousands who every season pour through YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, everybody stops to see OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER. Once every hour it shoots for a few minutes its stream of boiling spray 120 to 170 feet into the air. Then it rests » » » What an interesting place to pause. Of course Coca-Cola is there. This great drink gives you a tingling, delicious taste and a cool after-sense of refreshment. At work or at play it cheers up your rest period, and you are off to a fresh start.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

LISTEN IN ~ Grantland Rice ~ Famous Sports Champions ~~~ Coca-Cola Orchestra ~ Wed., 10:30 p. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time ~ Coast to Coast N B C Network ~

OVER NINE MILLION A DAY

ONE WORD SOLVES A DOZEN PROBLEMS—

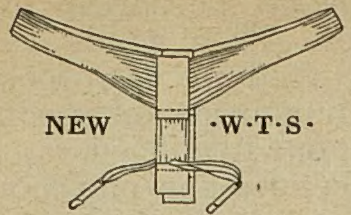
Naturally—it's Hickory

Another Message
by Ruth Stone

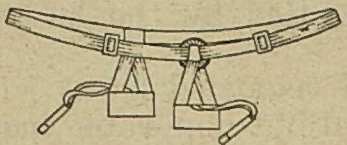
"While studying style trends at various fashionable resorts, I learned something tremendously interesting. Society women are not at all extravagant in many of the smart details of feminine daintiness. They are just about the most quality conscious and 'get your money's worth' group imaginable! An overwhelming percentage of them said they always bought Hickory Belts. Naturally, some preferred the dollar styles in silk—but the majority paid only fifty cents and always bought a few at a time. Several said that the twenty-five cent grades were their favorites! Of course all Hickory Belts are scientifically made *by* women *for* women—in various styles—to meet every personal need. Approved and recommended by leading medical authorities. Never bind. Be sure to see the new '·W·T·S·'—it's something entirely new—fifty cents and worth it!"

Write to Mrs. Ruth Stone—the well-known Supervisor of Styling for Hickory—about any personal question or your particular needs. Address 1171 Congress Street, Chicago.

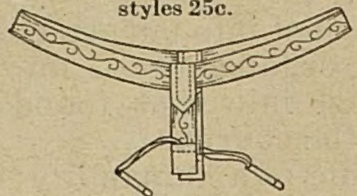
Belts by Hickory



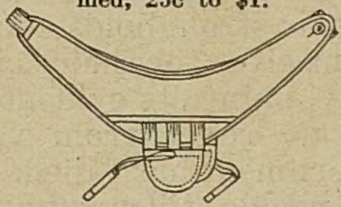
·W·T·S· "Woven to Shape" Holds its curve when s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-d. 50c to $1.



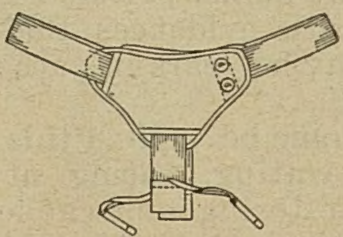
Petite Style, of ⅜ inch Narrow Rayon Elastic; adjustable, with taped-on pins or patent clasps. 50c. Other styles 25c.



Curveweave Style—"Shaped to fit"—of 1 and 1½ inch Rayon Elastic Satin trimmed, 25c to $1.



Shaped Shield Style, Button Belt—Sateen Cloth. Waist measure sizes, 50c.

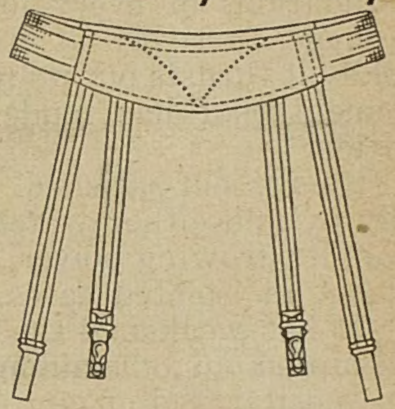


Shield Style Button Belt—Elastic sides and pendant. 35c to $1.

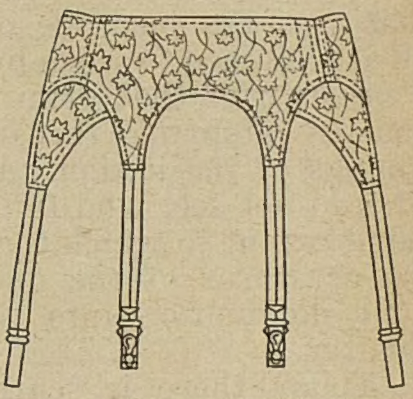
"And so many superbly dressed women I met were wearing Hickory Girdles. Some of them used to spend just fortunes on similar garments before—though I never saw any need for it, knowing Hickory Girdles as well as I do. It seems that good news travels fast. Hickory Girdles have received a tremendous amount of friend-to-friend recommendation. They're expertly tailored—to be sure—and come in a pleasing variety of materials and models. These comfortable creations point the way to 1931 slenderness—style—and emphasize the trend toward the vanishing hip-line. But first you must learn to forget their modest cost or you'll never believe that you're wearing such a very smartly styled, perfect fitting and charmingly youthful aid to beauty of form. You'll find them in your favorite Notions Department."

Good Notions Departments also feature these other fine Hickory Personal Necessities: Sanitary Aprons—Bloomers—Step-ins—Shadow Skirts and Dress Shields.

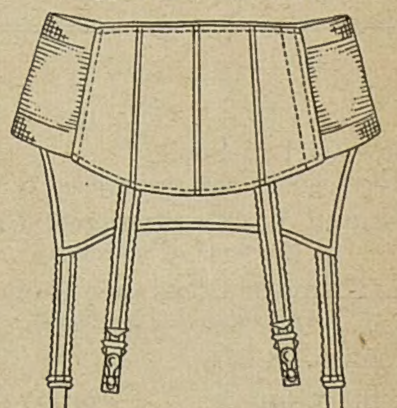
Girdles by Hickory



Garter Belt style — trim, lightweight and comfortable. 50c to $1.



Gentle fit and perfect comfort. Figured rayon cloth panels, elastic insert at back. Rayon elastic hose supporters. 50c to $1.



Long wearing rayon satin shields, medium length front and back. Live, serviceable elastic hose supporters. $1.50 to $2.

Other Hickory Girdles at 50c to $5.

HICKORY
BELTS *and* GIRDLES

A. STEIN & COMPANY . CHICAGO . NEW YORK . LOS ANGELES . TORONTO

May 30, 1931

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE GANGSTER—A GREAT NATIONAL MENACE

Into the affairs of this country, eating close to the life's core, a sinister force has crept, a devouring monster, called Gangdom. Tearing at the foundations of every ideal, of every institution, it came furtively at first, but more and more boldly it thrusts out its tentacles to threaten every element that has made for our greatness as a nation.

Smug, self-satisfied, complacent, we have sat idly by and either watched or ignored its expansion, its growing power, nor sought to bar its way except in isolated cases.

It has weakened the moral fiber of our youth, corrupted our officialdom, brought contempt upon the most sacred of our American ideals and built up false standards based upon money and ease and license.

Morality, decency, the pulsing, vital strength that was the heritage of the American people, all are laughed to scorn by this monster.

Spawn of that grim mother, prohibition, the ghastly offspring threatens now the very life springs of the nation. And still there are many who do not see, who fail to understand the menacing extent to which the gangster, the racketeer, the creatures of the underworld have extended their domination into the everyday life of the country.

Today there is scarcely an American from whom tribute is not wrung for the support of this lecherous beast. At first it was rum. With the fat profits from bootlegging, the entering wedge was thrust into the ranks of officialdom which then became powerless to prevent the spread of the gangster and the racketeer. Their hands reached out to levy tax upon the food we eat, upon the clothes we wear, upon our amusement, upon the work from which we earn our livelihood.

No sane person can believe for one moment that the orgy of slaughter which exists in this country today, with thousands of murders unsolved each year, could go unchecked unless the hands of officialdom were tied by the hands of corruption.

Where once the world regarded us as rough, raw, free, a people of hard but honorable men, it now pictures us, and more correctly than many of us realize, as a nation held in serfdom by the feudal overlords of gangdom.

This menace has extended into our avenues of business, into our labor organizations, into our legislative halls, and even into that foundation stone of American life—the courts.

The price for the taking of a human life today in New York or Chicago is said to be as low as fifteen dollars. Packs of killers, literal human wolves, follow the banners of the chieftains of gangland who maintain their strongholds and buy or force immunity for themselves for their crimes.

It becomes increasingly, painfully evident that we can expect little or no relief from vested authority. Too often government has failed. But the spirit of the American people still survives. It glows faintly, merely waiting for the storm wind that will fan it into bright flame, perhaps into a raging inferno. There are evidences that the tempest is stirring. It may be years in gathering force.

But what will the outcome be? Must this condition go on, growing, rotting, eating at the strength of our nation, festering and cankering until the people arise in their wrath? Already into the newspapers is creeping word of the formation of Vigilantes organizations, not in the cities, but beyond them, with the purpose of throwing back this filthy beast that seeks to spread its grasping clutch.

Could we end the tyranny of the underworld by removing prohibition and taking the main support away from the gangster? Or has his power become too great, his sway extended too far to be thus curbed even were prohibition ended?

To many of those who understand what is going on this seems the only chance to forestall a veritable reign of terror, not tomorrow, but certainly not far distant, for certainly it is not the way of Americans to endure tyranny indefinitely.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing will be mailed upon request—Oakland Motor Car Co., Pontiac, Mich.

MAKING NEW FRIENDS AND KEEPING THE OLD

THINGS THAT DRAW US INTO FRIENDLY UNDERSTANDING

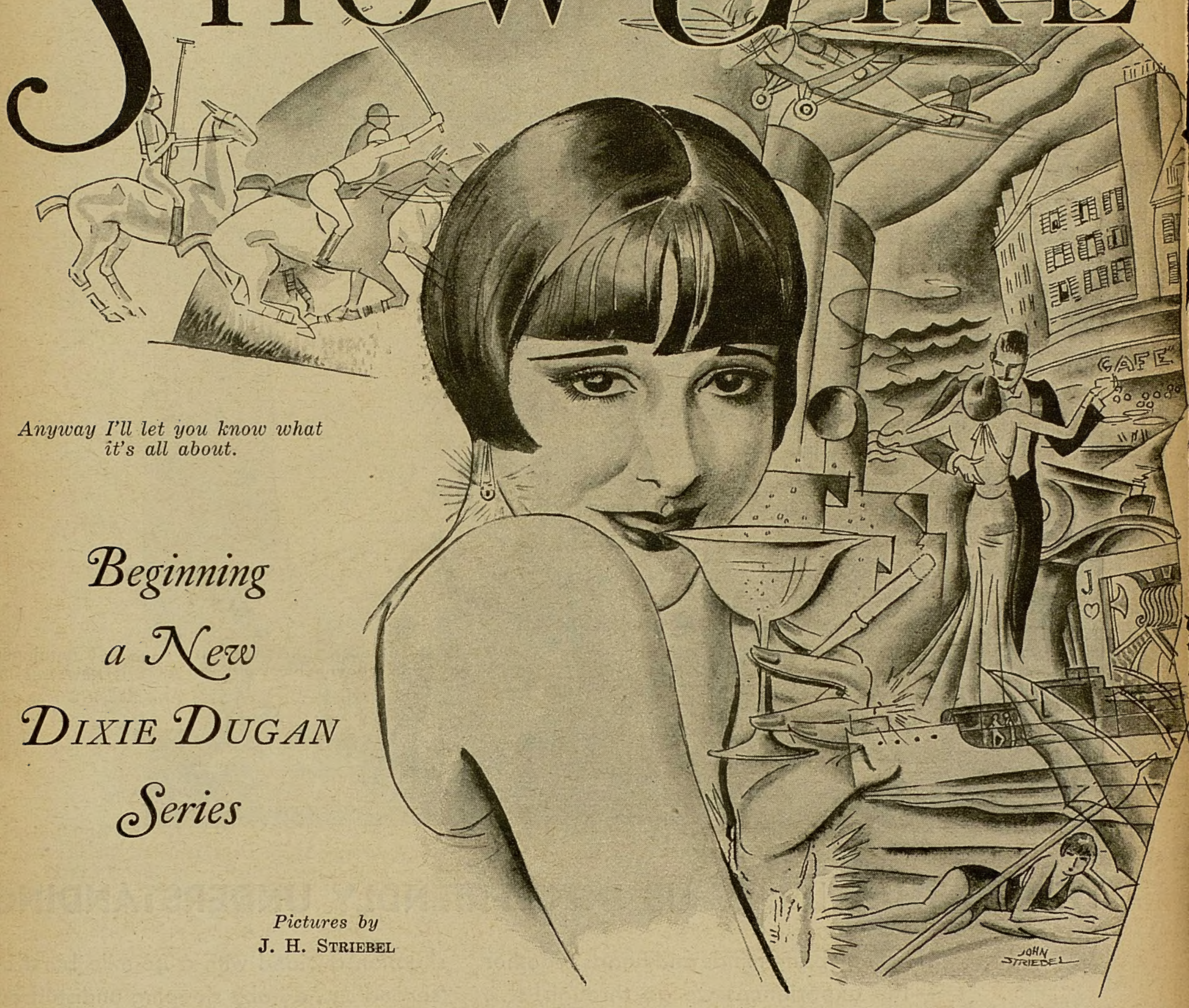
How they bring minds and hearts together—the experiences we go through! . . . For soldiers, their battles. For mothers, their children. And for motorists . . . well, you know how car owners always like to talk about their cars. . . . Maybe people who drive the Oakland Eight and Pontiac Six are more friendly than the average—more anxious to share pleasure with others. Anyhow, they are telling a lot of pleasant experiences—a stubborn hill easily conquered at last . . . a tight situation avoided with a 40-mile burst in 'second' . . . a baby sleeping undisturbed over country roads . . . not to mention the many kind words about brakes, and weatherproof windows, and fine upholstery. . . . After all, we can't be far wrong in our homely philosophy that the more we do for people the better they will like us. . . . Won't you try one of these fine cars—drive it or ride in it—and find out for yourself just what we have done to earn your confidence and friendship?

OAKLAND 8 **PONTIAC 6**

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

Bodies by Fisher

SHOW GIRL



Anyway I'll let you know what it's all about.

Beginning a New DIXIE DUGAN Series

Pictures by
J. H. STRIEBEL

By
J. P. McEvoy

whose best-selling pieces, Show Girl, and Show Girl in Hollywood, are bright memories in the minds of Liberty's readers. He here gives you certain further adventures of his heroine, Dixie Dugan. Mr. McEvoy, a native of New York City though he grew up in the Middle West, is both novelist and playwright. His latest novel is Mister Noodle.

(Reading time: 32 min. 5 sec.)

LAS VEGAS NEW MEXICO

THE DUGANS
439 FLATBUSH AVENUE
BROOKLYN NEW YORK

THE BABY WAS MARRIED TODAY TO A SWEET BOY WITH LOTS OF JACK STOP RUSH COPY WHAT EVERY YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW TO MRS TEDDY DIXIE DUGAN PAGE UP IN THE AIR AND WHAT I MEAN

DIXIE

BROOKLYN NEW YORK

MRS TEDDY PAGE
LAS VEGAS NEW MEXICO

WE ARE ALL CRAZY WITH JOY AND DYING TO SEE YOUR NEW HUSBAND STOP WHEN YOU COME EAST INVITE US TO THE RITZ STOP MEANWHILE REMEMBER YOUR OLDER SISTER AND KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR SOMETHING IN PANTS NOT OVER EIGHTY WITH SOFTENING OF THE BRAIN HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES AND YEARNING TO HAVE A LITTLE FEMALE PATTERING AROUND THE OLD TOWN HOUSE ON FIFTH AVENUE STOP WILL PATTER OR PITTER TO ORDER AND AM IN NO MOOD TO DICKER STOP ALL MY LOVE DO WRITE AND TELL ME THINGS

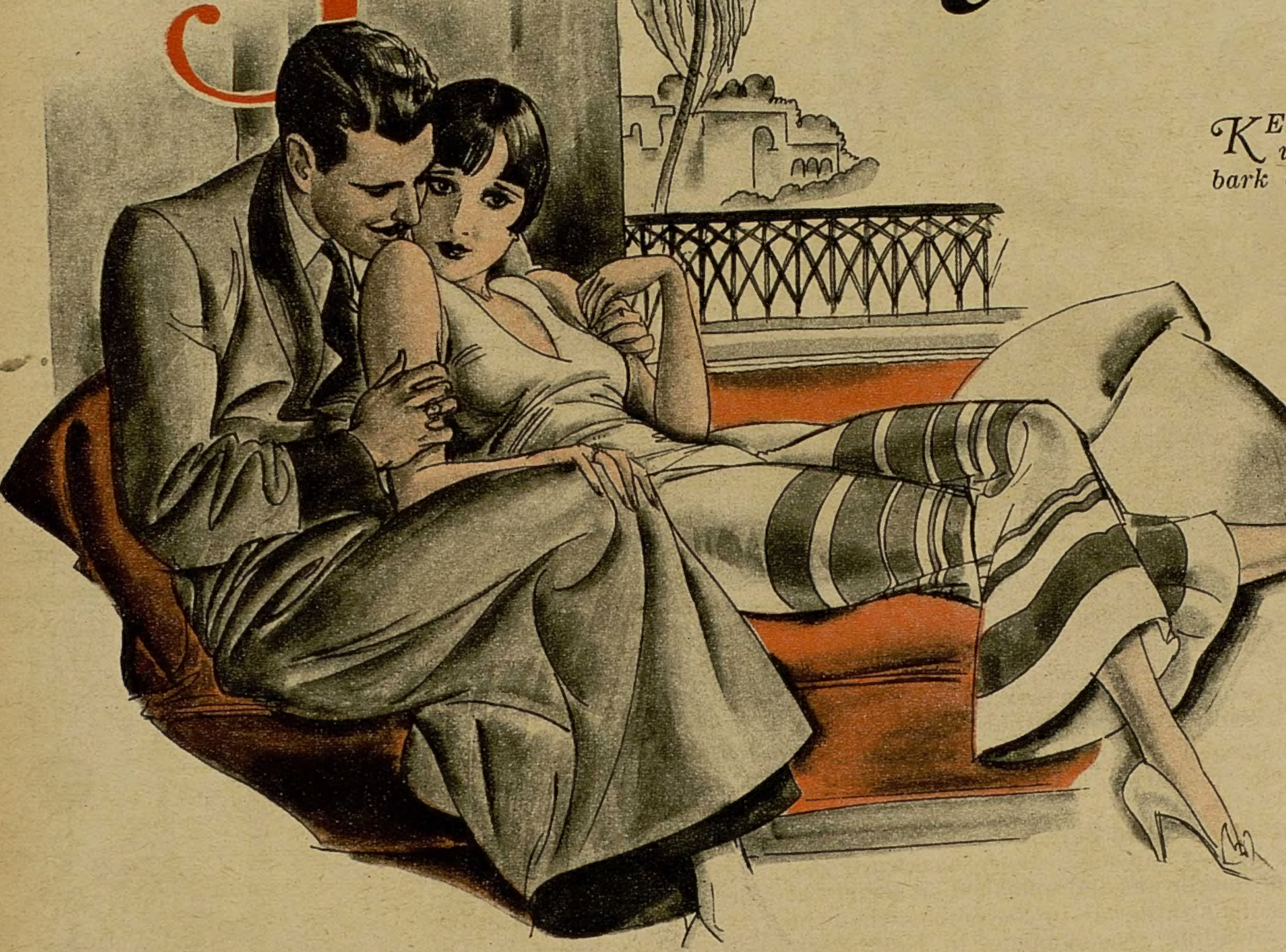
NITA

Agua Caliente, Mexico.

DEAR NITA:

The new husband and I are down here in Old Mexico spending our honeymoon, as I understand it is still called in the old-fashioned circles where I used to circulate. Teddy is a darling, a darling, a darling, a darling. Handsome, and rich, and young, and full of hell—just the type I would cast for the husband of Dixie Dugan. And just what I would get for you if there was another one, but there aren't any more Teddys. Just the same, though, I will keep a sharp lookout in this new society jungle and if I see an old rogue elephant with good ivory I'll do my very best to bag him for the dearest

in Society



KEEP your chin up. If they bark at you, bark back.

sister and the swellest gal in the world. You know it makes me feel rotten sometimes to think that I get all the breaks and you don't get any, but maybe now that I have my foot in the door I'll be able to do something for you in a big way.

This wouldn't be a bad place to start operations. Agua Caliente means hot water, and HOT is the word. Racing and gambling all day, lickering and loving all night. If all the rest of Old Mexico is like this, the great white father in Washington did us dirt when he didn't let Villa take us over. The place is full of young bloods, rich and careless and handsome, most of them belonging to a polo crowd down here with George Dixon who owns the string of horses that have been cleaning up the track this season.

WE got very yippy together—Teddy and I, and Dixon and his gang, one of whom is an international ten-goal man, whatever that means, and a house guest on his enormous ranch where Teddy and I are invited next week to continue our honeymoon. The polo boy carries his own string of ponies around with him in a special train, which gives you an idea of the way the Dixon's mob strew it about. He went right on the make for me—didn't seem to mind I was on my honeymoon. Teddy didn't either. Seemed flattered if anything. Well, maybe I'll learn.

For the time being however, I am so dizzy that I don't know whether I'm riding or flying. Teddy's society patter is a new routine and so far I don't know where the laughs are. I hear about Newport, and Aiken, and White Sulphur, and the Old Girl, and Hell-on-the-Hilltop, and closing the town house and opening the country house, or maybe it's the other way, and there seems to be a little shooting box in Scotland, and a couple of yachts lying around collecting barnacles in the Sound—one of them is practically a canoe, just a skeleton crew of six or eight. I gather they do the marketing in that for the other boat which is an old scow, according to Teddy, with a crew of twenty, all brass buttons and brass rails and brass cuspidors and brass hats and the crew speaks only to the captain, and the captain won't speak to anybody, and the family doesn't dare to cross him or he will run the damn boat on the rocks and quite frequently does.

In fact it seems from Teddy's disgusted remarks that is where the boat spends most of its time, especially if there is a big party dated up for a cruise to Nassau or Havana or the Riviera.

If this sounds cockeyed as I retell it, you can imagine how it sounds to me, whose longest boat ride up to now has been on the Staten Island ferry, and who is called upon now to sit around in a two-hundred-dollar suit of pyjamas on a dear delightful bed with a panting new husband and decide between kisses whether we shall dash over to Antibes on the old scow, or take the *suite de grand luxe* on the Ile de France, and poke around Paris while I pick up a few trifling Chanels. And I used to think a Chanel was something you got greased to swim across!

Anyway I'll let you know what it's all about as soon as I find out. All I know now is that Teddy has a mother who is an old bulldog with a pearl collar, who sits on the doorstep at Newport and bites anyone who tries to get in. Her favorite pastime is chasing the new rich down Bellevue Avenue and off Bailey's Beach. This of course doesn't take all of her time, because she has the energy of a dozen maniacs. So when she isn't raising Hell with her servants she is raising Hell with her family, which consists, as nearly as I can guess, of Teddy, two daughters, and Teddy's father, who was married for his money and has

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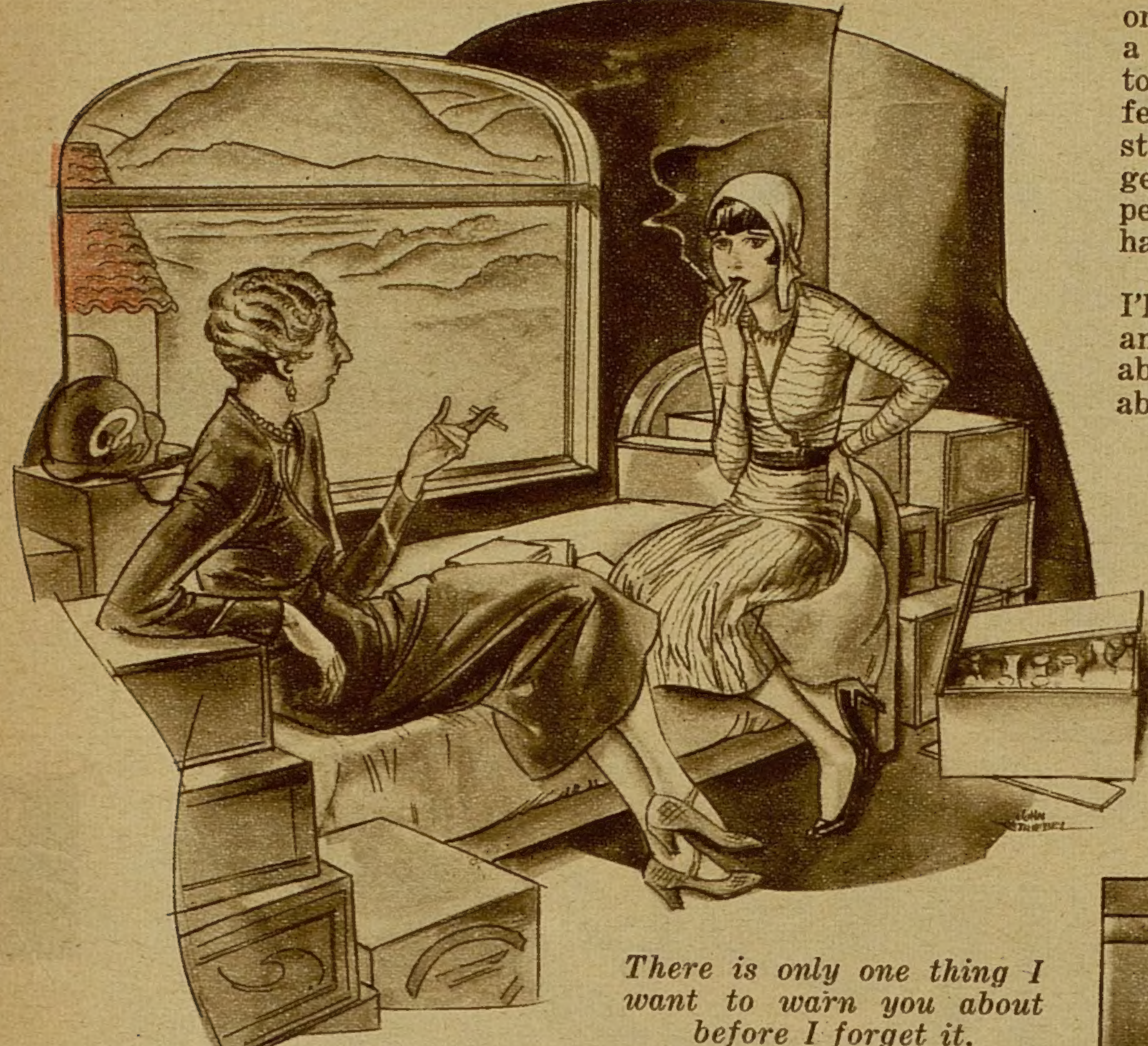


There is only one thing I want to warn you about before I forget it.

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page seven

millions and millions and millions in Oil Companies, Railroads, Automobile Factories, and Banks, here and abroad.

The older daughter is called Serena Page, age 18, and at present one of Miss Chapwell's choice backward students who will be brought out and unloaded on society at great expense (Teddy's father's) in November when the big annual deb-unloading season opens in New York. You see how fast I'm learning. I didn't know November was anything except football season, but I'll know it this year, because Teddy says I'll have to be at the Ritz when the début comes off, because I'm a young society matron now, and I am in the Page family, which because of Papa's millions and Mamma's blue and very acid blood can sit in the golden horseshoe at the Opera on Mondays.

It seems the rest of the week is a total loss and not to be spoken of in polite society—why, I don't know. Why a lot of things, I don't know. But when I find out I'll tell you. If I ever find out. When I ask Teddy why do you do this and why do you do that, he answers, How do I know? I do it because it's done. Done?—done by who I says. Everybody who is anybody he says, and who is this anybody I says. You'll find out he says; wait until you get back east and meet the Old Girl, and Aunt Polly and Aunt Julia, and sit through a few formal thirty-six-cover dinners at Hell-on-the-Hilltop.

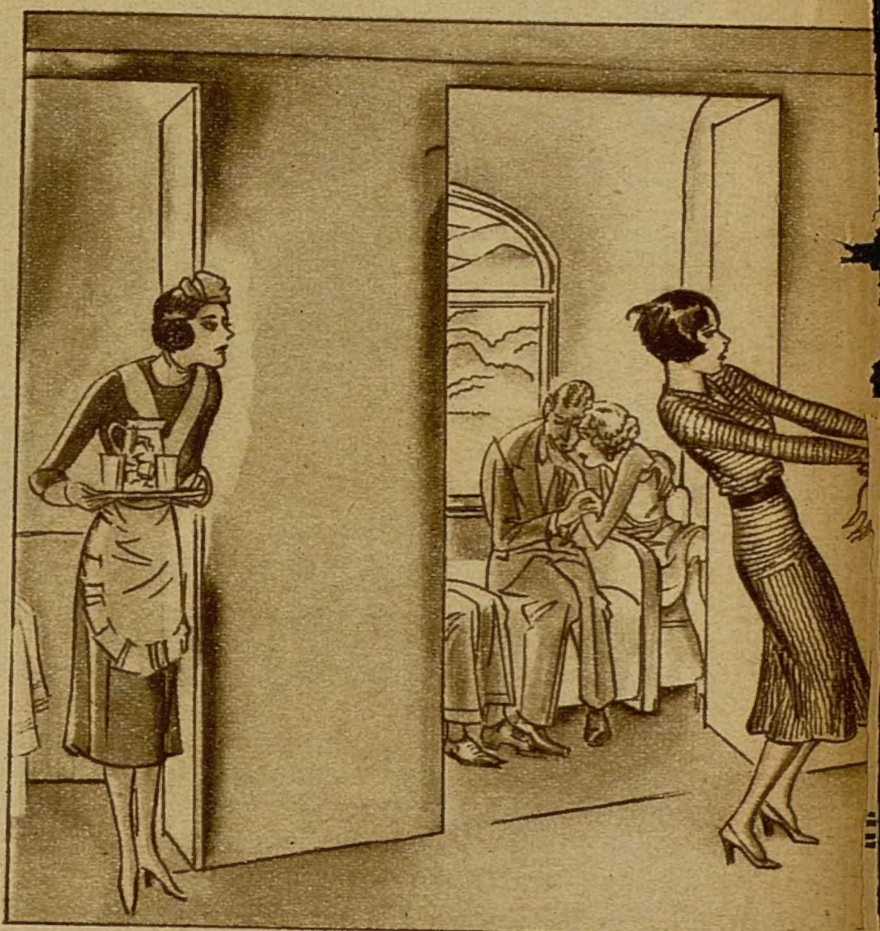
AND what is Hell-on-the-Hilltop? says I. That's home, says Teddy. Home sweet home—or one of them, anyway—forty-six rooms, fourteen baths, three dining rooms, a ballroom, a picture gallery, and not a laugh in the place. That's why I stay away from it as much as possible. That's why I'm here. But we'll both have to go back some day and meet the family.

So that's how it stands now. After our honeymoon we are going back east to meet Teddy's father and mother and sisters and cousins and aunts, all of whom are quite insane he tells me and will make me very glad to get on the boat and go to Paris, and we'll be lucky if they don't trail along, says Teddy, and if they do says he, we'll push a few overboard. The aunts especially says Teddy.

How about the sisters I asked him. Oh, they're in school he says and they can't get out, and a good thing, too, because Serena, the older one, is a wet smack and dumb as a duck, and the younger one, Patricia, is only sixteen but it takes a personal maid and a private detective to keep her from running away with chauffeurs, grooms, night-club doormen, elevator starters, Roxy ushers—anything that will get her away from home and school, and especially society which she hates with a great hate, and I don't blame her.

She sounds all right to me I says; I'll bet I'll like her. She'll like you, says Teddy, and the old man will like you too. How about your Mother? I says. Don't worry about her, says Teddy. She doesn't like anybody. She'd bite herself only she knows she'd get blood poisoning. Serena won't like you either. Neither will Aunt Polly, and neither will Aunt Julia, and none of their friends will like you.

I can see where I have a swell life cut out for me says I. Oh, we'll have lots of fun, says Teddy. Keep your chin up. If they bark at you, bark back. Anyway you married me. You didn't marry the family. I wonder, I says. I bet I did and I don't know it. Well, I don't care, Nita. Teddy is swell. I don't have to sleep with Aunt Polly. They may scare me to death in Newport, and all up and down the Riviera, but I'll try not to let them know it. If they get too hard, I can get hard too.



I didn't kick up my heels in the chorus without learning to kick a few shins if necessary, and I've been backstage on Broadway and in Hollywood, man and girl, and I've yet to be photographed in the daisy chain. Love to the folks, and give my regards to Brooklyn. DIXIE.

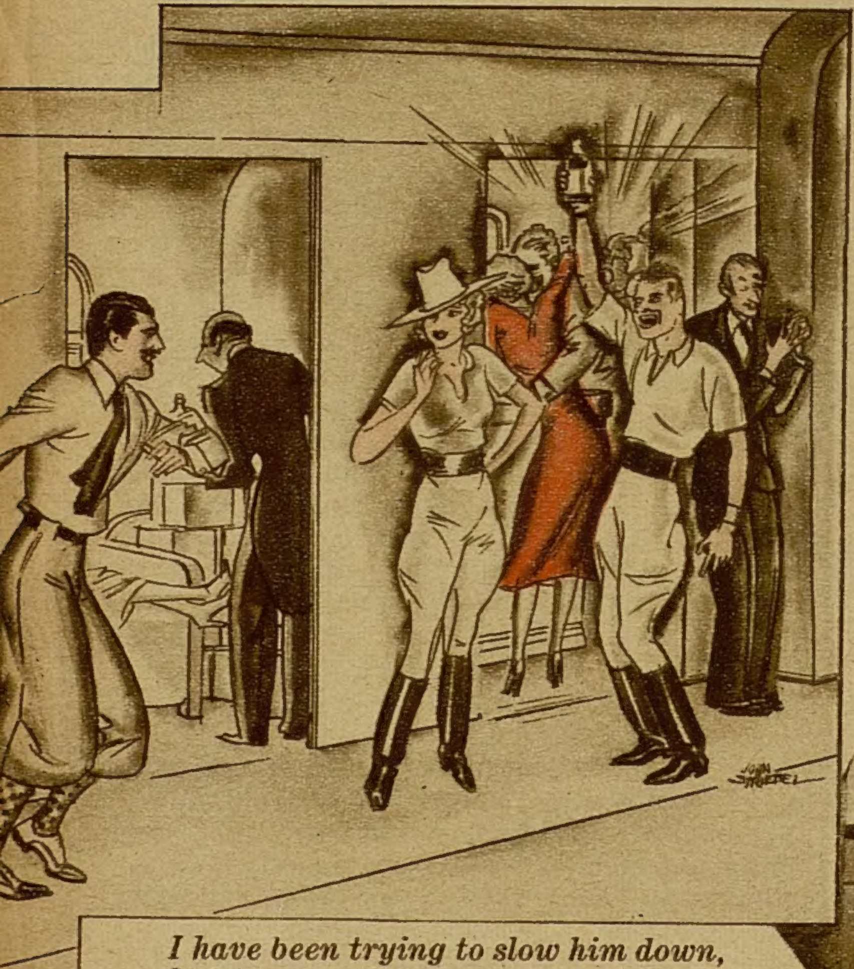
MISS CHAPWELL'S SCHOOL, LTD.
New York, N. Y.

DEAR DIXIE:

I am sneaking this chance in school to write to you. I was going to write to you from home but Mother caught me and said I was not allowed to write you until she had learned more about you.

I told her I knew a lot about you already because Theodora's aunt invited Theodora and I to go with her to the Rialto to see you in your picture Loving Sinners on Saturday afternoon, because that is the only day we are allowed to go to matines, and when I told Theodora you were married to my brother she was livid with jealousy, and Mother said jealous of what, and I said you wait until you see Dixie in pictures. She can sing and dance and has the sweetest haircut, and I'm going to have my hair cut that way too, and Mother said you'll do nothing of the sort it's bad enough for one member of the Page family to disgrace us getting mixed up with a show girl, and don't let me catch you going to any more pictures she's in, and what you see in all these vulgar pictures is beyond me anyway, and from now on you shan't see any more, so I kept quiet after that but made up my mind to write to you first chance I got and tell you how much I liked you in the picture and how crazy all of us girls in the school are about you and how envious I am of you out there in Hollywood with all those swell looking stars, and me cooped up in this stupid place where they don't let you wear high heels or jewelry or even decent clothes, nothing but uniforms like we were convicts or something and bottle green too of all colors.

Believe me I tear it off when I get home in the afternoons and get into something gay and high heels too, the highest I can find at Delmans.



I have been trying to slow him down, but every time you turn around there is someone holding up a bottle.

I'm dying to hear all about Hollywood and how Teddy met you and if you're going to make any more pictures and if you think I could get into the movies or on the stage like Fifi Lambier who is in Fifty Million Frenchmen, or do something exciting because I'm sick of this school and lessons and you can't do this and that isn't done, and wait until you're out and all the lip I have to take from Serena just because she's two years older and coming out this winter. My God you'd think the world was coming to an end just because she's making her debut.

Mother has even promised to let her have Pierre and the Hispano for her own and up to now Mother wouldn't have let Pierre drive the Prince of Wales. This summer I'll be lucky to get Cassidy, the third chauffeur, and the old Ford station wagon. Well, Serena needs all the help she can get and I tell her so too when she gets too overbearing, because she has about as much chance marrying first year out as I have to be Queen of the Rumanians.

Honestly Dixie I had three times as many bids from Groton, Hotchkiss, and Pomfret boys for the holiday dances and was allowed to go to only two of them and with a different boy the second time, because the old dingbat told mother Cyril, the Pomfret boy, was rushing me just because he tried to leave her waiting in my car and sneak me off in his.

Well she was too wise and she couldn't be bribed and she couldn't be coaxed, so I had to go home with the old dingbat and this cute boy just dying to take me to Childs for bacon and eggs at daylight. What kind of a life is that to lead? Do you blame me for wanting to get away from it all and come out to Hollywood with you?

Please write and tell me all about it. I'll be passing out until I hear from you. Have you ever met Clive Brook? Some of the girls prefer George Bancroft, but Clive Brook's smooth technique when he makes love is what keeps me awake nights. I know I'd just pass out if I ever met him. Well, some day I will. I'm not going to stay cooped up here and submit to all this forever. Do you blame me?

All my love. Toodle-oo, PATRICIA.

New York City.

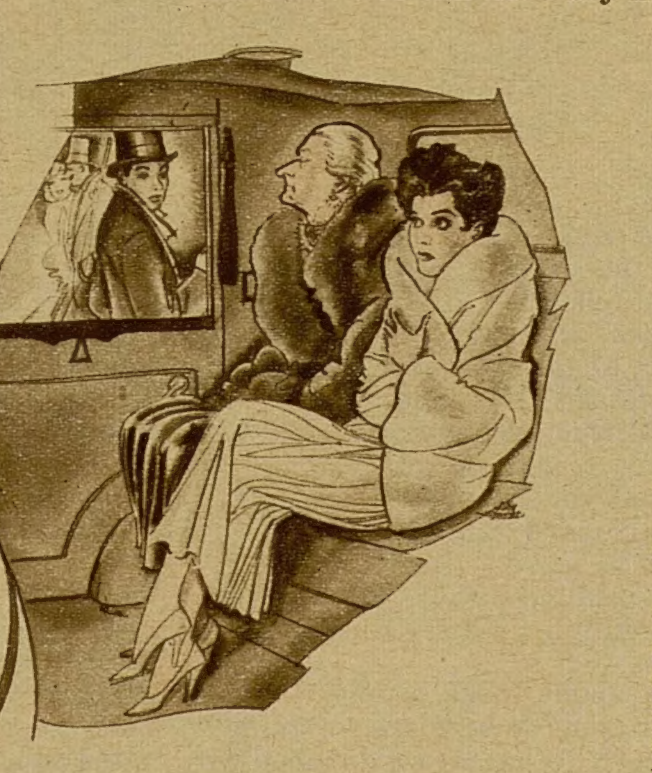
DEAR SON:

I suppose you read in the papers that your mother and I were sailing to Europe upon hearing of your elopement with Dixie Dugan, the movie star, and that we were very angry about the whole thing, and especially put out because you didn't marry Joan. The truth is, I'm at the town house with the girls, and your mother has finally stormed down to the Aiken cottage with a psychoanalyst and a trained nurse and all the hysterics she couldn't unload on us. It was she who had her heart set on you marrying Joan.

As for me, I had just about decided to stop paying off chorus girls, manicurists, cloak models, and night-club hostesses and let you go to hell and stay there. I hope now you have settled down. From all I can hear Dixie will probably make just the kind of a wife you need. I hope she can do something with you. I never could.

Is she going on in the movies or are you both coming back east and settle here? You can go into any of my factories or branch offices, or any of my banks, here or abroad. You can have any kind of a job you want if you will work at it. Let me hear from you. I don't expect miracles, but if you stop helling around and drinking and do buckle down to something serious, I'll be more than glad to get back of you and Dixie with everything I've got.

DAD.



So I had to go home with the old dingbat.

Del Monte, California.

DEAR NITA:

Well, here I am but where am I? I'm sitting in a private car, one of three, on a side track after an all-night run and a party every inch of the way from Los Angeles. There is a lot of outdoors outside and pretty soon we are going to get a lot more because we are waiting for a fleet of motor cars to take all of us up to Dixon's Ranch, high up in the hills of Monterey. Some of us will walk out of the cars here, but most of us will have to be siphoned.

What a party—what a night—what a head.

Let me see if I can jot down some of it real fast before we push off, because I understand where we are going is twenty miles from the nearest post office. So you won't be hearing from me until after this Ranch party.

Dixon took quite a shine to me in Agua Caliente and, besides, he is mixed up in some big way with Teddy's father, something to do with coal mines which incidentally supply most of the coal for the railroads which my polo boy owns a big hunk of. Hence his private car which is

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page nine

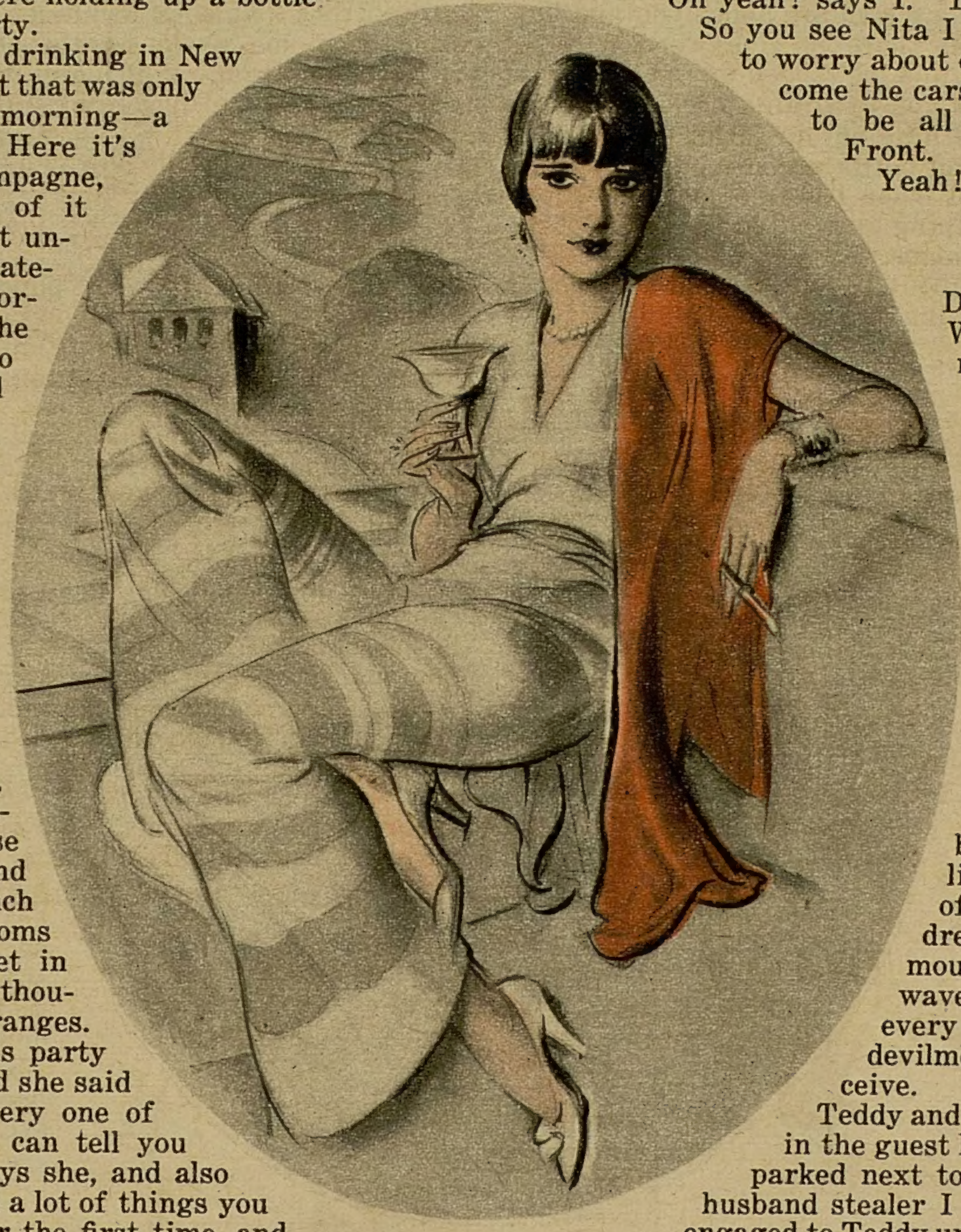
hooked on behind ours and then there is another one hooked on behind his with brass beds and valets and maids and chefs and polo players and movie gals, and a little bar in every car. Theme song: Oh, we couldn't travel without our little bar any more.

Seriously I am beginning to get worried about Teddy. I never saw anybody drink the way he does. And this gang of Dixon's is a hard riding, hard drinking bunch. I have been trying to slow him down a bit, but what chance have you got—every time you turn around there is someone standing there holding up a bottle like the statue of Liberty.

I thought I had seen drinking in New York and Hollywood, but that was only a little Scotch each morning—a little gin each night. Here it's champagne, and champagne, and champagne, cases of it in the aisles, cases of it under the beds—one stateroom full of it with Corsets sleeping in the middle of it trying to keep some sort of guard over it.

Corsets is Dixon's licker secretary on these parties—she also keeps track of his horses, jockeys, and trainers, and the Ranch Hands, consisting, so she tells me, of thirty real cowboys with feathers on their wrists, a retinue of twenty-eight servants, every one a different nationality, a guest house of twenty-two rooms and twelve baths, a Ranch House (forty-six rooms and eighteen baths) set in the middle of a hundred thousand acres of mountain ranges.

I asked her what this party was going to be like, and she said she didn't know, as every one of them was different. I can tell you about some of them, says she, and also I can tell you a lot about a lot of things you are meeting up with for the first time, and I says I wish you would and then she says, Well I've been in this social secretary racket for fifteen years and I'll tell you as much as I think will help you, because I can see right now you've got a lot to learn. Just don't try to learn it all at once says she. Come to me when you want to know something. I'll try to steer you.



Brooklyn seems a long way off from this ranch.

WELL, tell me something about these people, I says. Who are they? Who is Dixon? Where are we going? How long do these parties last? What do we do when we get there? Do you know anything about Teddy's family? I can't make head or tail of them. I just got a letter from his kid sister. She wants to run away from Miss Chapwell's school, whatever that is, and come out to Hollywood. I wrote and told her she was crazy to think of it.

She wired and said she was coming anyway, to look out for her. Suppose she does—then what? The family will blame me. What have I married into, anyway? Is Teddy's mother the old hellion he says she is—is Teddy's father so rich and important? If so, how? And why and where and who is Aunt Polly and Aunt Julia? I'll tell you all about it on the way up to the Ranch, says Corsets. We ride up a narrow trail road with only two wheels on the ground, and what I can tell you of your Aunt Polly and Aunt Julia will make the drop down to the valley look inviting. There is only one thing I want to warn you about before I forget it. You know your Teddy was engaged at one time to Joan Pratt.

I never heard of it, says I. You will, says Corsets, for she is Dixon's house guest at the Ranch, and she hasn't given Teddy up yet. Oh, she hasn't? says I. Well, we'll see about that. I'm just telling you, says Corsets. She'll make it as tough for you as she can, and believe me she has developed husband stealing into a fine art. You know, don't you, that you grabbed one of the catches of Society when you got Teddy, and you're a rank outsider and a poacher from her point of view, and she'll never forgive you, never.

Oh yeah? says I. Yeah, says Corsets.

So you see Nita I have practically nothing to worry about on my honeymoon. Here come the cars. We're off! It's going to be all quiet on the Western Front.

Yeah! DIXIE.

Rancho San Pedro,
Monterey, California.

DEAR NITA:

Well, well, it's jake to have money. Don't let anybody tell you different. And it's all right to have a lot of it, too. And when it comes to wallowing around in millions like these playboys up here in the hills—well, that's just too bad. Brooklyn seems a long way off from this glorious ranch. It always seemed a long way off, even from across the Bridge, but imagine what Flatbush Avenue must look like from up here on top of the world, with a hundred thousand acres of mountain ranges like ocean waves under your feet, and every comfort, luxury, and devilment that mind can conceive.

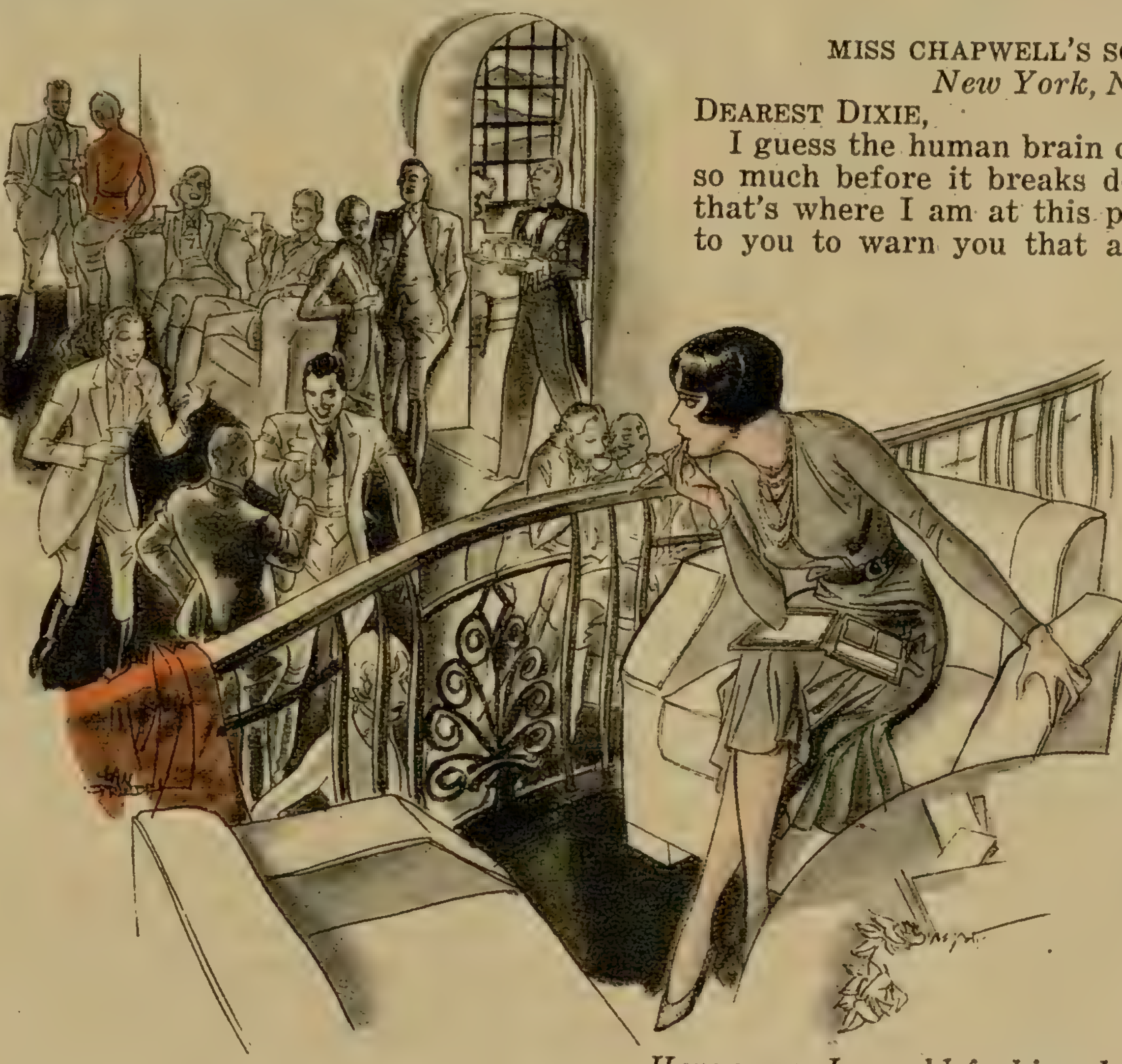
Teddy and I have a suite of our own in the guest house, and who should be parked next to us but Joan Pratt, the husband stealer I told you about who was engaged to Teddy until I came along and took him right out of her web without even knowing it. Seems she is a Pratt of the Newport Pratts—and why not?—and has never heard of the Dugans of Brooklyn. Well, I never heard of her either so that makes it even. But, baby, she is going to hear a lot of me from now on, if she doesn't lay off of Teddy.

She went right after him as soon as we got here. Seems she heard we were coming up as Dixon's house guests almost as soon as we did, and managed to get herself invited so as to be here and crab our honeymoon. Wanted to take him out riding with her right after luncheon—the very first meal we had in the house. I said Teddy isn't going out riding, he is going for a walk with me, and Joan says walk? and sniffed, and I says yes, walk, and then she says, Oh, yes, of course, you don't ride, do you, but then how could you be expected to know how to ride?

Then I said, Oh, riding is much easier to learn than good manners, you must have found that out, so then Teddy said, that will hold you Joan, run along now like a good egg, and let Dixie and I wangle our own honeymoon. Well, Joan nearly choked, but she managed not to let Teddy see it. She merely turned to me and said very sweetly, Dixie, what a charming name—Southern, isn't it? And I said, just as sweetly, that's remarkable intuition Joan, unless someone told you. Of course a girl like me who didn't get around the world would have thought it was Esquimo.

And just to answer your next question, which you are a bit slow in getting arranged in your mind, I don't come from an old Southern family. I'm a Dugan and the Dugans were Kings in Ireland when the Pratts were eating nuts in the trees. Really? says she. Really, says I. You must know the old saying: Ireland was a Kingdom when England was a pup, that is, if you read anything besides the bright sayings for children in Towns Topics. Which disposed of Joan for that afternoon. Anyway. But we are not finished with each other I can tell you that. And she isn't finished with Teddy, either.

Corsets warned me against her—you know, Dixon's social secretary—and Corsets was right. If she can make trouble between Teddy and I then she has a chance to get him back—not that she's crazy about Teddy, but according to Corsets Joan is desperate for money. It seems there are society girls who are poor as church mice and yet have to keep up a swank front and be seen everywhere in the swellest clothes and what they won't do to get by would put a Follies girl's gold digging into the "come into the drug store with me while I get some powder" class. Did you know that Nita? I didn't.



Here comes Joan, old-fashioned in hand and heading right for Teddy.

And that explains a lot of those face powder and bedroom testimonials in the magazines, with pictures of Miss Uppity Hyphen Hoorah of Newport, Bar Harbor and Cannes, whose aristocratic beauty and fragile charm is enhanced by Baby Face Night Cream. The girl needs the dough and is selling what she's got. And why not? How does that differ from what other girls do who are not so Newport? Did you know there are plenty of society girls in New York, and upper crust too, who dress plenty smart from the rake-offs they get from the swell shops into which they steer the not-so-ultra but filthy rich on the lower rungs? That explains Joan and her yen to sleep with the Page millions and why she hates little Dixie Dugan hyphen Dugan of the Dugan-Dugans of Kilkenny.

Call for cocktails down below in the lounge.

There comes Teddy. Running! He has just speared the biggest whisky and soda I ever saw. Must get down there quick and try to keep him inside the quota. Ahhh. Here comes Joan, old-fashioned in hand and heading right for Teddy. Must admit she's a swell looker, Nita—slender, blonde, chic, and snooty as the devil. Claims twenty-three, but I give her thirty. There she goes—pawing Teddy already. The war is on. More later. Kiss. Kiss. DIXIE.

Ritz-Carlton Hotel,
New York City.

Miss Georgiana Totten,
478 Madison Avenue, New York City.

DEAR MADAM:

Complying with your kind request, we take pleasure in herewith making the following definite reservation, viz.: Mrs. William K. Page, Débutante Supper and Ball, Main Ballroom Suite, Thanksgiving Eve, November 26, 1930.

Our estimate for dinner for 250, ball, supper, and breakfast for 2,000, rental of Main Ballroom Suite and Persian Room, floral decorations, Meyer Davis music, etc., is approximately $25,000. Appreciating your written acknowledgment of this reservation, and assuring you of our best efforts at all times, believe us to remain,

Respectfully yours (for the Ritz-Carlton Hotel),
W. M. WILLY
Maître d'Hôtel, Banquet Dept.

MISS CHAPWELL'S SCHOOL, LTD.
New York, N. Y.

DEAREST DIXIE,

I guess the human brain can stand just about so much before it breaks down completely and that's where I am at this point as I'm writing to you to warn you that almost anything can happen and probably will as I am pretty well fed up at this point being picked on at school and stepped on at home just because I'm two years younger than Serena and the whole family is in an uproar over her coming out this fall as if she was the first one who ever came out.

Well it won't make any difference to society whether she comes out or not because if I do say so she's pretty dumb only you wouldn't suspect it until she starts to talk because she looks very queenly and regal and can squash Princeton boys with her eyebrows. I don't think Princeton boys are so hot anyway. They haven't any class.

One of the older girls in school here says Princeton is a country club for little boys who'll never grow up. Well anyway it isn't a jail like this place and I'll be glad when I'm out of it which will be sooner than you expect because Theodora and I are working out a most elegant plan and don't be surprised if we come trooping up to your door one of these sunny mornings and ask for a job in the movies. Oh boy think of playing opposite Clive Brook. What girl wouldn't rather do that than stick around here knowing that the only fate that could possibly befall her would be a début at the Ritz or the Colony Club and after that gardenias and saps and saps and gardenias. I won't go through it. I won't. All my love,

PATRICIA.

Rancho San Pedro,
Monterey, California.

DARLING NITA,

I wish you were here. I wish somebody was here I could talk to. I don't know what to do. I think I'm going crazy or something. I've been talking to Corsets but she's so hard-boiled. God is she hard! Don't be a fool, she says, stick it out. You've got to be hard-boiled in this racket. You can't be sentimental. But this is a honeymoon, I says. All the more reason she says. Honeymoons are nothing to this gang. Just a big laugh. If you can't laugh too you're going to be damn miserable.

And I says well that's all very well but what would you

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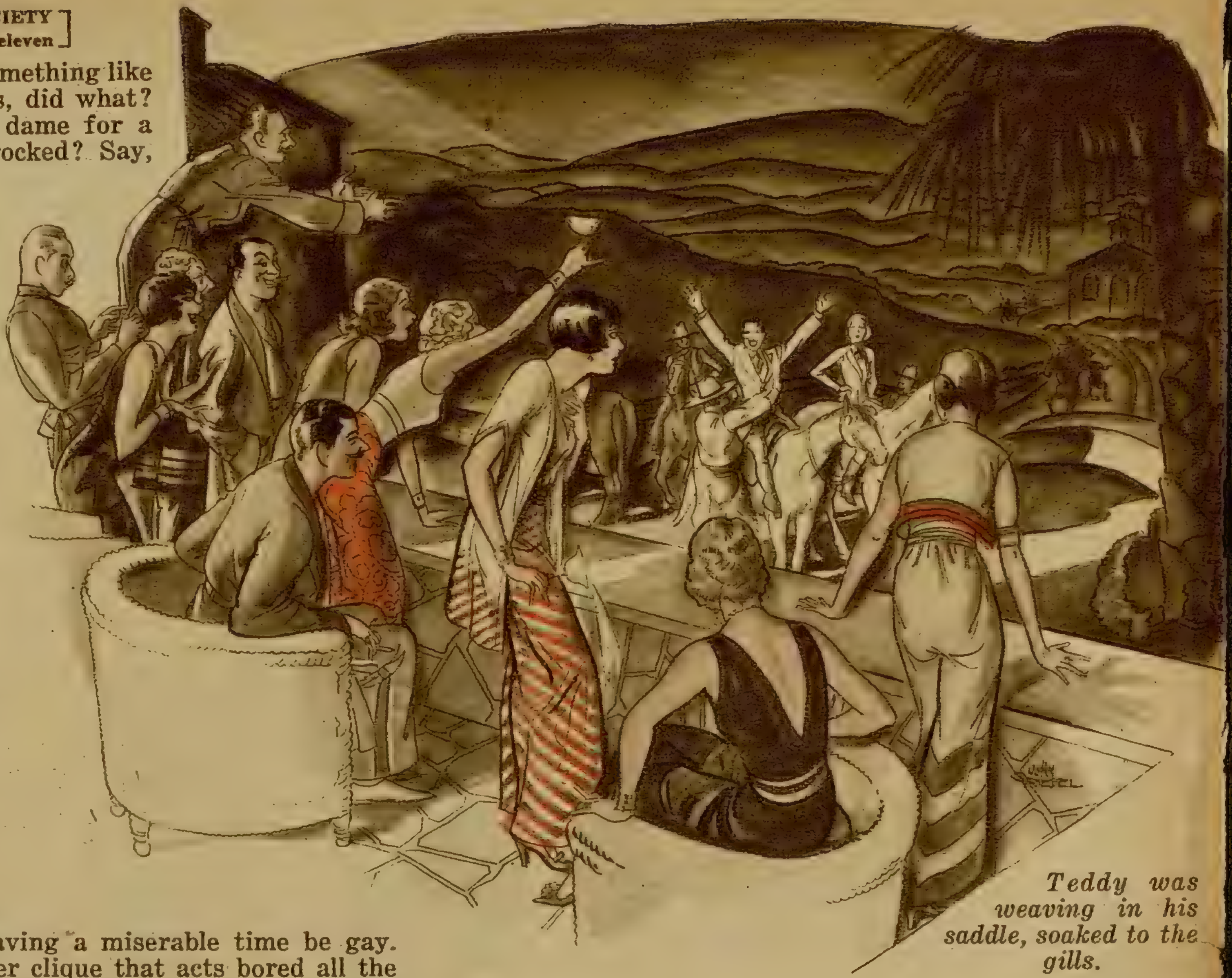
SHOW GIRL IN SOCIETY
Continued from page eleven



Teddy was weaving in his saddle, soaked to the gills.

do if your husband did something like that to you and she says, did what? disappear with another dame for a few hours and turn up crocked? Say, he'll do that plenty. Not to me he won't I says. Alright then be a sap, she says; run out now and let Joan get him, that's what she's playing for. You don't think this whole thing was just accident do you? Joan figured it all out.

Oh yeah? I says. Well I'll get even with her. You're going about it in a very silly way she says. You made a fool of yourself by showing how angry you were. One of the first things you must learn with this bunch you're traveling with now is to hide your feelings. Feel as you like and think as you please but never let them know. When you're having a good time act bored. When you're having a miserable time be gay. Of course there's another clique that acts bored all the time. I guess that's better yet, even.

And I says, that's all very well but you don't expect me to act bored when my husband goes riding off in the hills with some dame and stays out most of the night with her up in a cabin and we have to send cowboys out to get them and bring them home both cockeyed. And she says, well I don't expect you to act bored you haven't had the training and the experience but you're getting it now so why not profit by it? I'll break her goddam neck, I says. Temper, temper, says Corsets, be nonchalant. Light a pipe. Nothing happened to him. He's just as good as he ever was. Or just as bad.

Damn it, Nita, there's no use talking to Corsets. It's been so long since she was young she's all curdled and clabbered inside. Maybe I'll get that way too some time but meanwhile I'll handle things my own way. I haven't talked to Teddy yet or Joan either. He's still up in our room sleeping it off. He was sore as a pup because I moved out on him. I got Dixon to give me another room. That's where I am now. What am I going to do? I guess I'll leave him. I can't take a thing like that lying down.

IMAGINE! Here we were sitting around most of the night waiting for them to show up. They were supposed to be back for cocktails and then dress for dinner like all the rest of us in pyjamas so there we were twenty or thirty of us sitting around in pyjamas having cocktails and more cocktails while we waited and waited and eight o'clock came and nine o'clock and ten o'clock and Mrs. Dixon frantic because the dinner was spoiling and the guests all famished but being polite saying no we'll wait and still no Teddy and no Joan. And then Dixon said they might be lost on one of the back trails and everybody laughed except me.

I guess I tried to laugh too but I'm sure it didn't sound convincing. But finally the bunch really began to get worried, that is the few who were sober enough to worry about anything and Dixon called in the cowboys and sent them out on the various trails with revolvers to see if they could locate them by shooting and listening for answering shots from Teddy if he was actually lost.

So there we all sat in our pyjamas out on the veranda and drank champagne and listened to the shooting all over the hills and finally about midnight back came the cowboys with Teddy and Joan. Teddy was weaving in his saddle, soaked to the gills and yelling yippy and Joan looked like the cat who had just eaten the goldfish damn her cold, hard heart. One of the boys had found them up in a little cabin in the mountains. Well we all sat down to dinner which was ruined but it was ruined for me anyway and everybody was laughing and kidding and Teddy tried to make up to me but I told him to go butter his ears.

As for Joan I didn't even speak to her and I'm not going to either. I'll cut her heart out. Or maybe I should ignore her what do you think? Maybe Corsets is right after all? Maybe I should have been very nonchalant and continental and lifted my eyebrows and said how did you like him? I'll kill her that's what I'll do.

But what am I going to do about Teddy? He doesn't mean to be like that. He wouldn't have done it only Joan kept after him. Or maybe he would. Maybe he's just no good. Maybe I've married a drunkard. Well maybe he's married one, too. I can get just as wild as he can. If this is going to be a contest we'll see who comes out on top. But what kind of a life is that Nita? God I don't know what to do. Teddy is so sweet and cute and looked so sorry when I slammed out on him last night and took a room to myself. I peeked in a little while ago and he was sleeping all curled up with his hair all over his eyes.

He looked just like a bad little boy. Well he is a bad little boy, and when he wakes up I'm going to break his goddam neck. I'll show him he can't get away with that stuff with me society or no society. If this is society to hell with it and I'll tell him so too and Joan and Corsets and the whole drunken crew of them.

Desperately, Dixie.

THE OAKS
Westbury, Long Island, N. Y.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to notify you that I have decided to imbark upon a career as I am quite depressed by continusly being treated as though I was a mere child and I am quite convinced from my study of Freud that being repressed all the time like this is playing havock with my ego so I have decided quite seriously upon a career which will give me opportunity to express myself and have my own money so I won't have to borrow from chauffeurs and maids like I am doing just now to get enough to get away from this crushing inviroment and go where I can have a career and make fame and fortune. So do not worry because I am plenty able to take care of myself.

Why good grief, Joan of Arc was commanding armies in France at my age and what was she? Just a peasant. So I guess if there is anything in all this Page blue blood that I've been hearing about ever since I was an infant I ought to do pretty well. And I will too. Goodbye and don't worry.

Once I have established myself I'll write you and have you send me a few things which I haven't had time to pack because I have had to sneak out like a thief in the night instead of with banners flying the way I'm coming back, believe you me. As for you, Serena, I bear you no grudge. I only feel sorry for you knowing that while I am having a thrilling time you will be one of those flop debs doomed to buy your own gardenias.

PATRICIA.

THE MEMOIRS OF PATRICIA PAGE

By Patricia Page

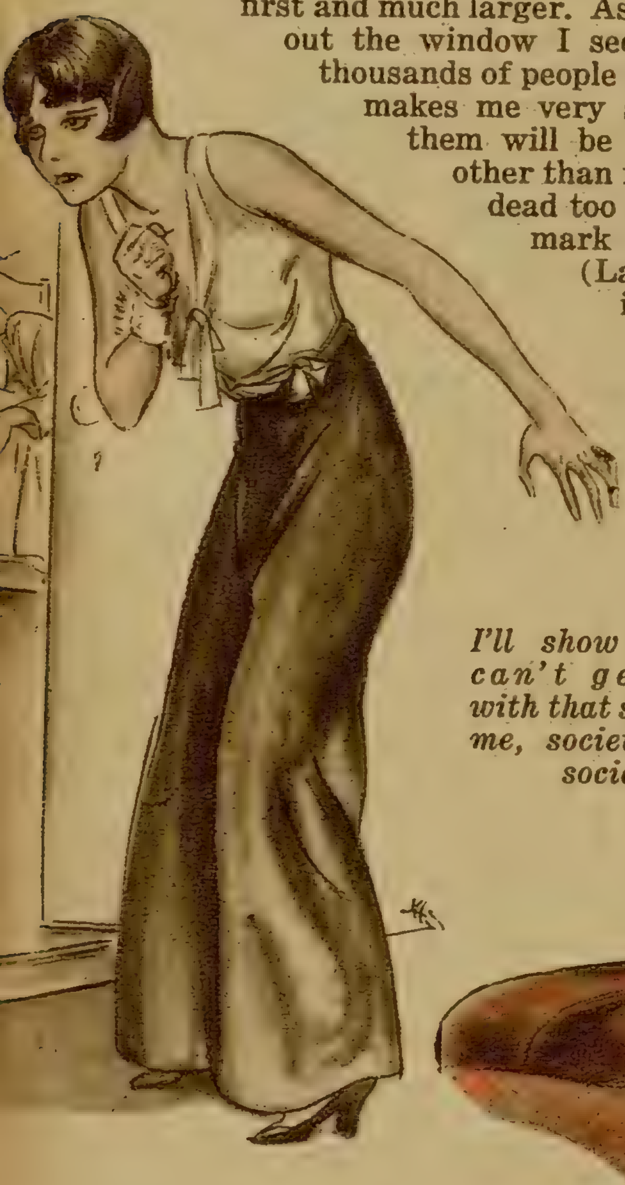
(To Be Opened Fifty Years After Her Decease)

CHAPTER ONE

I am writing this in Chicago, the second largest city in the United States of America, New York being the first and much larger. As I raise my eyes and gaze out the window I see Michigan Avenue and thousands of people going up and down and it makes me very sad to think that all of them will be dead when human eyes other than mine read this. I will be dead too but I will have made my mark in the world deo volente (Latin for god willing and if you think Latin is easy, you're crazy).

Today is my first day all alone in the world.

Although I am sixteen years old I've always had somebody tagging around after me, a nurse or a governess or something equally poisonous and all spies taking everything back to the family who love me in an animal way I fancy but do not understand my depths.



I'll show him he can't get away with that stuff with me, society or no society.

Even Theodora my best friend whom I trust most implicitly what did she do? Got scared and ran home like a rabbit leaving me all alone here in Chicago to face the world and Hollywood where I am going to make fame and fortune in the movies like Dixie Dugan my sister-in-law who married my brother Teddy who is a bum, but quite nice.

I tried to point out to Theodora who ran away from New York with me on the money she got from selling a bracelet and what I could borrow from Cassidy the third chauffeur who runs the station wagon and its a crying shame too because he deserves the Minerva at least and I have promised to let him drive mine as soon as I have made my fame and fortune in Hollywood although I was very careful as you might suppose not to let him know that's where I was going with the money I borrowed from him.

I told him I wanted to buy a nice big dog as I was tired of all those little sniffling pekes which Mother has around the place and which may cost a lot of money but look like neumonia germs to me. So Cassidy was very pleased that I was going to get a big dog, a great dane maybe and promised to take it riding with me on the station wagon when we went down for week end guests most of whom do not deserve such luck as to ride with a great dane such as I told Cassidy I was going to buy and I can assure you gentle reader that I became so intreegued with the idea I almost did go and buy one and then where would my career have been and what is more these Memoirs.

So goodbye I said to Theodora as she got on the train to go back to New York and Miss Chapwell's school and all those things which I have escaped from, I will go on to the golden West. I have just about enough to get me there but don't worry about me. You have chosen a craven's part and its you who are to be pitied so she waved goodbye to me through the window and I must admit my heart went down into my boots to think that here I was all alone in Chicago the second largest city in the United States with my family all in an uproar by this time over my dramatic disapearance.

I am sure the police in every large city in the land are looking for me now and they can go right on looking because I'm going to stay tucked away here in this little room to throw them off the sent and then I'm going to Hollywood and after I've made a staring picture or two I will laugh at them.

End of Chapter One

I am sure the police in every large city in the land are looking for me.

MONTEREY CALIFORNIA
NITA DUGAN
439 FLATBUSH AVENUE
BROOKLYN NEW YORK
TERRIBLE BATTLE WITH TEDDY STOP CANT STAND THIS MUCH LONGER STOP WHAT WILL I DO STOP
DIXIE

BROOKLYN NEW YORK
MRS TEDDY PAGE
RANCHO SAN PEDRO
MONTEREY CALIFORNIA
GROW UP NITA

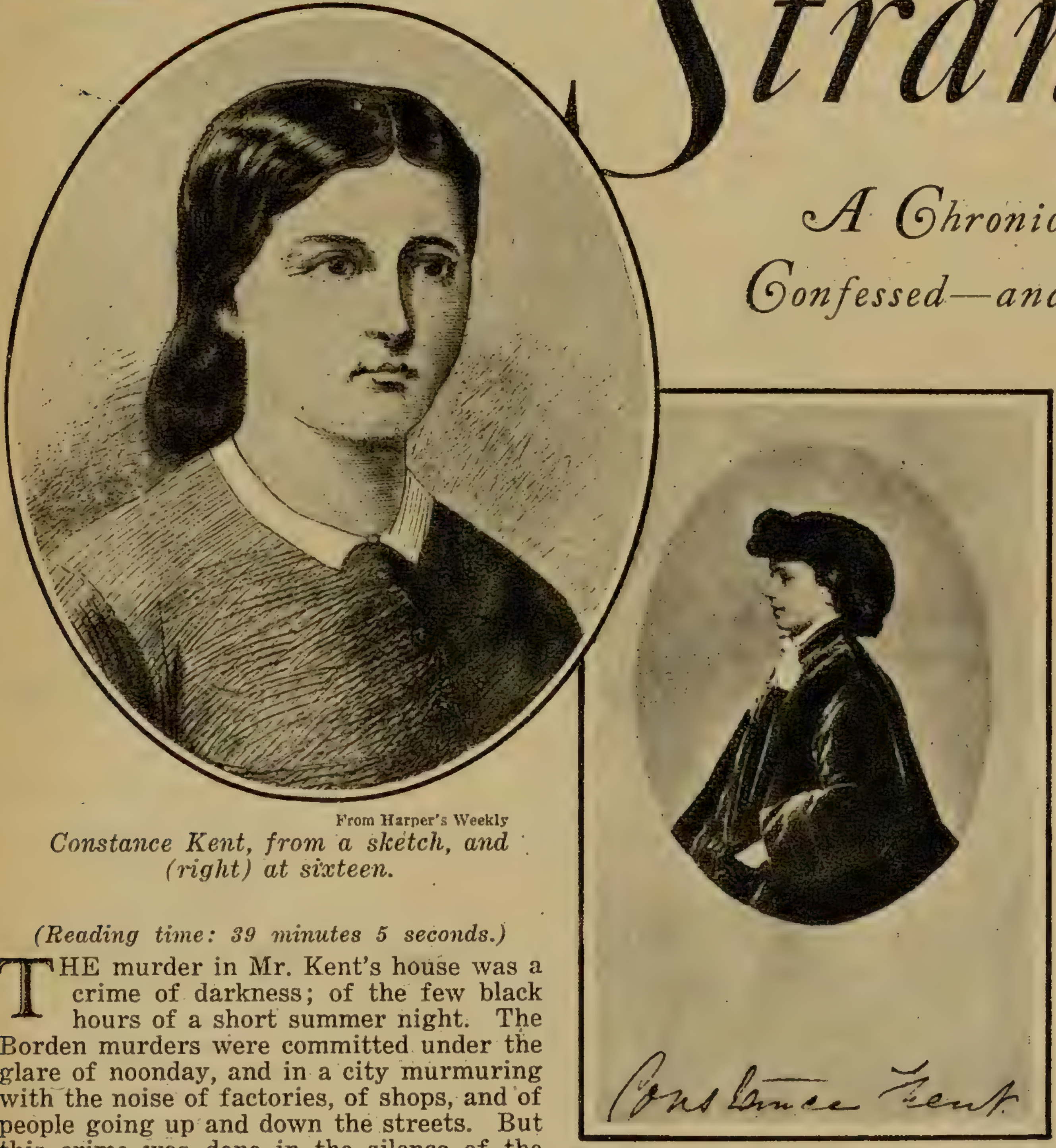
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA
NITA DUGAN
439 FLATBUSH AVENUE
BROOKLYN NEW YORK
LEFT TEDDY LAST NIGHT STOP AM GOING BACK TO THE MOVIES STOP LETTER FOLLOWING EXPLAINING ALL STOP HEARTBROKEN
DIXIE AMBASSADOR HOTEL

Next week Dixie finds out what it takes to mend a broken heart — and thrills at the discovery. From now on the story steps on the gas and whirls you into piquant adventure. Stay with it.

SCOTLAND

Strangest

A Chronicle of Murder Confessed—and Still Unsolved



Constance Kent

From Harper's Weekly

Constance Kent, from a sketch, and (right) at sixteen.

Courtesy Doubleday, Doran & Co.

(Reading time: 39 minutes 5 seconds.)

THE murder in Mr. Kent's house was a crime of darkness; of the few black hours of a short summer night. The Borden murders were committed under the glare of noonday, and in a city murmuring with the noise of factories, of shops, and of people going up and down the streets. But this crime was done in the silence of the country, almost the silence of deep woods.

The fear of darkness is more than childish imagination. It is an inherited fear; come out of those early days of the human race when the shadows were really full of danger. Just as we all love an open fire, because to our prehistoric ancestors, for thousands of years, a fire meant safety as well as warmth, so not one of us, to the last end of time, will quite rid himself of the terror of darkness and of strange furtive noises in the darkness.

Outside the house where this murder was committed there was almost total silence. Perhaps the nearly imperceptible sound of a little river or, at long intervals, the far-away and dismal howl of a dog. Probably some night bird rustled or made low chuckling noises in the ivy. But that was all.

Indoors—silence and darkness. Silence in which you could have heard the great clock tick. If an intruder had listened at a bedroom door he might have caught a few muttered words, as a child talked in his sleep. If a marauder had climbed up on the vines, and peered in at some of the windows, he would have seen the dim glow of an old-fashioned night light on the floor of an otherwise pitch-black room.

If one of the members of that luckless family had awakened in the stillest, darkest hour, and had lain listening, she might have heard quiet footsteps, treading cautiously one stair at a time. She would have heard them go downstairs, and then after a pause come up again. A door is opened very carefully. Then, the footsteps, faint and hardly to be detected, go downstairs once more.

There is a pause and in the silence that follows comes the muffled bark of a dog. He barks once and no more. Then there is another long silence, for perhaps a quarter of an hour. The footsteps have gone and there is no sound at all as the listener lies half awake and wondering. Perhaps the sigh of wind in one of the trees.

Then, after what seems hours, the soft footsteps once more; again they climb the stairs; there is a rustle and almost the sound of someone breathing. Then there is quiet, while the listener counts the beating of her own heart and wonders whether she really has heard anything at all, or has just waked out of a curious and very unpleasant dream.

. . . . .

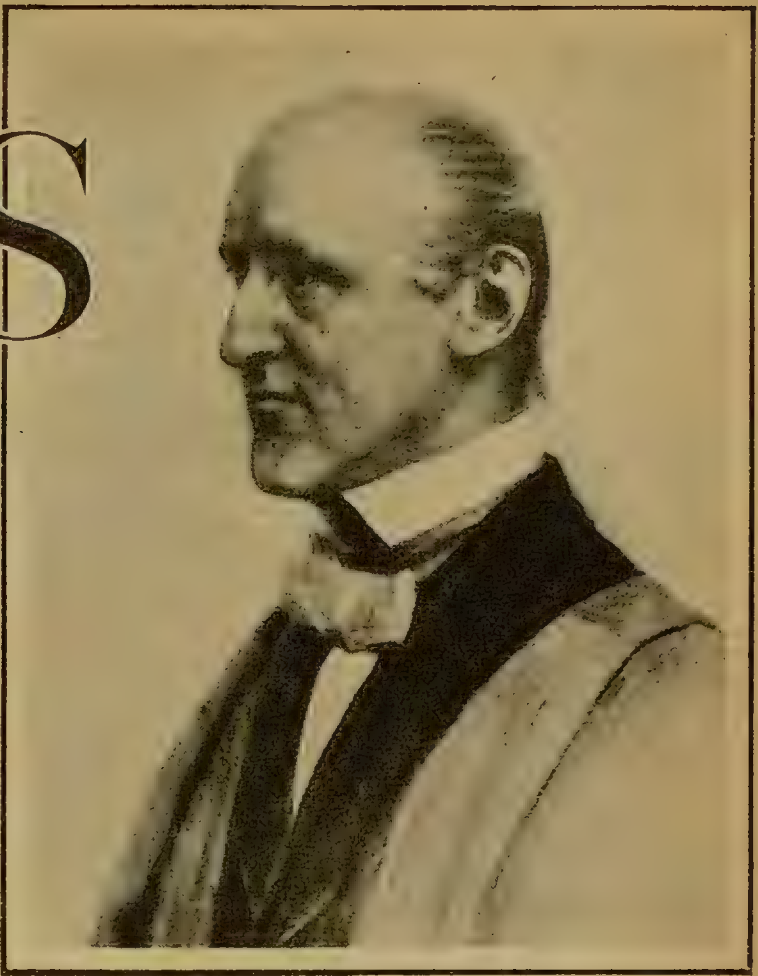
Samuel Saville Kent was an official under the English government, a factory inspector, who lived in the little village of Road or Road Hill. He and his large family occupied a comfortable house, standing in its own grounds, and perhaps the most pretentious residence in the place. Locally, the Kents were important folk; they were the gentry, and their home was not far from the cottages of humbler folk who did not like Mr. Kent.

YARD'S Case

By

EDMUND PEARSON

who was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1880 and took an A.B. at Harvard. His Studies in Murder and The Murder at Smutty Nose, published in 1925 and 1926, have given him wide fame as an authority on famous crimes. He lives in New York.



From E. H. Coleridge's Life of Lord Coleridge

John Duke Coleridge, lawyer for Constance Kent.

On June 29, 1860, the household consisted of fourteen persons. There was a manservant who acted as coachman and gardener, and a boy who cleaned the knives and polished the shoes. Both of these slept in one of the outbuildings.

In the house were nine of the family and three maidservants. On the second floor was the bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Kent, and in the room with them slept their eldest daughter, Amelia, a child of five years. Across a hall was the nursery, where the nurse, Elizabeth Gough, had charge of two other children—a little girl, two years old, who occupied a crib; and a boy, four years old, who had a cot to himself. He was named Francis Saville Kent, and was the favorite of his parents. Mrs. Kent was inclined to be restless and wakeful, as she was expecting the birth of another child.

On the third floor were quartered Mr. Kent's children by his former wife. They were the Misses Maryanne and Elizabeth, twenty-seven and twenty-five years old, who shared a bedchamber. Next to it, their younger sister, Miss Constance, had her room. Constance was sixteen.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Crime of Constance Kent: A Challenging Mystery

By S. S. VAN DINE

Author of The Canary Murder Case, The Bishop Murder Case, and other popular detective stories.

IN the entire history of criminology there are few cases as fascinating as the Constance Kent murder. The crime itself was amazing. The technique was even more amazing. And the psychological elements involved were nothing short of staggering. The various ramifications, and the sequences of events which followed the discovery of little Francis Kent's decapitated body, have kept criminologists busy for decades, and filled innumerable volumes.

The crime took place in Wiltshire, England, in 1860; but despite the confession and conviction of the murderer, the details of this bloody affair have never been completely cleared up. Indeed, it runs a curious parallel to the famous Lizzie Borden murder in Fall River, Massachusetts, in 1892. It was a crime of abnormal psychology, and the truth concerning it will forever be lost in that most abysmal of shadowlands—the tortured human mind.

A girl of sixteen—a strange, inhibited, determined creature—murdered her little brother of four by practically severing his head from his body, in circumstances so ghastly and unusual, and with a coolness and premeditation so astounding, that the story reads more like a distorted and maniacal dream than a transcript of actuality. And yet the record is undeniable; and the confession of Constance, five years later, is undoubtedly authentic, despite its inconsistencies.

One person at least knew the truth at the time of the murder—Inspector Whicher of Scotland Yard. But so fantastic was the truth, and so incredible were the circumstances, that no one would believe him; and he was practically forced to resign from the Yard for his foul suspicions. In those days little was known of the sexual abnormalities of puberty. Frühlings Erwachen had not been written, and Freud and Stekel were unknown. Inspector Whicher was a martyr to the psychological ignorance of his time.

Nor did the charming and demure Miss Kent herself aid in the advance of the science of psychology when she confessed. She admitted the crime, but her account of the modus operandi, as well as the reasons she gave for murdering her brother, will scarcely hold water. She was apparently as ignorant of her actual mental state as the jury which originally acquitted her. Or else she deliberately concocted a grim romance.

Because of these astonishing factors, because of the sinister aspects of the case and its terrible and mysterious unresolved equations, because of the extraordinary and haunting moments during the process of the murder, the crime of Constance Kent will always remain a fascinating horror story of unbelievable ghastliness for the layman and a continual challenge to the criminologists.

SCOTLAND YARD'S STRANGEST CASE
Continued from page fifteen

Next to her room was one which was occupied by the two other female servants, the cook and the housemaid. Across the passage, on this floor, was a room occupied by the only other member of the family, a younger brother named William. He was fifteen. Thus, among the dozen persons who slept in the house, there was only one grown man—Mr. Kent himself.

The Kents were a thoroughly conventional family of the time and place. They were well educated and reared; devout in religion, accustomed to meet together at family prayers, and, so far as anybody knew, they were living happily in a pleasant house. On this June evening there had been some talk about a comet, then supposed to be visible in the sky, and before going to bed Mrs. Kent, the nurse, and some of the elder daughters peered out of their various windows in hopes of seeing it.

Everybody had gone to bed by quarter after eleven. Mr. Kent was the last to come upstairs. He made his usual round of the house, carrying a dark lantern and seeing that all the windows and doors were shut and locked. Mrs. Kent had a double reason for being wakeful, since she was concerned about the little boy, Francis Saville. He was ailing slightly, and by the doctor's orders had been given some medicine.

After all the family had gone to their rooms there followed the three or four hours of darkness and silence which come in a midsummer night in that part of the English country. Perhaps only from ten till three in the morning is it really dark. No one admitted hearing a sound. At the beginning of this article I have imagined what some wakeful person might have heard, had there been any such listener. There was none. All the family seemed to have slept soundly.

AT five in the morning the sun was shining into the nursery windows, and the nurse awoke. She looked at the little girl, to see that the child was all right; and then, raising herself in bed, glanced across at the cot of young Francis. The cot was empty. This did not disturb the nurse, who supposed that his watchful mother had come during the night and taken him to her own room.

The nurse lay down again, and slept for another hour and a half. Then, at six thirty, she got up and examined the boy's cot. The bedclothes were turned back, and on the pillow was the mark of his head. She went to Mrs. Kent's door and knocked twice. There was no answer, and being unwilling to disturb her mistress on what she thought a matter of no importance, she went back to the nursery.

Here she dressed, said her prayers, and even read a chapter of the Bible. Then, going again to Mrs. Kent's door, she knocked, and said:

"Please, ma'am, have you got Master Saville? He is not in his cot."

This brought the lady to the door in alarm.

"No! He is not here. Where is he?"

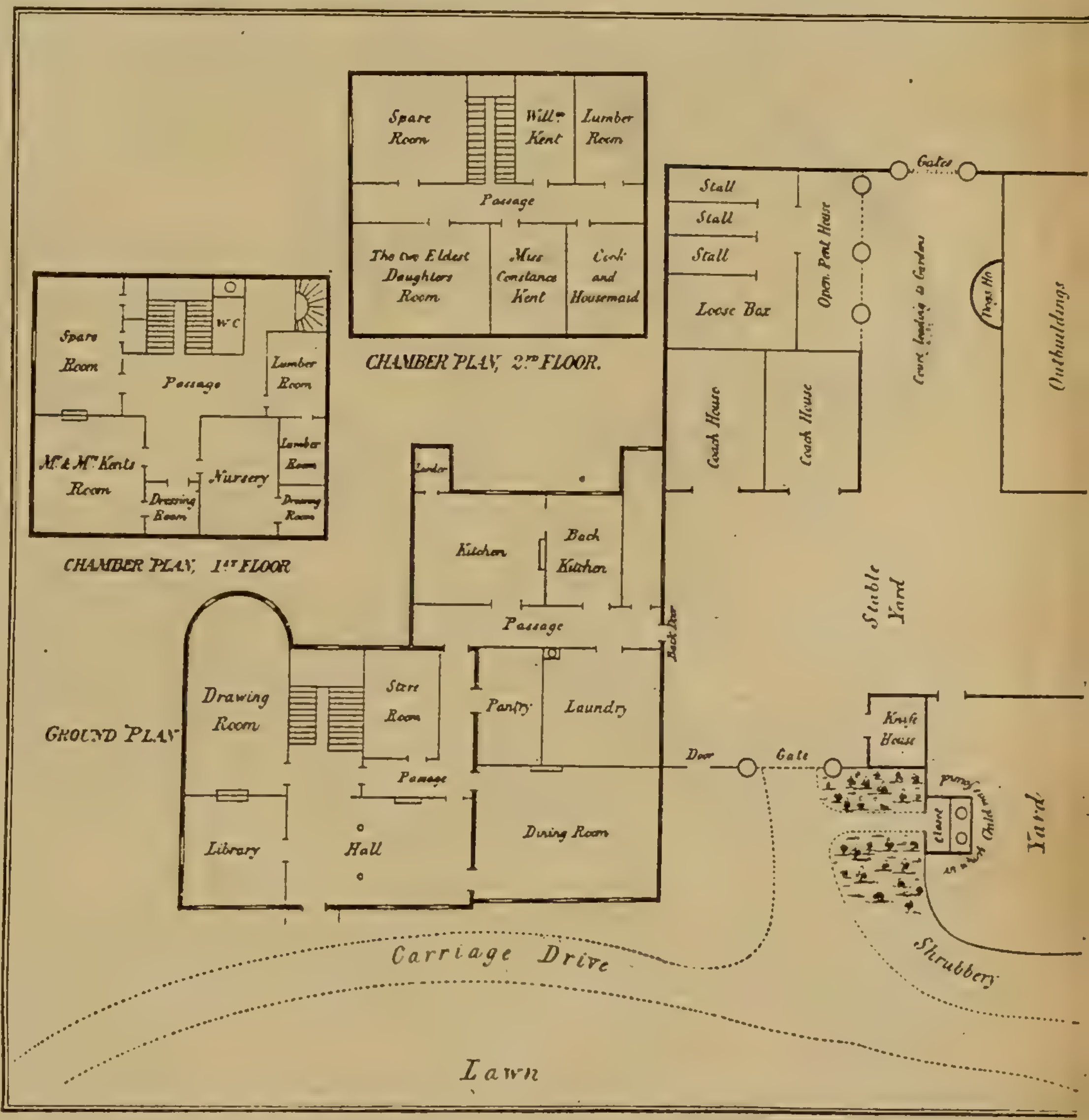
All the family were aroused in a few minutes. The nurse ran upstairs to the top floor to ask the older daughters if they had seen the boy. They had no information; and while they were speaking at their door, Miss Constance looked out of her room to see what was going on. She could give no more help than the others.

Hurrying down again to the ground floor, the nurse met the housemaid, who had been about her work for some little time. The housemaid knew nothing about the disappearance of the child, but she had made a discovery in the drawing-room. One of the long windows at the rear, a window reaching to the ground, was now open. It had been closed the night before.

Mr. Kent, remembering his troubles with people in the village, instantly decided that his son had been kidnaped. He ordered his carriage and started for the nearest police station, in the town of Trowbridge, three or four miles away.

Mrs. Kent meanwhile was reproaching the nurse for not raising an alarm as soon as she missed the child. The nurse's reply that she supposed his mother had carried the boy to her own room the lady declared to be absurd: young Francis was too heavy, she said, for her to lift. Mrs. Kent, of course, was distracted, and rather reckless in her statements, for it afterward came out, by her own admission, that she did sometimes visit the nursery at night and had told the nurse not to be surprised if she came.

Elizabeth Gough, the nurse, said little, and made no accusations, but she had some kind of suspicion, for as she was helping Mrs. Kent dress she remarked: "Oh, ma'am, it's revenge!"



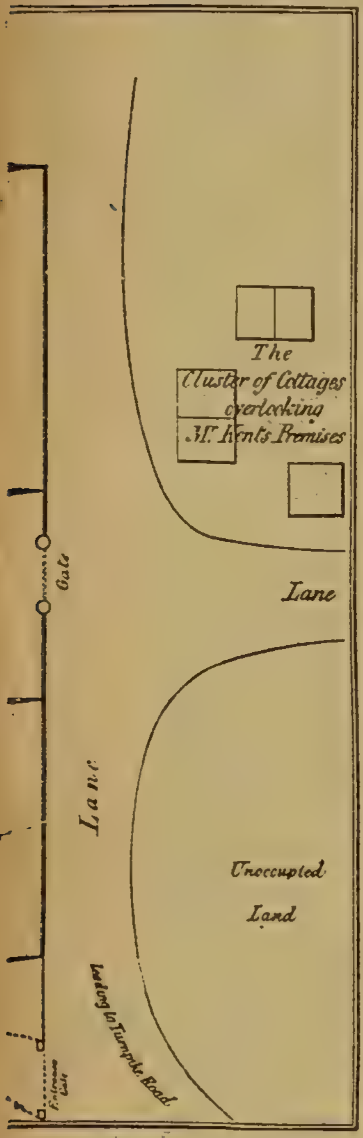
From Stapleton's The Great Crime of 1860

The neighbors soon heard of the missing child and came to help in the search. Two of these, Thomas Benger, a farmer, and William Nutt, a cobbler, began a systematic hunt through the grounds, looking into the shrubs and other possible hiding places. In an inclosure, behind some shrubbery at one side of the house, there was a disused water-closet. Looking in at the door, these men saw a pool of blood on the floor. One of them reached into the vault and withdrew a blanket; then, after getting a candle from the house and one of the servants to help, he reached down again. Lying on a splashboard was the body of Francis Saville.

THEY carried the dead child into the house. He was clothed only in a nightgown and a flannel vest. His eyes were closed and the face was peaceful. But his throat was cut from ear to ear—so that the wound was as severe as if the head had been cut off. There were two small cuts on the left hand, as if he had tried to ward off the attack, and also a deep slash in the region of the heart.

The clergyman of the parish went after Mr. Kent to bring him back from Trowbridge. Soon they both returned, followed by Superintendent Foley and other local police officers. Mr. Kent asked them to make a close examination of the house and all its inmates. The rooms, the clothing, and the belongings of everyone were inspected, the search of the women of the house being conducted by the wife of one of the policemen. Nothing was discovered. Mr. Kent insisted that the murder had been done by some intruder from outside. It is said that both he and Mrs. Kent regarded the nurse with disfavor, as one who had failed in her trust, even if she had done nothing worse. Yet this is disputed by the fact that she continued to take care of one or two of the children on the following night.

The crime had been discovered Saturday morning. On Monday there was an inquest at which the nurse and housemaid, the men who found the body, and a surgeon gave testimony. The coroner's jury demanded to hear some of the Kent children by the first marriage, and the crowd which thronged the inquest showed hostility when the names of these children were mentioned.



Plans of the three floors and grounds of the Kent house.

The coroner adjourned the inquest to the Kent house, where he examined Constance and William Kent. They said that they had gone to bed at the usual time; that they had slept through the night, hearing nothing; that everyone in the family was fond of the little boy and no one bore him any ill will. This was all they had to say. The jury brought in a verdict of willful murder against some person or persons unknown.

It was the idea of the local officials to "protect" the family as much as possible, so as not to wound their feelings. This was a blunder and it reacted against the family interests. Mr. Kent had offered to appear as a witness, to tell all that he knew, but the offer had been refused.

Elizabeth Gough, the nurse, was the first object of police suspicions. She had been in charge of the murdered child who mysteriously had been stolen from his bed only a few feet from her own. Moreover, her failure to inform Mrs. Kent of the absence of Francis when she first discovered it at five o'clock, struck some persons as a thing which needed explanation. So Elizabeth was detained for a day or two at the house of one of the police officers. But she was soon released.

The local police not making any progress in finding an answer to the puzzle, the government thought that someone with more experience was needed. So there came down from London one of the ablest—and unluckiest—detectives ever heard of outside the pages of a novel. This was Inspector Jonathan Whicher of Scotland Yard.

Almost from that moment the case began to attract national interest, until it became one of the great, true detective stories of all time. Many thousands of readers who have never heard the name of Inspector Whicher have read Wilkie Collins' novel, The Moonstone, with the celebrated detective, Sergeant Cuff. It was Cuff, you remember, who failed to recover the moonstone and did not catch the thief, and yet remains a more interesting detective than many of the wonderful sleuths in later stories who never made a mistake.

NOW, Collins took his idea of Sergeant Cuff right from the real Inspector Whicher of the Kent case. His quarrels with Superintendent Seegrave in the novel are like Whicher's difficulties with Superintendent Foley. Collins took another incident of the Kent murder for his novel; Charles Dickens probably borrowed another for his last novel; and in our own time S. S. Van Dine, in one of his detective stories, has mentioned a member of the Kent family to explain one of his own characters.

Inspector Whicher was a grave and dignified, not to say solemn, man. Probably he wore a tall hat and a frock coat and decorated his cheeks with side whiskers. He was not at all like the stocky man with a voice like a barking dog who bustles into the house in a crook play and proceeds to rasp out his questions to everyone in the family. Under Mr. Whicher's tall hat he had a valuable possession—valuable in any business—brains.

He announced his arrival to Superintendent Foley of the Trowbridge police. The superintendent welcomed him with just as much cordiality as the local policeman always shows to the expert from the big city. Then I think Inspector Whicher had some long and solemn talks with Mr. Kent in the privacy of that gentleman's library. He talked separately with every grown member of the family and with all the servants. He did some searching and inspecting on his own hook. From the local physicians, the clergyman, and neighbors he learned a good deal about the family history.

He found that Mr. Kent was a man of fifty-seven or fifty-eight, whose first marriage had taken place thirty years earlier. There had been four children in the first six years of his married life, and two of these, Maryanne and Elizabeth, were still alive. Edward, a sailor, had had an adventurous career, but had died of yellow fever in Havana two years before.

Seven years after her marriage, the first Mrs. Kent had shown signs of insanity. She had not been sent away nor put under restraint, and there is some dispute as to how serious her mental delusions were. But after her mind became affected, she had four more children in a period of five years. Of these four, three died in less than six months after birth and the other when about a year old. This part of the family history is painfully foreign to the ideas of today.

Because of his wife's health and the frequent babies, Mr. Kent engaged a governess, Miss Mary Pratt. A few months after she came, the ninth child, Constance, was born, and it was largely due to the care of the governess that this daughter escaped the fate of her sickly brothers and sisters and lived to grow up. Next year the tenth and last child, William, was born. Mrs. Kent's bodily health had improved, but it is to be remembered that her mind was never quite normal to the end of her days.

AT last her sad life ended, and about a year and a half afterward Mr. Kent married the governess, Miss Pratt. Constance, then eight, and her two elder sisters acted as bridesmaids at their father's wedding.

For long the Kents had lived at Sidmouth, on the south coast of England, but they had now, for some years, been living in this little village of Road, about ten miles from Bath. And the second Mrs. Kent, ever since her marriage, had been much occupied with her own children. Thus there were two families in the same house, and the older children, like Miss Lizzie Borden and her sister in the Massachusetts case, were provided with a stepmother.

The detective from Scotland Yard made a careful investigation of the house—the floors, the windows, and the grounds outside. This was to satisfy himself as to the likelihood that the murderer had either been hidden in the house before the family went to bed or that he had entered afterward, committed the murder, and then escaped.

Mr. Kent spoke at great length to Inspector Whicher about the enemies he might have made. He realized that he was an unpopular man. Under one of the factory acts he had caused a number of children to be discharged, as under age, and this had angered their parents.

He had fenced off his land, and thus annoyed some of the neighboring cottagers, who had been used to taking a short cut across his grounds. He had quarreled with some neighbors about the trout in the river. Legally, they were his fish, but they had always turned up in other people's frying pans, and the cottagers saw no reason why this should not go on—law or no law.

A servant had been discharged, a woman of violent temper. She left, threatening vengeance against the Kent children. The inspector looked her up and found that she could account for herself satisfactorily on the night of the murder. He looked into all these possible sources of enmity to Mr. Kent.

Two days after his arrival the inspector told the local authorities that he had strong suspicions as to the guilty person. And two or three days after that he took a step which profoundly shocked and surprised many people. He appeared at the house with a warrant, sent for Miss Constance Kent, told her that he had come

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SCOTLAND YARD'S STRANGEST CASE
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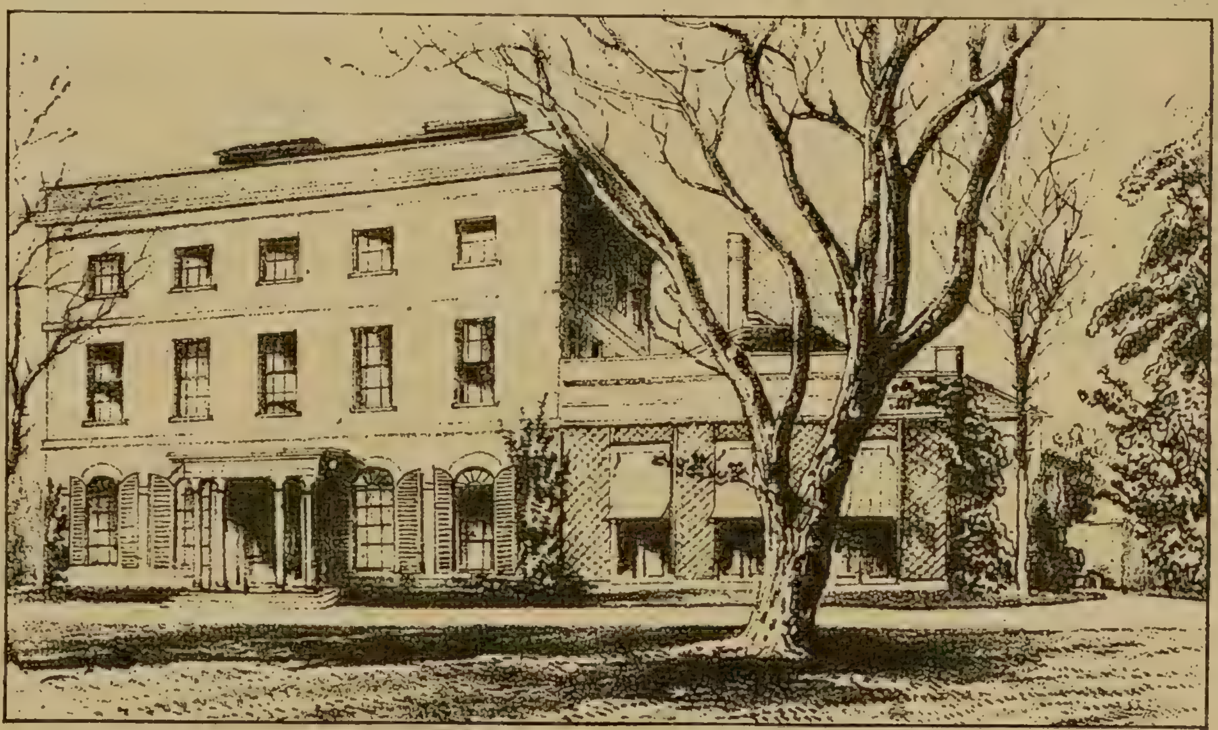
to arrest her and take her away to jail. She wept and said: "I am innocent!"

He went with her while she got her hat and cloak and then accompanied her to the jail in a neighboring town.

Perhaps the first thing which had interested the inspector in Constance was an incident in the family history happening four years earlier, when Constance was twelve and her brother William eleven. The two children had run away together. Constance had hidden and mended some of her brother's clothes, which she put on. She cut off her hair and threw it, together with her own clothes, into the vault of the closet—the same place where the body of little Francis Saville had been found. The two then walked to Bath, about ten miles, went to the Greyhound Hotel, and tried to put up there for the night. It seems to have been the girl's idea to get to Bristol and then go to sea, shipping as a sailor. The hotel people were somewhat amazed at their appearance and asked them many questions. William broke down, cried, and admitted what they had done. Constance was cool and defiant; insolent in her manner. The little boy was put to bed, but his sister was taken to the police station, where she spent the night, contemptuous toward everybody. When they were recovered by the family and brought home next day, Constance stayed by herself for some time, and continued sullen and without any regrets for having so disturbed her father.



From Stapleton's The Great Crime of 1860

The home of Constance Kent.

Except for the fact that this showed her to be the one adventurous and daring member of the family, it proved nothing. Many little girls like to dress up in boys' clothes, and some of them run away.

On July 30 there was a hearing before the magistrates on the charges against Miss Constance. She came into the room dressed in deep mourning; quiet and composed, but apparently much afflicted. She hurried to meet her father and to kiss him affectionately. Some of the testimony of the servants and others already given at the inquest was repeated and then Inspector Whicher produced his new witnesses.

ONE of these was Miss Emma Moody, a schoolmate of Constance. The prisoner had told her that she liked to pinch and tease the younger children because the parents showed partiality toward the second family. When Miss Moody said, "Won't it be nice to go home for the holidays?" Constance had replied, "It may be to your home, but mine's different." She also said that her stepmother opposed her wishes about dress: if she wanted a brown dress, she was made to have a black one instead.

Another school friend, Louise Hatherall, gave similar testimony as to the jealousy between the two families.

This was thin and unsubstantial evidence for arresting a young girl on a charge of murder, but the inspector said later that he had expected Miss Moody's testimony to be much stronger. His chief reason for his action appeared when the housemaid, Sarah Cox, came forward with something new; something not heard at the inquest.

She swore that on the Monday following the murder she was collecting the soiled clothes for the wash. She found a nightdress belonging to Constance on the landing, and put it, with other things, in the basket in the lumber room. The laundress was to come about noon for the basket. After it was packed, Miss Constance came to the door of the room and asked the maid to look in her "slip pocket" and see if her purse was there. She looked, but did not find it. Constance then asked her to go downstairs and get her a glass of water.

"I did so," testified the housemaid, "and she followed me to the top of the back stairs as I went out of the room. I found her there when I returned with the water, for I think I was not gone near a minute. She drank the water and went up the other back stairs, towards her own room."

Inspector Whicher had talked with Constance about the list of her linen. It called for three night-dresses, and he asked where they were. She replied:

"I have two; the other was lost in the wash the week after the murder."

THE laundress appeared at this hearing and testified that there was no night-dress belonging to Constance in the basket that week. She had reported this, and had been threatened by Mr. Kent with a search warrant. Yet, she insisted she could not make a night-dress appear where no nightdress was, nor could she make the laundry list, which called for this garment, check up with the count of the clothes. So she and the Kents parted, and she lost their trade.

It was Inspector Whicher's belief that the nightdress worn by Constance on Friday had become stained with blood. That when she had returned to bed she had concealed or destroyed this dress and put on a clean one, which she continued to wear on Saturday and Sunday nights. Superintendent Foley and another local officer, on examining all the clothing in the house on Saturday, the day after the murder, had noticed that Miss Constance's nightdress was very clean, but, like Sherlock Holmes' friend, Dr. Watson, they failed to reason from what they saw.

People often forget, in considering a murder which has been attended with bloodshed, that bloodstains on a person's garments are not always signs of guilt. They may be proofs of innocence. The murderer who has taken extreme care may be the one person who has avoided all, or almost all, stains.

On Monday morning, to continue with Inspector Whicher's theory, Constance had thrown out this nearly clean dress to have it entered on the list by the housemaid, and then, having sent the maid downstairs, had taken it out of the basket again and carried it back to her room. Thus the stained garment had disappeared, and its loss could be laid to the laundress.

When the case against Constance was concluded, Mr. Edlin, the lawyer who had been retained by Mr. Kent for his daughter's defense, made a passionate appeal to the magistrates. He said that not a "tittle" of evidence had appeared to incriminate his client. Inspector Whicher, so said the lawyer, had been carried away in his hope of winning glory and a reward. Mr. Edlin demanded the instant release of this innocent young lady who had been "dragged like a common felon" to jail, and now, to the disgrace of this land of liberty and justice, had been ridiculously accused of this horrible murder.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

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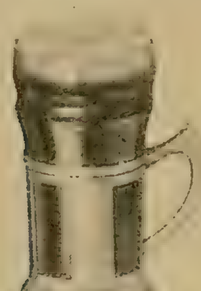

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SCOTLAND YARD'S STRANGEST CASE
Continued from page eighteen

Mr. Edlin was a man of emphatic speech, cadaverous face, and glaring eyes. I suppose that his voice throbbed with emotion, and that when he finished almost everyone in court turned from that persecuted angel, Constance Kent, to look with loathing upon the vile bloodhound, Inspector Whicher.

At any rate, the lawyer was heartily applauded, and the magistrates released the prisoner. Her father pledged himself, in the sum of two hundred pounds, to produce her if she were again wanted.

The inspector retired from the case. He was roundly abused in the newspapers and almost everywhere else. He retired from Scotland Yard a year or two later; his failure in the Kent case probably hastened his retirement. Such a serious publication as the Annual Register said:

> The grounds on which this accusation was made were so frivolous, and the evidence by which it was attempted to be supported so childish, that the proceeding can only be described as absurd and cruel.

Miss Constance, after having been suspected by all the people round about, became a sort of heroine, and the newspapers gave touching descriptions of how she and all her family wept when she went back to them; of how she kissed her brother and sisters, and how they all kissed her.

MANY of the newspapers and most of the gossips now turned their suspicions again toward Elizabeth Gough, the nurse. The charges against her were renewed, with fresh embroidery. She was young, about twenty-two, and good-looking. Now was the time to bring a little "love interest" into the case. What more probable than that Elizabeth had a lover? Someone who had climbed up to her window and entered her room. The visitor being discovered by the little boy, who woke at the wrong time, of course, the "guilty couple" instantly proceeded to murder such an inconvenient witness.

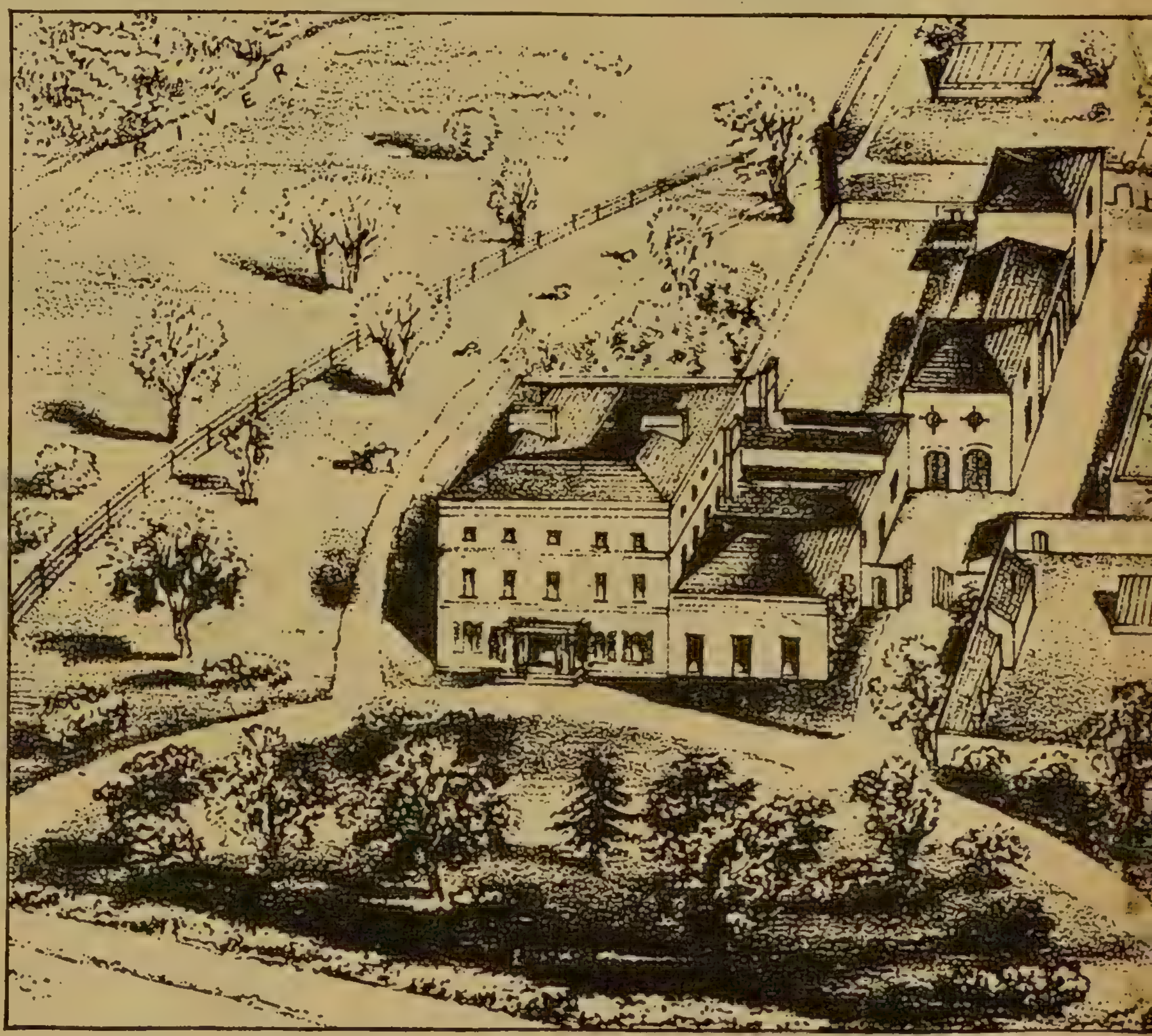
A blundering doctor, one of those who testified at the inquest, helped along the theory that the murder had been committed in the nursery and not in the place where the boy was found. A slight discoloration of the skin around the mouth, which was really due to the wound in the throat, led this medical man to make a statement that Francis had died from suffocation.

This, although wrong, fitted in with the notion that the boy had been suffocated with a pillow or with somebody's hand as he lay in bed; that he had then been carried downstairs and outdoors, where the wounds were inflicted after death, "in order to divert suspicion." The place where he had been left was ingeniously and maliciously chosen, according to this argument, as one which had been associated with an early exploit of Constance's and would therefore turn suspicion toward her.

The suggestion that Elizabeth and some unknown lover were guilty of this cruel murder took a form especially exciting when it began to be whispered that the lover was Mr. Kent himself. Here was a fine tale: crime heaped upon crime and scandal upon scandal. At one time or another these stories were circulated about Mr. Kent:

1. That he had murdered all his small children who died at Sidmouth.
2. That he murdered his first wife.
3. That he was living beyond his means and had killed Francis to get the insurance money. (There was no insurance on the life of Francis, but the gossipmonger never cares for a trifle like that.)
4. That he had discovered that he was not the child's father, and had murdered him for revenge.
5. That the real father of the child was his son by his first wife. (This was Edward, the sailor, who died at Havana.)

The people who were acquainted with Mr. Kent, like the surgeon, Mr. Stapleton, who wrote a book about the case, did not recognize the man they knew—a rather stiff-necked and austere person—in this figure of blood and lust which began to fill the mind of the mob. The police examined some twenty witnesses, servants and others, as to Mr. Kent's character, and found that, far from being familiar toward the female servants in his house, he was cold and haughty.



Another rumor with which the ignorant amused themselves was that Mrs. Kent was subject to attacks of mania at or about the time of childbirth and that she had killed the little boy while temporarily insane. Another theory was that whoever had done the deed had been walking and acting while asleep and was unconscious of the crime. Or that the nurse had been discovered by the boy stealing jewelry, and had been killed to keep him from telling tales. But, on the whole, the most popular theory, since it was the most shocking, was the idea of Mr. Kent and the nurse discovered in an intrigue and turning to murder in order to close the mouth of a witness.

ONE thing alone was a strong argument against Mr. Kent having any share in the crime. The board, on which the boy's body rested when it was found, had recently been put there at Mr. Kent's orders. Its presence defeated the attempt to conceal the body, and consequently argued against the boy's father as a party to the act.

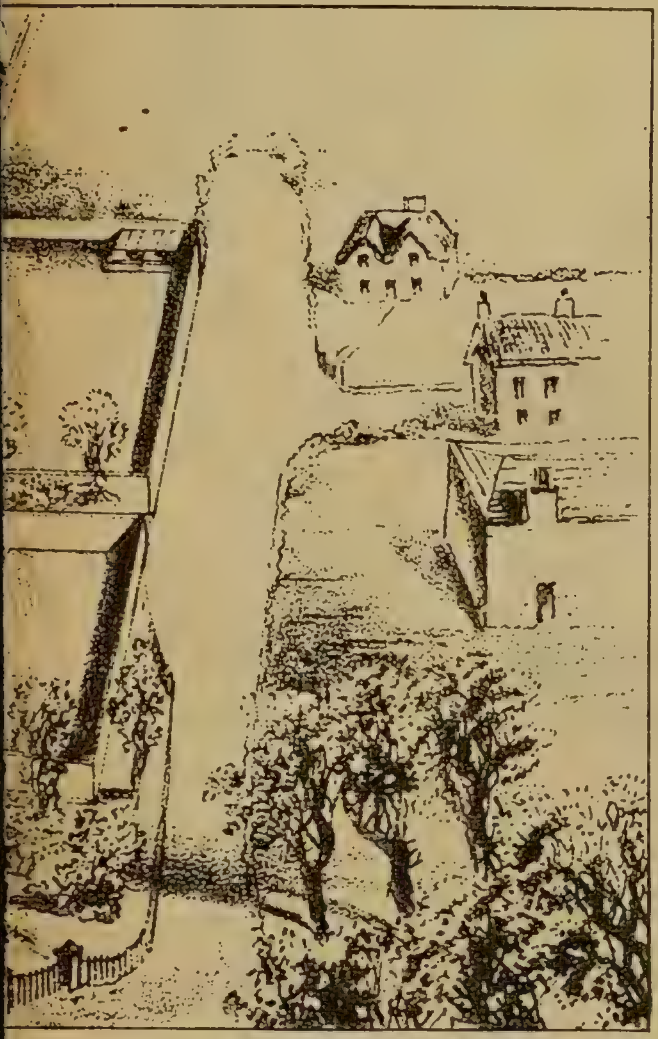
Elizabeth Gough was again arrested, and her hearing before the magistrates occupied two or three days in October. A great many witnesses were examined, some of them for the third or fourth time. The lawyer who prosecuted the case went out of his way to speak about the arrest of Miss Constance Kent. He was glad to have the opportunity, he said, to state his belief that from first to last there was not the slightest ground for suspicion against *that* young lady. She had gone forth to the world, he added, as clean of suspicion as any gentleman within sound of his voice.

Miss Constance and her father were in court, both of them to give testimony. So she could hear, with due gratification, this tribute to her innocence. She now had the privilege of repeating, under oath, her story of how peacefully she had slept all that night, and of how well she got on with her little brother Francis:

"I last saw him in the evening when he went to bed. He was a merry, good-tempered lad, fond of romping. I was accustomed to play with him often. I had played with him that day. He appeared to be fond of me, and I was fond of him."

She also told about the nightdress. How she put out, on Monday morning, the dress she had worn the previous week and how it was lost in the laundry in some way, which was, to her, a mystery.

Nothing was said at this hearing of Mr. Kent's rumored part in the crime, but Elizabeth's lawyer, in his address, said that he considered the evidence against Constance much stronger than that against his client.



From Stapleton's The Great Crime of 1860

A bird's-eye view of the Kent house and its surroundings.

The magistrates, after some consultation, discharged the nurse from custody, taking bail to secure her reappearance if she were wanted.

The case seemed to be closed. Who had taken little Francis Kent out of his bed and savagely cut his throat? The police and the magistrates could not answer. It was no intruder, the murderer lived in the house—nearly everyone agreed about that. Gradually the murder faded out of the newspapers. The Kent family moved away and sold the contents of the house which had such tragic associations for them. After a short time they moved again, this time to Wales; and Constance, for some reason, did not go with them. Instead, she went to France, where she stayed for a while as a pupil in a convent. Then she entered a finishing school, but after about two years returned to England in 1863, and was received as a visitor at St. Mary's Hospital, or home, in Brighton. This was a retreat for ladies of the high-church persuasion. Nothing more was heard of her for two years, and England had almost forgotten the Road murder.

THEN, suddenly, in the spring of 1865, in the same week that the English papers reported the murder of President Lincoln, the country was startled by the news that Constance Kent had confessed. Together with the Rev. Arthur Wagner of Brighton and Miss Greame, the lady superior of St. Mary's, Constance appeared before the magistrate at Bow Street Police Court, London. She announced her wish to confess the murder. After hesitation, and many warnings by the magistrate—who was apparently astounded—she was permitted to file this paper, in her own handwriting:

> I, Constance Emilie Kent, alone and unaided, did, on the night of the 29th June, 1860, murder, at Road Hill House, Wiltshire, one Francis Saville Kent. Before the deed, no one knew my intention, nor after of my guilt. No one assisted me in the crime, nor in my evasion of discovery.

This statement, so complete and lawyerlike, seemed an impossible composition for a young woman of twenty-one—even for so remarkable a woman as Constance Kent. Some people refused to accept it as genuine—perhaps these were devoted to the theory of Mr. Kent's guilt. Others thought that Mr. Wagner was to blame in some manner.

This reverend gentleman said that Constance had revealed her guilt to him during Holy Week, that same month, and said that she also wished to make public confession and surrender herself to the law. He belonged to that section of the Church of England which is called the Anglo-Catholic, then engaged in controversy with the other section. It was thought that Mr. Wagner was seeking a form of martyrdom, as he continued to insist that he would not reveal the secrets of the confessional. He did not have to do so. Constance's public statements were sufficient for the law, although they never cleared up the entire mystery.

The fact that she did sign a confession, and later a detailed description of the murder, is one of the most astonishing things in this astounding case. We hear so much about confessions in novels and read of them so often in stray newspaper items that we forget how rare an event a genuine confession is. People love to repeat stories about "deathbed confessions" and seldom take the trouble to discover that most "deathbed" confessions are fakes.

While they are under arrest, especially in the first few days after the crime, a good many prisoners admit their guilt, and sometimes "come clean," or partly clean, with the story. This is often done under police persuasion of one kind or another. Or it is done in hopes of getting an easier sentence.

Then there are the false confessions of lunatics and the false confessions made by the innocent to distract attention from the really guilty person. And there are the faked confessions made by notoriety-seeking convicts that they committed famous crimes in distant states.

BUT a genuine admission of guilt, made years after the crime, when the person making the confession is free of the law and in no danger of arrest, is so rare that it is not to be wondered at that Constance Kent's story was distrusted at the time, and is still doubted by a few. The weight of opinion, however, is that she told the truth at last, however incorrect it may be in some of its details.

Three months after her appearance at Bow Street she was in court at Salisbury for trial—if it can be called a trial. She pleaded guilty and twice repeated her plea. It was recorded. Her lawyer was John Duke Coleridge, already eminent at the bar, and afterward to be Lord Chief Justice of England. There had been an earlier hearing, at which some of the witnesses had been heard again: the servants and the man who found the body. It is important to note that the nurse, Elizabeth Gough, whose manner always impressed everyone as truthful, appeared again and told her story. It differed in no way from the one she had always told. Mr. Kent had visited Constance while she was in jail, but he did not come into court.

Mr. Coleridge made a brief speech. He said that Constance wished him to state that the guilt was hers and hers alone, and that the other persons who had been suspected were absolutely innocent. Moreover, that she had not been driven to her act by unkind treatment at home, "as she met with nothing there but tender and forbearing love."

The judge wept as he condemned her to be hanged by the neck until dead.

It was not expected that she would be put to death, and in a very few days Queen Victoria, on the advice of the Home Secretary, commuted the sentence to life imprisonment.

Thus there was no trial by jury. As the law did not then permit the accused to go on the witness stand, there could have been no cross-examination of Constance, even if there had been a long trial. In one of the concise and businesslike letters written by her at this time she told Mr. Coleridge that she was willing to submit to trial if necessary. She made this perfectly correct prediction:

"If the case is not gone into, it will not be believed that my confession is a true one."

She was carefully examined as to her sanity, and no signs of mental derangement were discovered. Dr. Bucknill, who interviewed her, sent her statement to the news-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

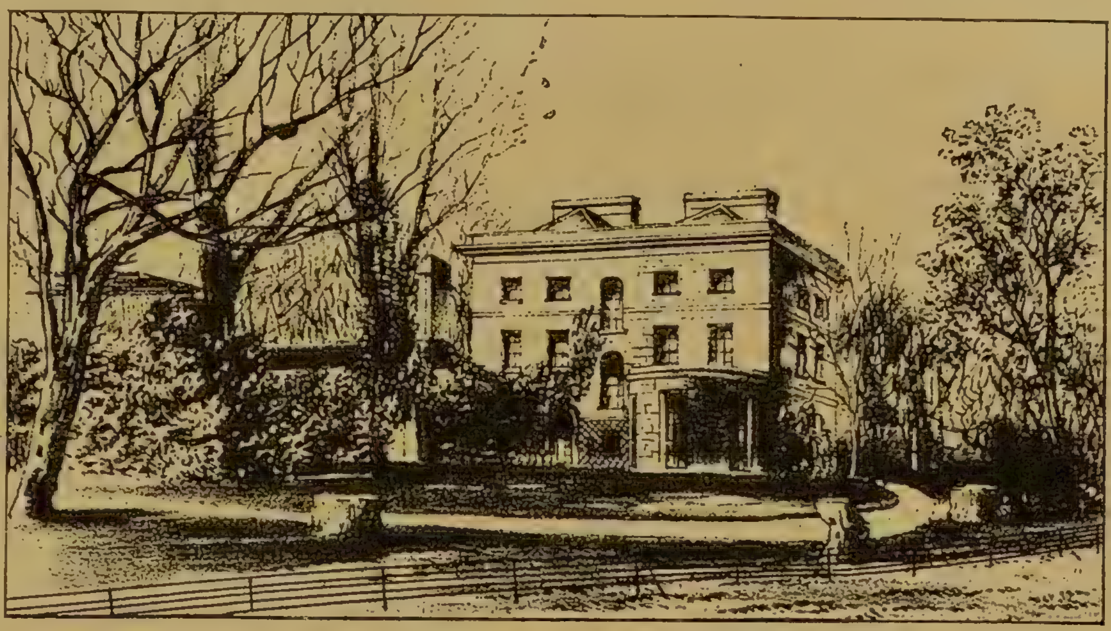
[SCOTLAND YARD'S STRANGEST CASE
Continued from page twenty-one]

papers. Both he and her father's lawyer, Mr. Rodway, said that they were convinced that she spoke the truth.

The confession was printed in the papers about a month after the sentence was commuted. It is given in the third person—so dear to British journalism. I take the liberty of giving its substance, and putting it into the first person, so that it will sound, not like a parliamentary debate, but like the story that the doctor and the lawyer heard from the lips of Constance Kent:

" A few days before the murder I took a razor from a green case in my father's wardrobe and hid it. This was the only weapon I used. I also hid a candle and matches in the closet in the garden. On the night of the murder I undressed and went to bed, waiting until everyone was asleep. Soon after midnight I went downstairs, and opened the drawing-room door and window shutters. Then I went up to the nursery, took the blanket, wrapped the child in it, and carried him down through the drawing-room. I had on my nightdress, and I now put on my galoshes.

"I raised the drawing-room window and went round the house and into the closet. Here I lighted the candle and placed it on the seat of the closet. The child was in the blanket and still asleep. I now inflicted the wound in the throat. I thought the blood would never come, so I thrust the razor into his left side, and put the body, with the blanket round it, into the vault. The light burned out.



From Stapleton's The Great Crime of 1860

Rear view of the Kent house, showing the long drawing-room windows.

" I then went back to my bedroom and looked at my nightdress. It had only two spots of blood on it. These I washed out in the basin and threw the water into the foot pan. I put on a clean nightdress and got into bed. In the morning the other dress had become dry, and I folded it up and put it into the drawer. Mr. Foley and Mr. Parsons, the surgeon, examined all three of my nightdresses that day, but noticed nothing. A day or two later I found that the stains on the dress I had worn still showed on holding them up to the light, so I hid it for a few days, and finally burned it in my bedroom, and put the ashes in the kitchen grate. On Saturday I cleaned the razor, and put it back. I took the second nightdress, the one I put on after the murder, from the clothes basket while the maid went to fetch me a glass of water.

"As for my motive, I once felt a high regard for the present Mrs. Kent, but I treasured up any disparaging remark about the first family, and determined to revenge it. I had no ill will against the little boy, except as a member of the second family. It is untrue that either my father or stepmother were ever unkind to me. When the nursemaid was accused, I made up my mind, if she were convicted, to confess, and then to kill myself. I felt myself under the influence of the devil before the crime, and had not said my prayers for a year. Religious feelings were revived in my mind at Brighton, especially when I was confirmed and received the sacrament."

Inspector Whicher was in court at the later hearings and had the satisfaction of finding that his theories about the crime were all absolutely correct. Probably not one of the newspapers or persons who abused him so severely at the time of the first arrest of Constance ever remembered to apologize to him.

Life prisoners in England, under good behavior, are usually released in fifteen or twenty years. Constance Kent served twenty, which at that time may have been the minimum sentence. She came out in 1885, at the age of about forty-one. Statements differ as to her subsequent life. One is that she again entered a religious institution and died within a year. Another is that, under an assumed name, she emigrated to one of the colonies and died many years later.

Speculations as to the inner character of Constance, as to her emotions and mental processes, I shall have to leave to those who care to engage in this sort of guesswork. We know nothing about it. What did she look like? If the profile portrait of her is a good one—and it is the only photograph we have—she was certainly rather attractive. It represents her at about the time of the murder. The full-face portrait was published when she confessed. It may be founded on some sketch made in court. It is more like the typical picture of a woman of that day; one of the heroines of the mid-Victorian novels.

DESCRIPTIONS of her by observers are not flattering. One newspaper reporter wrote that she was dressed in deep mourning, and at one of the hearings sat with a thick veil over her face. This was lifted at the trial and disclosed "an exceedingly plain young person. . . . She has a broad, full, uninteresting face, which wears more an expression of stupid dullness than intelligence."

Mr. John Rhode, in his valuable book about her, quotes a letter from a lady whose friends saw her when she was in France. They were most uncomplimentary: " A flat-faced, reddish-haired, ugly girl, neither stupid nor clever, lively nor morose." They added an interesting bit, which I think may be quite true: they said that she had " one particular trait, her extreme tenderness and kindness to very young children."

Mr. Kent, about whom so many stories clustered, was said to have been an illegitimate son of the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. This would have made Constance a niece, " on the wrong side of the blanket," of the queen who commuted her sentence. This story may have arisen merely from the name Kent and the fondness for scandals about royalty. Mr. Stapleton, who knew Mr. Kent, said that he was the son of a carpet manufacturer in London.

The doubts as to Constance Kent's confession have persisted. Mr. Rhode, who seems to accept its general truth, sets his finger on the detail of the razor. He believes it impossible that the stab in the boy's side could have been inflicted with such an instrument. The medical testimony at the time was to the same effect. At all events, Mr. Kent must have been horrified to find that he had in his possession the weapon which his daughter declared she had used in the murder of his son.

The motive for the crime was declared to be too slight for belief. That is not a good argument. We all know that murders have often been committed for the most trivial reasons. Moreover, in later years, when Mr. and Mrs. Kent were probably dead, Dr. Bucknill made public some further knowledge that he possessed as to the rage and hatred which animated the young girl. The second Mrs. Kent had made unkind remarks about the first wife, and had stirred up so much fury in Constance that at one time she thought of poisoning her stepmother.

The strangest suggestion which has been made by those who still cling to a belief that Constance was innocent goes back to the accusations against Mr. Kent. It is that the tale of the intrigue with the nurse was true and that Constance knew it. It argues that one person alone could not have raised the drawing-room window, which was unusually heavy. And it asserts that she confessed in order to make herself of interest and attraction to the Rev. Mr. Wagner! But that Constance deliberately put her head into the hangman's noose merely for the sake of a few brief attentions from Mr. Wagner is rather more than I can believe.

As to the difficulty about the window, it is odd that the point was not raised at the hearing against Elizabeth Gough.

Still another point seems to me almost conclusive. The London Times and the Annual Register asserted in 1865 that Constance had made a partial confession to some relatives in 1861, a year after the murder. This was at least two years before she met Mr. Wagner. I think it probable that such a confession occurred; it explains her retreat to the French convent.

Of the statements of Constance in her confession, one in particular sounds like a genuine experience:

"I thought the blood would never come."

To her, at that moment, the duration of the act might well have seemed endless. Her stay in that place was not merely an instant, however, for: "The light burned out."

The candle flickered, dimmed, and went out. The scene ended in darkness. For her brother, the blackness of death; and for her, a long life around which gathered, always deeper and deeper, silence and shadow.

THE END

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5—What is the occipital bone?
6—Alexander the Great was king of what country?
7—What is a gymkhana?
8—What is the distaff side of a family?
9—What separates Sicily from Italy?
10—What is the largest denomination of currency issued by the United States?
11—How many guns constitute the Presidential salute?
12—What is a grimalkin?
13—Which extends farther west, Spain or Portugal?
14—Who composed Old Black Joe?
15—How many legs do true insects have?
16—What is legerdemain?
17—What is a cormorant?
18—What is a bench warrant?
19—Where is the Smithsonian Institution?
20—Which state has the longest name?

(Answers will be found on page 44)

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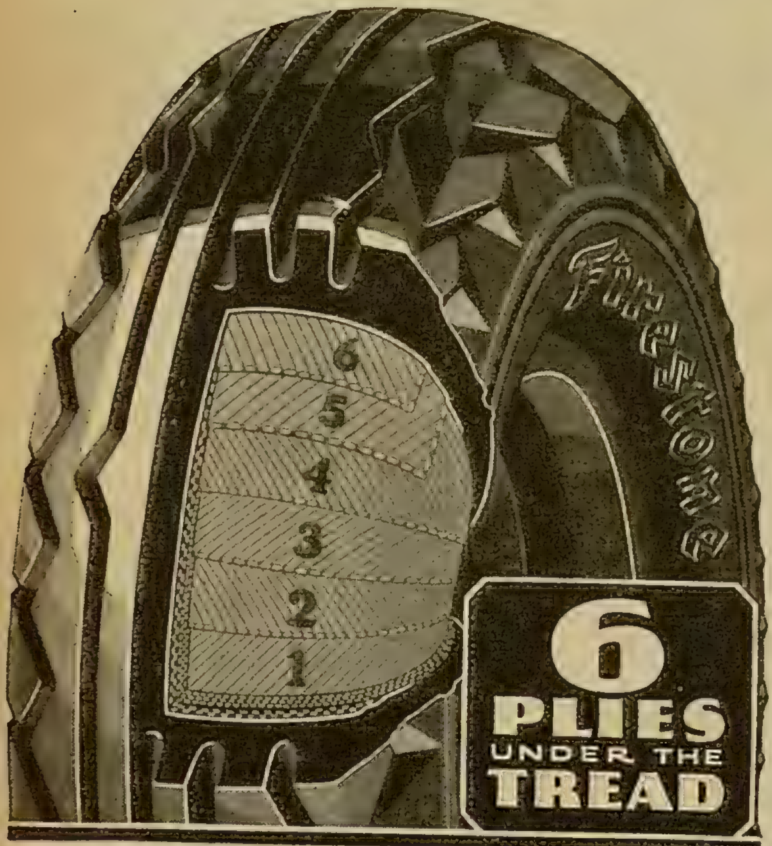

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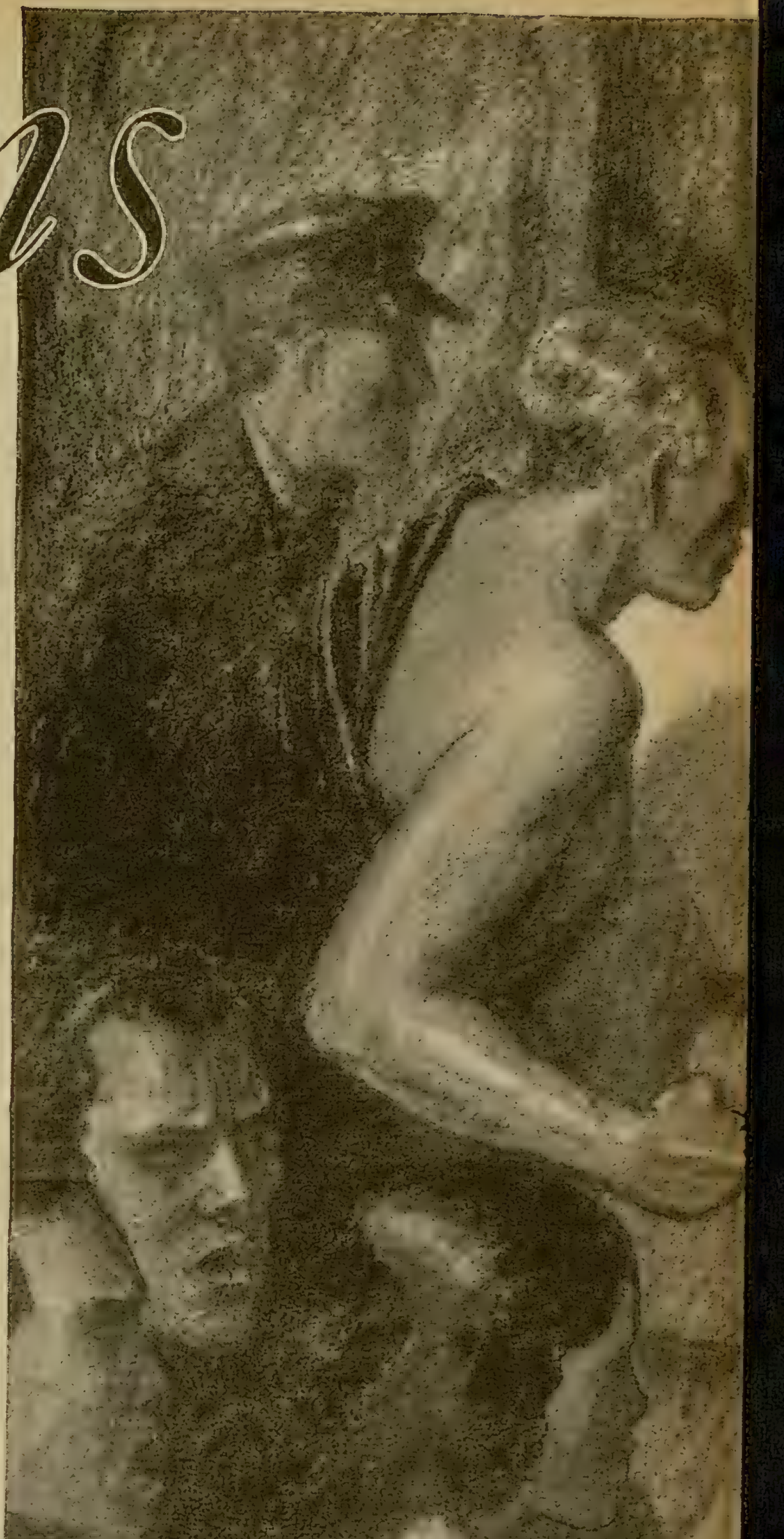
Dreams

A Story of Tragic Love Among the Islands

By

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

who has explored, often alone, the South Sea Islands which are the scene of most of her stories. She is of Irish parentage, went to school in both Ireland and England, and has for many years lived in the savage lands she loves.



Pictures by W. T. Benda

(Reading time: 29 minutes 54 seconds.)

IN those days—and not so long ago, either—there were real kings and queens in most of the Pacific Islands.

I, who used to buy and sell copra sometimes and sometimes do nothing, found the islands a good place. Of course I married a native, and that put me in bad with some of the whites; but the kings and queens, they stuck by me all the time.

I was having *kai-kai* with Queen Mayamana and her husband, Prince Malachi, on the veranda of the palace, all sitting as happy and homy as you like on the floor, the day that Maurice de Grey came up with his wife from the steamer. And when the queen said, "There's the new missionary going past the gate," I could have rolled over on my haunches like a shot rabbit.

Of course I didn't. I just asked, "Who sent him, and why?"

Now, these kings and queens are all great gossips. So Mayamana answered at once: "He's not a real missionary, only a man in charge; his wife, she was a teacher with the Presodist Mission, and they sent her with him to look after the old mission house and keep it in order, 'cause might be they start again some day."

The Presodist Mission had been more or less chased out by the Ariadne Islanders. But nobody had dared to touch the mission house, which was something like a hundred years old and a fair wonder.

"Well, your Majesty," I said, "she may be a missionary, and I'm bound to say she looks it; but if he is, your Majesty, I'll eat him without salt. They don't run so chieflike as a rule, nor so good-looking, not by half."

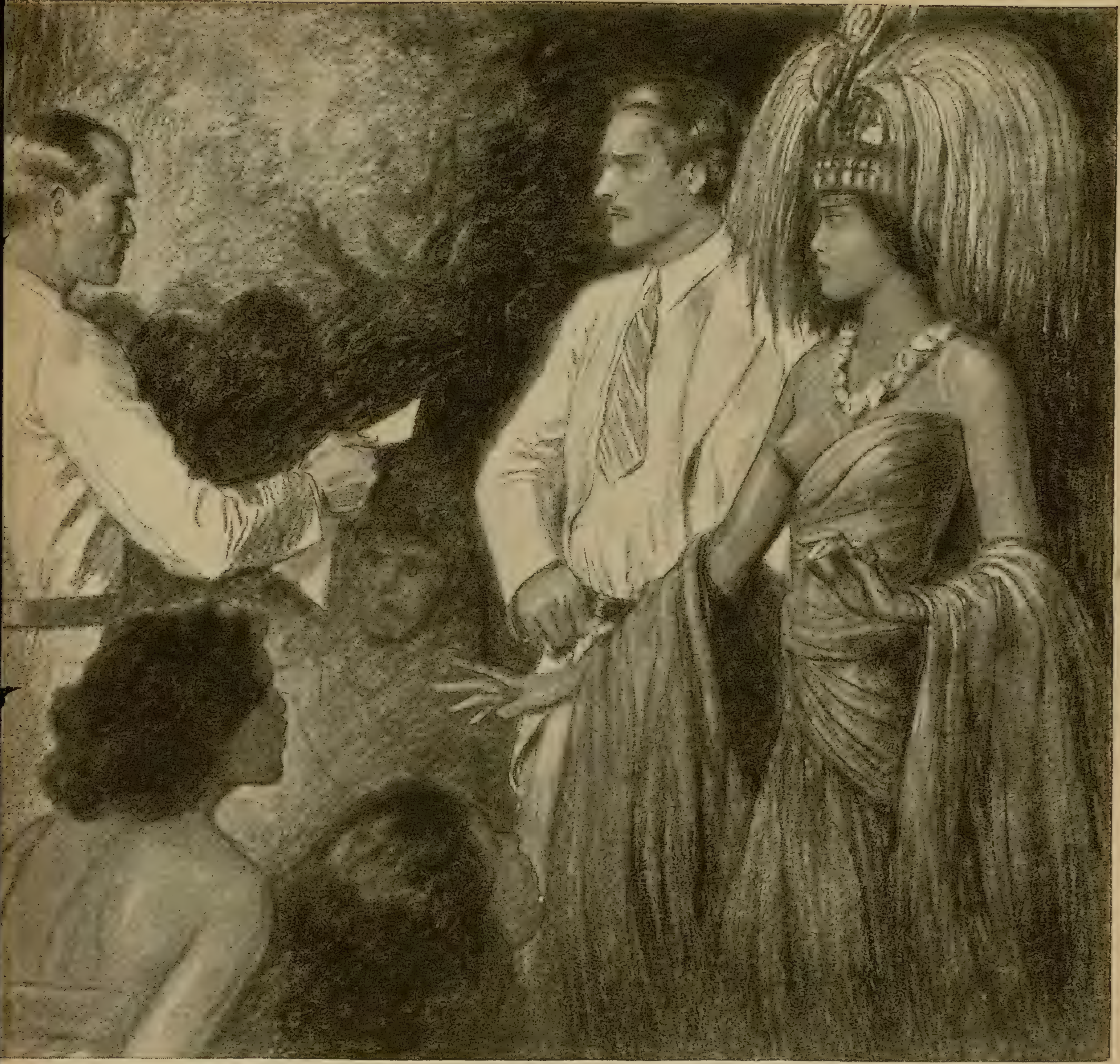
"No," said Mayamana, looking sidewise at me. "The handsome men, they are for us island girls."

I knew what she meant. It wasn't because I was stooped, or bandy, or squeaky-voiced, that Mahina her cousin had married me. No; it was my six feet and big shoulders and blue eyes that had taken her. And I could see, or thought I could see, trouble ahead for the small, meek, squirrel-like girl who had walked up the grass road with the man we were to call De Grey. For De Grey was, if I say it myself, the next handsomest man to me in the Central Pacific. Red, with hair as thick as a fur mat, arched nose, thin lips, a proud sort of neck, figure worth ten and six an hour in any studio where they do the nude, and that sort of way with him that every woman knows and gives in to.

And the Ariadnes were full of lovely brown girls, every last one of whom, I knew, would lay herself out to try and take this fellow from the little missionary—every one, from the plainest daughter of the commonest fisherman up to Queen Susanna. She was the queen of the northern half of Ariadne, as Mayamana was of the southern half; and she was sixteen, and not yet married, because they were looking for a very high chief, and all the high chiefs were old, or drunkards, or married so much and so often that everyone knew the British Government down in Fiji would get up and rear if one of them tried to marry anyone so important as a queen. In a day or two I thought I might as well go and call on De Grey. By this time all the whites of the island (which means about fifty people) knew that he was an Eton man and a bit of a waster, and had married Jessie Rylance, late of the Presodist Mission, chiefly because he thought she could get him the soft job of caretaker. We knew, too, that he was "on the water wagon" and Jessie wouldn't allow a drop in the house.

When I saw Mr. Capers sitting on the veranda as I came up the walk, I knew something more: that De Grey couldn't be quite penniless; because Mr. Capers was the bank manager.

Sitting there, small and fat and frightfully clean in



The three of them went on, all the room staring at them, and then one of them says, "Maurice de Grey, I arrest you on a charge of murder."

his fresh ducks, a gold watch chain stretched across his round little stomach, Mr. Capers gave a tone to the whole place. And Jessie, the mission teacher, seemed to be simply lapping up all he said.

SHE was rather prettier than I had expected, but it was the kind of prettiness that does a woman no good. Nice nose, small mouth, nice mousy hair, gray eyes with black lashes and no devil in them. "She ought to have married Mr. Capers," I thought; and I wanted to laugh, because the idea of a little fat man making love amused me. Then I saw her look at De Grey, as he came out to meet me, and I didn't remember Mr. Capers any more, because it somehow turned me up to see a woman chuck herself at a man's feet like that. I don't mean she did; I mean she looked it.

De Grey was civil to me, and as cool as a fish. I asked him how he liked the old mission house.

"Eoh, pretty well," he said in his tired way. "Nice, quiet spot."

There was a stupid silence, and then he asked us if we wanted to see over it.

Mr. Capers said at once that he'd like to. The building was famous, in its way, and had been shut up a long time.

So we started looking over it.

And as we went we all seemed to lose our tongues, if you know what I mean. Talk came heavy, and stopped, except when De Grey said, in that fine, high voice of his, "Here was where they used to hold service on Sundays; quite a good little chapel," and you looked into a coral-stone tank of a place with creepers waving over it; or when Jessie piped up, "That was the laundry down there; all the schoolgirls used to work together washing clothes."

"Indeed," spoke Capers, who listened to everything she said. "They must have had a tremendous washing to do."

He was peering through one of the barred windows. We were outside now, and walking down the long-grassy slope on which the mission house was built. At the back it had two stories, while in front there was only one. The lower story was a sort of huge basement, cement-floored, with big gray coral pillars.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DREAMS

Continued from page twenty-seven

“Why did they bar the windows?” I asked.

It was Jessie de Grey answered. “Oh,” she said embarrassedly, “the girls in the school had to be—to be—looked after, you know. Our mission couldn't allow them to run wild at night, and some of them slept down there.”

“Dear me!” said Capers seriously. “It must have been a responsibility.”

“You bet,” said I, and burst out laughing.

None of them seemed to see the joke. Jessie began to talk rather quickly: “It was all right. The door at the top of the staircase was never locked, and you had to go through the principal bedroom to get at it, so the missionary in charge and his wife knew everything that was going on.”

“Were you ever here before?” I asked.

“No,” said she, “no; but I've heard all about it, of course, and I remember when Mr. and Mrs. Friswell had to put the door on the stairs.”

“It would be interesting,” said Mr. Capers, “to see the principal rooms, if you have time.”

“Time?” burst out De Grey suddenly. “Time's all there is in this da— in this delightful place.” And he managed, somehow, to fall back as we were going round, and I, having a man's sympathy for a man, knew what he wanted, and gave him a chance to get at his drink. So Jessie and the banker went on before, and I followed after, letting on to talk to De Grey, who wasn't there at all.

At all events, we came to the principal bedroom, and a fine place it was, cleaned up and tidied good—oh, with a bit of imported furniture. There were three doors in the wall of it. Jessie opened one, and said, “That's the dressing room”; and another, and she began to say, “That's the storeroom.” And before she'd said it I had taken a header into the middle of next week.

Or, to speak strictly, down through fifteen feet of black darkness, right on the top of Maurice de Grey, who was in the laundry getting at a cache of whisky he'd put away behind a barrel. I don't know how he wasn't killed, or me. Of course I'm as tough as a sea horse, and I can fall easy; but De Grey, he was a bit out of condition, and I fair knocked the wind out of him.

I PICKED myself up and felt my head, which was cut, and I heard De Grey swearing at his wife something awful, till Mr. Capers shouted out, “Hold! Enough! I decline to allow any lady to be insulted in my presence.” And we climbed up the flight of stairs I'd taken in so unexpected a way, and there was Jessie de Grey crying and blaming herself, and asking me was I hurt, and begging De Grey to say he wasn't (which seemed to be much more important to her), and explaining in the midst of it all that she had opened the wrong door—there were three doors there, all alike. I looked at the staircase, and didn't blame myself for having taken a cropper. It was one of those deadly silly things that amateur builders put up sometimes—all crink, turning away, without a top step, right to the left, so that you were bound to put your foot on to nothing. Not so bad if it hadn't a door, but with the door plain crazy.

“I thought,” says De Grey, breathing rage and cheap whisky, “that I'd given orders that door was to be kept locked.”

“It always is,” sobbed Jessie, foolishly, as women will.

“Except when it's not,” he told her, giving her a very nasty look.

We went home then, and I quarreled with Mahina, as usual.

Our quarrel was about Queen Susanna. We had had several over her. Mahina knew, I suppose, that she was second choice with me, compared to the young queen; that I'd have tried my luck with her Majesty, only that I knew the high chiefs didn't class me as much when it came to marrying queens.

“Su-san-na,” said my wife, lengthening the syllables as island people do, “Su-san-na was walking on the beach las' night.” And she chuckled.

In the Ariadnes, walking on the beach means just one thing.

“You're always scandalmongering,” I told her angrily. “If Queen Sue was on the beach, I lay she had her old women with her.”

“Oh, no-no-no,” laughed Mahina, throwing back her mane of satiny dark hair. “Su-san-na is very young; she can run like a little shadow crab that flies along the beach. The old women are too old, and they get left behind.”

“What do you mean?” I asked. “Who was with her?”

But Mahina, who is the devil to tease, would not say.

OF course it followed that I went down to the leeward beach that evening, where the sand lies very wide and cool, after sunset, between the shoal water and the belt of palms.

I sat under a palm; smoked a little, and kept watch.

It was when the moon was full up that Queen Sue came suddenly out from among the trunks of the palms that looked like naked girls coming down to bathe after dusk. She had on a *pareu* wrapped under one shoulder and across her hips, but nothing else, unless you'd count flowers. She had plenty of those—ropes of them round her neck and behind her ears. The moon came very clear from behind a cloud as she crossed the beach, and all the shape of her stood out. It made me swallow in my throat and say things, just to myself, that it's as well Mahina could not hear. For Queen Susanna was of the high chief blood, and they are like those bronze statues you see in museums.

She was very tall, near six feet, with legs like young palm trunks, and arms meant to clasp and hold. Her hair was down. It slapped about her knees as she went into the water, and then it was like weed, spread out and floating for yards. She stood for a minute up to her waist, making a little noise in the sea with her hands, just so that you could hear it enough but not too much. And in another minute somebody had heard.

I knew who it was at once, though he was in the water, swimming low like a seal. He'd been waiting there, head half under, till she came. You could see the length of him cutting along like a launch, and the fine sharp trudgen stroke, which wasn't so common then. They do say Eton teaches them that, if it leaves out a few other things.

A little way off the beach ended, and the palms, where the moon came through; and then it was all mangroves and water maze and shadow, dark and mysterious-like: a ghostly place that the natives didn't care for, nor most of the whites either. But she and he went straight for it, swimming like a race, and which of them won I don't know, because they seemed to enter the darkness almost together, and the faint splash of the swimming stopped and it was all silence.

I sat on and smoked a bit, and what I said matters to no one, not even Mahina, because she's dead now and she never knew.

It must have been two or three Sundays after that I went to see the queen and Prince Malachi. This day Mayamana seemed to have something on her mind. A huge woman she was, fifteen stone or more, and in her loose silk Mother Hubbard she seemed to flow all over the place. She hardly spoke that afternoon, but she sighed till you'd wonder was she going to be sick.

She said the trouble was that Susanna was going away.

“What for?” said I, filling my mouth with tinned cake.

“Because it is good she see the world,” said Mayamana. “She go to Fiji, stay with Andi Thakombau, see plenty people.”

"Might be she will marry in Fiji," continued Mayamana, and I could see she had it all planned out.

Malachi grunted like a pig, and said something about good old days, and queens who didn't listen to their male relations and do what they were told. And something, too, he said about white men; and that made me angry, for I believe in keeping up your own race and exacting due respect for it all the time.

"Don't you talk about white men that way, your Royal Highness," I said, "because why, I married one of your family myself, and I'll thank you to remember it."

"It is all right," came in the queen, with that flowing, sugary voice of hers. "All-ll right, my cousin; we know all about you. But Su-san-na, she can't marry the red chief, because he married now. And Su-san-na very silly about him."

"I wish she was silly about me," I said with a big laugh.

The queen took no notice. "Su-san-na is what you call a great match," she went on. "All that half of the island, and all those villages, and the big, be-eg forests of coconuts, and the whaleboats and the schooner and the palace, and many, many pigs too. Su-san-na will have the pick among the high chiefs of Fiji, and Andi Thakombau and Kandavu Levu, they will look after her good. And I think"—her voice became low and dreamy, as if she was talking to herself—"it will be more better nobody write any letters to Fiji telling any gossiping."

What is there the kings and queens don't know? Mayamana must have heard that I was down on the beach the moonlight night when Susanna ran away from her old women.

It doesn't pay to quarrel with royalties; so I resolved to hold my tongue. And by and by I got up and went away.

I MET De Grey on the road leading from the palace. He was walking very fast, and there was a look on his face of a man who's had a bad day.

"Where y' going?" I shouted.

"Bank," he answered, just like that.

"So'm I. Mr. Capers lends me—"

"What?" he said in a loud tone, turning suddenly round.

"Books," I said. "Detective stories; best there are." And I reeled off a string of the names everybody knew in those times; the Dick Donovans and Conan Doyles we had then.

"Ack!" he said, as a man will when he's aggravated. And off he went, hot-foot, toward the bank.

"Does he want some of those books from Mr. Capers, and is he trying to get ahead of me?" I thought. But then I remembered, it's not books, mostly, that people want to borrow from banks.

When I reached the bank I could see De Grey and Capers through the window, and I waited outside. You don't interrupt a man when he's come to call on a banker, with a face as long as a ship's yardarm on him, after closing hours. So by and by he came out. He'd lost all caution. He didn't see me up against the guavas, and he shouted back at Mr. Capers, "You think you're God Almighty, don't you—sitting in there making and breaking people? You don't care if you drive a man to suicide and break his wife's heart, do you?"

Mr. Capers didn't say anything. And in a minute De Grey was gone, tearing away down the grass road in the late sunshine.

Mr. Capers and I had our usual comfortable chat not the less. He liked my company, did the bank manager; perhaps because money wasn't anything to me, me living as I did off my wife's food gardens and palms, and that was a kind of holiday to him.

There was a good murder and a forgery in the book I'd brought, and Mr. Capers said: "Don't you tell me nothing. I'll work it out for myself and let you know before I'm half through. There isn't a plot," says he, "that I don't know by heart. Specially murders. You couldn't write a murder in any way," says he, "that I wouldn't work it out and tell you who it was."

"That's if I kept the rules," says I. "But if it was a real one you'd be no smarter than anyone else, because there's no rules in the real thing."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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DREAMS
Continued from page twenty-nine

"Oh, there are," he said, rolling his round little head from side to side, which was a way he had, and it looked very wise. "A little different, maybe, but rules all the same. Human nature's the same everywhere. We bankers know that."

"Shut up in a box," said I—"what do you know about human nature?"

"My boy," says Mr. Capers, "don't you make any mistake. We bank people aren't shut up away from human nature; we're shut up with it. And as for crime, all the crimes in the world turn on money or women, commonly both."

"You had De Grey fair up the pole when he left here," I said, taking my hat. "He was singing out things about his wife, and about breaking her heart."

"That's private," Mr. Capers said. "But since you did hear him, I'll tell you one thing. If I'd thought I could help Jessie by helping him, I'd have stripped the shirt off my back to do it."

"And you don't think so?" I was staring hard at him. It seemed he'd never noticed that he'd used her Christian name.

"The best thing for her," he answered, "would be to get rid of him. Suicide? No. No fear of that." Then he shut up as if he'd said too much. "Lend me your new Dick Donovan," he finished, "and I'll change that Conan Doyle."

MAHINA was sitting under the open thatch of our house when I came back. And who did I see but Queen Susanna herself beside her.

"So you're going to Fiji, your Majesty?" I said, squatting on the mats some distance away from her, as is the proper fashion.

"This day," she said, looking at me as if she didn't see me—me! . . . "This day. The schooner is making sail now, but they will wait for the queen."

"How long till you come back?" I asked her.

"I will come back before the steamer, no matter what happens," she said, speaking very quick and determined.

"The steamer's just gone," I told her. For the Auckland boat, which called every six weeks, had been in that morning; she was now on her way back to New Zealand. We counted time from steamer to steamer, and sometimes the six weeks were long.

Susanna astonished me by bursting out into a loud sob.

"Get away," said Mahina's eyes; and I went, leaving the cousins together. But I stopped to light my pipe by and by, and threw a look behind. The queen was getting up to go. She was wiping her eyes with one hand, and with the other she had just given a letter to Mahina, who hid it quickly in her dress.

I made Mahina show me the letter that evening. She fought a bit, but handed it over in the end.

It was addressed in Queen Susanna's handwriting to De Grey. I tossed it back again.

"No business of mine," I said. "But, anyhow, what was Susanna crying about?"

"She says De Grey say he will kill himself if she not coming back before six weeks," Mahina told me. "She think he very much loving her."

And that was all I could find out about it.

I brought Mr. Capers a couple more books next day. My stock was low; I had to chuck a Walter Scott in to fill up.

"I got an idea," I said. "Why doesn't De Grey borrow money from Susanna if he's hard up? She's in love with him, and she's fair rolling."

"My good fellow," he says, "you know so much about queens, you ought to know a little more. They come of age, here, at eighteen, just as they do in Europe, and till they do their money isn't theirs."

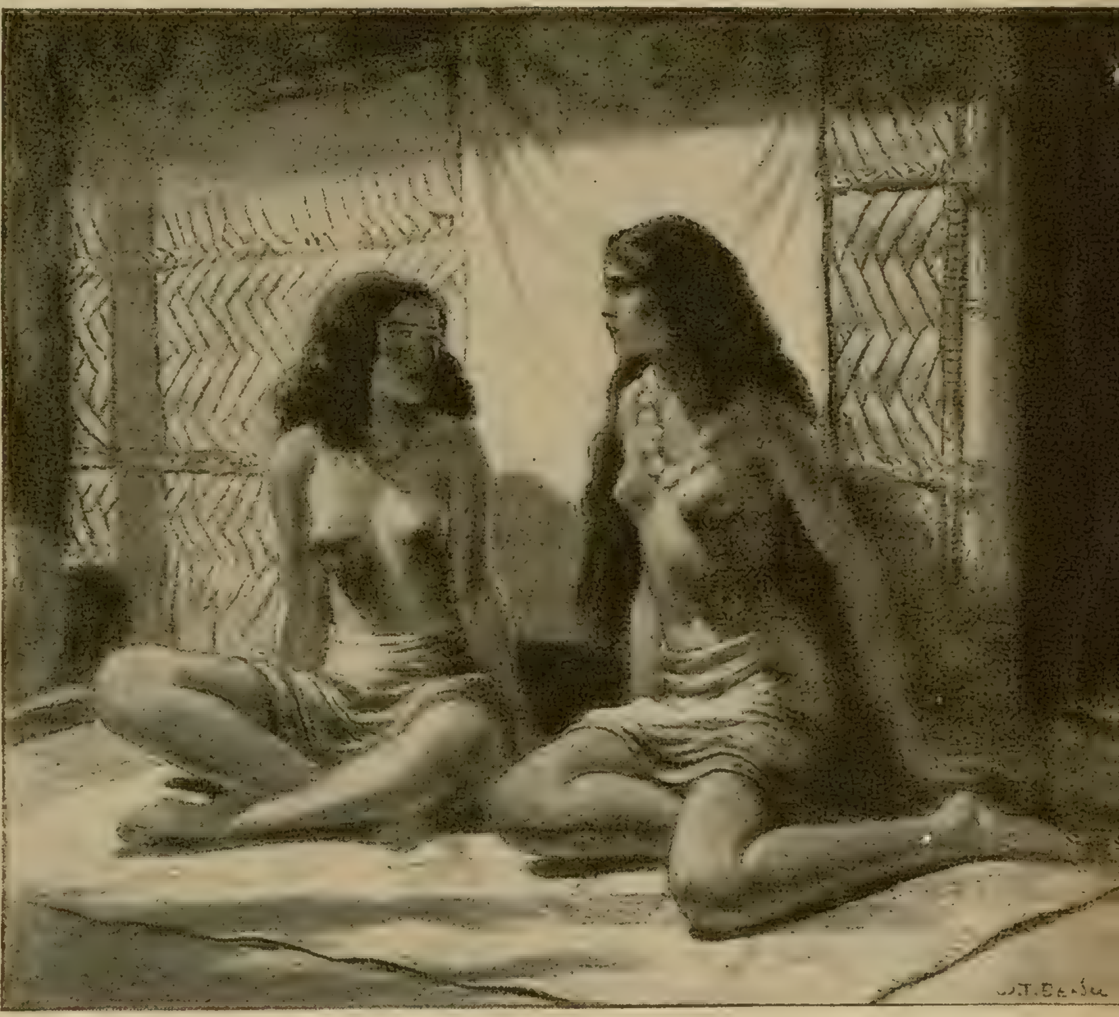
"Whose is it, then?" I asked.

"In this case the Bank of New Victoria has the benefit, and the trustees are Prince Malachi and the port doctor. Susanna won't lend money to De Grey, and she won't flirt with him. The high chiefs are up to her little games, and they have power."

"Money too," I said, winking at him; for I knew why he was always on the side of the high chiefs.

He didn't answer that, but presently he seemed to wake up from a kind of thoughtful maze.

"See here," he said. "I don't think there's anything in this suicide notion—De Grey's not the man to do himself an injury—but you have nothing to do, and I'd be obliged if you could keep an eye on him and tell me if there's anything out of the way going on."



Mahina was sitting under the open thatch. And who did I see but Queen Susanna beside her.

I told him: "I've done that as it is, and I noticed nothing. He and his missus are busy as peaceable as you like, painting up the place. But you'd have had the jimjams," I told him, "if you'd seen what I saw last night.

"It was about dark, and I was passing the mission house when he comes out, in the devil of a hurry, with a billy can in his hand, and he ran right into me, and cursed me before he saw who I was. And I tell you, for a moment I fair had the willy-willies; for his trousers were streaming red all down the front of them like as if he'd been killing a bullock. And all he was doing was throwing away some paint. The smell of it would knock you down."

"Why was he throwing it away?"

"Lord, how do I know? Didn't want it, I suppose."

"If I don't mistake," said Mr. Capers, "there's the store manager coming down the road; I believe he's calling in."

THAT was a hint, and I took it. And, what with trouble about collecting copra for the boat, I was too well occupied to give much thought to De Grey or his concerns for the next few days.

Then—but let me tell it straight.

It was on the Monday that he went over to Turtle Island for a day's fishing. He didn't come back; stayed all Tuesday and Tuesday night, and Wednesday morning sailed his dinghy back again with mighty little to show for his stay. But that didn't matter, because when he landed on the jetty he was met by the news that Jessie de Grey was dead.

The staircase had done it—that damfool amateur contraption with the door shutting it in. You'll remember Jessie had made a mistake with the doors once, the day she nearly put an end to me. There was nobody about when she fell, but the whole thing was clear. She was found early in the morning, by the house girl, lying at the bottom of the stairs, so badly injured that she never came to herself again.

It was fair touching, the way her husband took it. First of all, he couldn't believe it; made the doctor tell him over and over again. "Oh, Jessie, Jessie!" he says then, and cries all the way to the house, and goes in and shuts the door with a bang.

He didn't go to the funeral that afternoon. He just stayed in the house and cried. You could hear him hoop-hooping like a girl with the hysterics when the ambulance with the coffin on it went past.

It was a very hot morning some weeks after, with the wet season beginning to come in. Spring, one would call it, if we ever had a winter. And anyhow it gave you the spring feeling—happy and lazy.

I was about half asleep, lying on the mats of my veranda. I could see the old mission house from where I lay, but half in a dream. So when Queen Susanna herself came out and stood on the road, I couldn't believe it was true. I sat up and stared. It *was* the queen. Back from Fiji, and coming out of De Grey's house just after sunup.

She was in one of her royal robes, a dress I'd never seen except at Mayamana's coronation two years before. Scarlet velvet, with whips of gold lace. Scarlet shoes. And on her head—

"It couldn't be," I called to Mahina, who had just come out of the bedroom. "She can't be wearing her crown. She's no right to till she comes of age."

"Might be," said Mahina over my shoulder, digging her sharp chin into me, "might be Susanna's—married."

For it's with queens as with commoners about their property—"come of age or marry."

"They going to the bank now," Mahina said.

"Mr. Capers won't see anyone at such an hour," I told her.

BUT he did. He was having his early tea on the veranda, and the queen, in her scarlet velvet and her crown, walked right up. De Grey, as proud as peacocks, came after. There was a little talk. Mr. Capers seemed a bit excited, but the other two kept cool. By and by they went into the bank, and shut the door behind.

"Now I know," cooed Mahina. "She come back las' night; married las' night."

"The dirty hound, with his wife not cold in her grave!"

Mahina looked at me as if she thought me rather stupid, and went back into the house. I followed her, because I had some books to collect. I wanted to go to the bank, and couldn't do it without some excuse.

Of course I waited till De Grey and the queen had gone. Then I went in with my load, and dumped it on the veranda seat.

"There's for you," I said. "Three lovely murders and a forgery; and what have you got for me?"

I had never seen Mr. Capers look as he looked that morning. It was as if I was a ghost coming up the steps and rattling its chains at him.

"Sit down, sit down," he said to me. "Have a drink. I'm going to have one. I've had a—" And there he stopped, but went on presently, when the whisky was poured out. "I've had a blow," he said, tossing it down.

"It must have been one to see those two, as bold as brass, coming in married," I said. "Here's luck!"

Now, Mr. Capers didn't drink, never had, and I'm sure would never have said what he did without the two stiff whiskies he put down, one after another, as men do who aren't used to it.

"He's put her account in their joint names," said Mr. Capers. "He can draw on everything she's got. And I always knew from the first that the letter of credit he brought along was faked. I wrote to headquarters, and the answer is due this next boat; but our custom is to let these things go if the money's made good."

"What do you think he did it for?"

"Women and wine," said the little man. "The sort would have those troubles everywhere. Had to clear from Auckland to the only job he could get. Clear with the only woman who trusted him. The only— Oh, my God!"

I never saw a man get to the weeping stage as quick.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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DREAMS
Continued from page thirty-one

“Jessie!” he sobbed. And somehow I knew that he'd always felt about that girl the way I felt about Mahina. And I was sorry.

Then he took a book, Kenilworth it was, the one I'd brought last time, and went away to the back of the house.

De Grey settled down in Susanna's palace at the other side of the island. I dare say a great deal more attention would have been paid to him and his doings if Queen Mayamana, who had been ailing for a good while, hadn't taken a turn for the worse about that time, and died. The funeral feasting and dancing kept us all busy for a week, and those of us who were in with royalty, and guests of the high chiefs, didn't hardly have time to notice when the steamer came in and went out again. When we all got sobered down, I found that Mr. Capers had given up his job for a while; but instead of taking leave by the boat he was settled down in the old mission house, which of course was empty now.

NEXT WEEK—

My Husband Comes Back

A human document of interest to everyone who believes that the dead can communicate with us

By Lady Conan Doyle

I called on him once or twice; but it seemed to me he was getting a bit weak in his intellect, what with never going out, and always reading, reading, reading at the novels he'd already had and must have known all about. So I left him alone after a bit—until the night of the big party.

Queen Susanna gave it, she and her consort, De Grey. The big ballroom had been hung with flags and palms, and there was six glass chandeliers all full of kerosene lamps, and up at the top of the room there was a daisy. I mean a sort of platform like what's in schools. And on the daisy there was Queen Susanna and her prince consort, Maurice de Grey. Both of them had “thrones” made of gilt wood and red cotton velvet, very handsome, and nobody ever looked more like a prince than De Grey did, or more like a queen than Susanna. But she looked something more; she looked like a lover.

There was wine, but not as much as we'd have liked. The Ariadnes are kind of half prohibition. So it was that when the going home began nobody was more than rather jolly and everybody was quite able to understand what happened. It began with the queen and the prince taking their places on the daisy again and the talking man from the village calling out, in that immense voice of his, “Speech, speech!”

All of us started milling about like cattle, and then I saw something I hadn't seen before: Prince Malachi and the banker.

They'd just arrived, and there was two other men with them—one I didn't know, he being a newcomer, but the other I did, and the sight of him knocked the wind out of me for a moment. Then I said, “It can't be,” and I went on into the ballroom.

DE GREY was a fine speaker and he made a fine speech, ending how from that day he and Susanna were the true sovereigns of the whole of the country, underneath the British crown, and he invited them to stand up and sing God Save the Queen. The people all started with the band at the very first bray, and before they had finished the first verse the roof of the palace was shaking.

But there never was a second verse. Prince Malachi made a sign to the band—a wicked sign it was, come down from the old cannibal days, and none of the Ariadne folk would have dared to disobey it, as seldom as it was seen. The music stopped as if you'd cut it off with an ax. And in the middle of the dead silence that came after, Prince Malachi, all in deep black, and the two other men walked up the ballroom floor.

One of the men, as I said, was new. I heard after that the Fiji authorities had sent him along, on some kind of information received by canoe. The other was our township policeman. The three of them went on without saying a word, all the room staring at them, until they reached the daisy and the throne, and then one of them says, “Maurice de Grey, I arrest you on a charge of murder.” It was like when you explode a dynamite cartridge right in the midst of a pool full of fish.

Some of the people fair jumped when they heard it, and some of them ran out of the place, scared-like. And all the rest started flapping and turning about, talking to one another. There wasn't six in the crowd had their proper heads about them. But I had mine, and I reckon Mr. Capers had, too. He stayed at the door and watched.

Poor Susanna! She had heard what the policeman said, but she didn't believe a word; and seeing that De Grey said nothing at all, but just stood quiet, with his hands in his pockets, and his face the color of the chalk on the floor, Susanna took up the fight. She was a splendid creature, for all she wasn't seventeen. I won't write what she was saying; the queens and kings had learned a good deal of their English down on the wharves. But it didn't matter what she said or did. Malachi, the strongest chief in the Ariadnes, had her by the elbows in two twos, and I heard him say in native, “Cousin, you behave yourself or I'll put the family curse on you.” They're afraid of family curses, so the queen, beginning to cry, gave in.

THEN Mr. Capers, who had been watching and edging closer and closer up the room, gave one leap on to the daisy, and caught De Grey's arm just as his hand was going to his mouth. “Catch,” he said to me, as cool as the company's refrigerator on a hot day. I caught it, and it was a small bottle of poison, very strong.

“They always do,” said Mr. Capers, watching De Grey as if he was a play in the theater. “In all the books they put a hand to their mouth and they're dead. That's how I knew how to stop it. Because I don't mean him to miss anything that's coming to him for the murder of”—he choked a bit, and went on—“for the murder of Jessie.”

They proved that De Grey had helped his wife to paint that dangerous door white, so that it couldn't be mistaken in the dusk for the pantry door or the bathroom door, which was on the same wall. And they proved that afterward, before he went away on that fishing trip, he privately painted the staircase door red, which was what the others were, and painted the storeroom door white. And they proved that the matches and candles were kept in the storeroom, and that he'd cleared the bedrooms of both before he went. So Jessie, finding no light in her bedroom, had no doubt gone in the dusk to the dark red door beside the white one, and opened it, sure that she was right. And in another minute she was dead.

They proved that De Grey was desperate for money; that if he couldn't set his bank account straight before the boat came in, he was likely to be arrested. They proved that he was crazy about the queen, and mad to be a prince consort himself. They proved everything, down to the ground and up to the gallows tree, which was disgraced by the weight of him one hot morning in Suva town, not six weeks after he'd pronounced himself prince consort of the Ariadnes.

But they'd have proved nothing much without Mr. Capers. The detective from Fiji said that he ought to have been on the force. “Where did you learn it?” he says to Mr. Capers. “I learned it,” says Mr. Capers, “from books. Storybooks and bankbooks. Put together, they tell you anything.”

Susanna married Prince Malachi in a little time; I suppose he made her. Mr. Capers went away, and other people came, and a good many people died. There's not many left who know the story but me, and sometimes, sitting on my veranda where Mahina used to lie beside me and the fat kid used to roll on the floor (but they're gone too), I wonder have I dreamed it all? In the islands, in the end, there's nothing left to us but dreams.

THE END

To the Ladies!

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By

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

(*Reading time: 5 min. 31 sec.*)

I'VE just been talking with Vicki Baum, the German authoress who wrote Grand Hotel. I understand better now why we have taken the strange delightful characters of that story so quickly to heart. Vicki Baum is a delightful person herself.

She's a small vivacious blonde, born in Vienna. In private life she is Mme. Richard Lert, wife of the musical director of the Berlin Opera. She used to play the harp at the Vienna Conservatory of Music, but has given up harping because she thinks one musician enough for any family.

She was head nurse once in a baby hospital. Now she has two children of her own—a boy fourteen and another twelve. She likes to dance, loves to laugh, hates very formal parties, and enjoys staying home, where she does most of her writing at night after the family has gone to bed.

Black and white is what she usually wears, but the day after she arrived in New York she exclaimed, "I see I'll have to buy myself some bright-colored clothes."

Grand Hotel is her tenth novel. Says the characters she writes about are always walking around with her and talking to her "like the characters in a movie." She works hard and believes in self-discipline. Told me how she once inspired self-discipline in one of her boys.

He was six then, and he had to go to the dentist. "Even if it hurts," she told him, "you mustn't make a fuss."

"How do I *not* make a fuss?" he demanded.

"You make up your mind that you won't," she said, "before you go in."

So sonny marched all the way to the dental chamber of horrors with his mouth wide open, ready for the worst, determined not to peep.

"And he *didn't* peep," she finished, smiling at the memory.

Mme. Vicki Baum believes that the bridges of discipline must be crossed in advance.

"BROWSING" aimlessly among stray books on the shelves of the school library has long been a student temptation—a habit which many practical-minded teachers have seen fit to discourage, calling it a waste of time. Now, lo and behold! along comes Hamilton College with a special "browsing room" to promote this very kind of haphazard reading.

Two thousand books have been placed on the open shelves of Hamilton's "browsing room," and these books have been selected to present the widest possible variety of subjects and authors. All sorts of books—travel, adventure, science, poetry, history, fiction, etc.

The idea strikes a very sympathetic chord in me, for I am an incorrigible book "browser." One of the fondest gratitudes I retain from my own college days is my everlasting thankfulness to an old philosophy professor who let me read—at random, and unmolested—in his fascinating den of printed lore.

It seems to me now that the "browsing" idea put forward at Hamilton may contain a valuable hint for any woman who tries to be a thoughtful hostess or a helpful neighbor.

Why not install a "browsing shelf" in your home library? Why not set aside, say, one afternoon or evening every two weeks upon which any friends or neighbors who care to can drop in and rummage through your "browsing" books for an hour or so?

Let them sit around comfortably, then serve a simple tea and let them exchange whatever thoughts your books may prompt.

A quiet form of entertainment, there is no doubt about that, but I believe there are plenty of people to whom such an afternoon would appeal very strongly.

JEALOUSY was the text of a recent sermon by Dr. William Lyon Phelps. Dr. Phelps attacked jealousy from a clever angle. He called it "old-fashioned."

There are people, of course, who are afflicted with jealous temperament as others are afflicted with chronic lumbago or asthma. Such mental invalids should be treated for their disease. A carefully supervised régime of straight thinking is the only cure for extreme cases.

But it is my belief that the majority of jealous people lend themselves unconsciously to a more or less conventional performance of their jealous tantrums. Under certain fixed circumstances they take on jealousy as a duty, whether or not they *really* feel that way. Not to be jealous of a sweetheart, a wife, a husband, is to be guilty, they think, of a social error.

PATENT leather has returned definitely to favor. Even the smart lace evening frocks are not above sporting a gay-colored, patent-leather belt. Bags of patent leather are becoming almost too popular, but they *do* keep clean, and that virtue makes them invaluable. In bright clear colors—and accompanied by a matching band on a plain straw hat—they add a note of chic to the simplest cotton frock.

The black patent-leather pump is with us again, too, I am glad to see that lower heels are replacing the falsely "elegant" spike variety. The fact that *low* heels are really elegant is hard for us to learn, I'll admit. But if you will take a good look—as an artist friend taught me—at the way very high heels throw the entire line of a woman's figure out of balance, you can see for yourself that wearing lower heels means more than just giving in to a "sensible" reform.

Tailored suits are now the thing, and very high heels are enough to ruin the line and the style of the smartest tailor-made. They just don't go together.

RED hair and romance seem to be inseparable. Now the papers report that Magda Lupescu—beautiful red-haired Cinderella for whom King Carol of Roumania spent five years in exile—may soon become a morganatic queen of the Balkans. Carol, they say, plans to marry Magda.

How did Magda Lupescu climb from obscurity to her place so near a throne? Just by her beauty, her charm, and the lure of her Titian tresses? Not exactly. An astute knowledge of Balkan politics is hers also. Informed Roumanians know that she comes of a family which, though obscure, has long been active in underground politics there. It was from certain relatives of hers in Bucharest that America first learned the true facts behind the palace scandal which led to Carol's banishment—and ultimately to Magda's present place in the sun of Roumanian affairs.

Guns, Gangsters

And Something About the War

Two Pages of

FREDERICK

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THE PUBLIC ENEMY

CAST

Matt	Edward Woods
Tom	James Cagney
Mike	Donald Cook
Gwen Allen	Jean Harlow
Tom's mother	Beryl Mercer
Paddy Ryan	Robert Emmet O'Connor
Nails Nathan	Leslie Fenton
Mamie	Joan Blondell
Bess	Louise Brooks
Kitty	Mae Clark
Putty Nose	Murray Kinnell

Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by William A. Wellman.

ANOTHER gangster yarn — and rather more of a shocker than most of its predecessors. The Public Enemy, of course, is the racketeer and the film traces the gory career of a bad boy from the time he trips up little freckled girls in pigtails to the moment he is put on the spot by the rival beer gang.

A newcomer, James Cagney, plays the hard, tough lad of the streets. There never has been a tougher one, for this racketeer treats his women as ruthlessly as he sneaks up on a business rival. He tosses a grapefruit across the breakfast table at an indiscreet cutie as unerringly as he passes a "pineapple" through an enemy's front window. Cagney, by the way, started as a soft-shoe dancer in vaudeville and developed into a Broadway actor. He made his film début in that Horatio Alger success thriller of a baby-face killer, The Doorway to Hell.

The Public Enemy packs a punch, but the gangster drama has been overdone. However, this is both grim and impersonal. Right now there is a distinct public reaction against the machine-gun thriller, the theory being that it glorifies a mighty unsatisfactory citizen. Maybe so!

Unless you are bored at underworld extravaganza, you will find The Public Enemy well directed by William Wellman and very well acted all through. You will remember Jean Harlow, Hollywood's favorite hot baby, as a blonde who momentarily catches our hoodlum hero's calculating eye. The final kick of The Public Enemy is something to haunt your choicest nightmare.

★ ★ BORN TO LOVE

CAST

Doris Kendall	Constance Bennett
Barry Craig	Joel McCrea
Sir Wilfred Drake	Paul Cavanagh
Lord Ponsonby	Frederick Kerr
Leslie Darrow	Anthony Bushell
Lady Agatha	Louise Closser Hale

Produced by R. K. O.–Pathé.
Directed by Paul L. Stein.

The smart, sleek Constance Bennett has climbed to superb heights of financial remuneration in Hollywood during the last year. Oddly enough, this sophisticated young woman made her biggest hit as the guileless housemaid with the illegitimate baby in the effectively sentimental orgy, Common Clay.

Here Miss Bennett is an American girl serving in a London military hospital. The World War is drawing to its weary close. Our heroine gives herself to a handsome Yankee officer on the last night of his leave. Word comes that he is dead just as she discovers she is to have a baby. She tells all this to a British officer who loves her. His devotion stands the shock—and the two are married. A year later the first lover, who has been wounded, returns. What will our Doris do?

Between Miss Bennett's artful and personable acting and Paul Stein's shrewd direction, this involved emotional story has much vitality, at least through the first three-quarters of its length. Unfortunately, in order to get tear-jerking situations, the characters are moved into unsympathetic and unreasonable actions. Result: Born to Love falls short because you lose all patience with everyone concerned. The best of Miss Bennett's support is contributed by Paul Cavanagh as the sympathetic and forgiving Britisher.

★ SHIPMATES

CAST

Jonesy	Robert Montgomery
Scotty	Ernest Torrence
Kit	Dorothy Jordan
Admiral Corbin	Hobart Bosworth

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Harry Pollard.

It was inevitable that Robert Montgomery, shining light of Beacon, New York, would be a screen star. For the last year or so he has been speeding upward, with Lew Ayres, as one of the two most popular young men in films.

Here Mr. Montgomery plays a brash gob on Uncle Sam's pay roll. He wins the interest of the admiral's daughter when he poses as a young millionaire. Of course, he gets found out, but, in the end, he wins an appointment to Annapolis—and the girl.

Mr. Montgomery's employers seem to be shaping his footsteps after the flip William Haines. (In real life one of these whimsical life-of-the-party fellows would send you rushing out into the rain.) The Montgomery antics, however, are gentler than those of Mr. Haines and possess some charm, but Shipmates is pretty weak material. Difficulty seems to have been found in spreading out the thin dialogue over the seven

Paul Cavanagh and Constance Bennett in Born to Love.

, Gobs

Movie Reviews by

JAMES SMITH

(Right) Jean Harlow and Leslie Fenton, a personable pair in The Public Enemy.

"Get busy!" barks Ernest Torrence to Robert Montgomery in this scene from Shipmates.

reels. A fine blue-and-gold vein of navy tradition threads through the film.

★ GUN SMOKE

CAST

Brad Farley	Richard Arlen
Sue Vancey	Mary Brian
Kedge Darvas	William Boyd
Stub Wallack	Eugene Pallette
Hampsey Dell	Louise Fazenda
Strike Jackson	William V. Mong

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Edward Sloman.

More gangsters. This time a band of racketeers moves in upon a western community and the machine-gun lads are pitted against the honest, quick-on-the-trigger boys of the range.

The best of Gun Smoke comes when the cowboys pursue the retreating terrorists through the desert hills. They harry the baffled and nearly hysterical gangsters with landslides and stampeding wild horses—until they finally close in and settle matters.

This is just an old-fashioned western with a new pineapple flavor. Maybe folks still like 'em. What did the sophisticated Broadway audience do when the cowboys started riding to the heroine's rescue? They cheered!

Richard Arlen is the upright rider of the range, aided and abetted by Eugene Pallette, a gent who will steal a scene from anyone any time.

Do you know that—

Helen Chandler has been chosen to play Nikki, the heroine of those Liberty stories by John Monk Saunders, opposite Richard Barthelmess? . . . Mae Marsh returns to the screen to play the mother in the coming talkie version of Over the Hill? . . . Dolores Del Rio returns to films as a Radio Picture star? . . . Buster Keaton will be seen next in Sidewalks of New York?

Mary Brian and Richard Arlen (right) in Gun Smoke.

Eugene Pallette tells Louise Fazenda all about it in Gun Smoke.

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

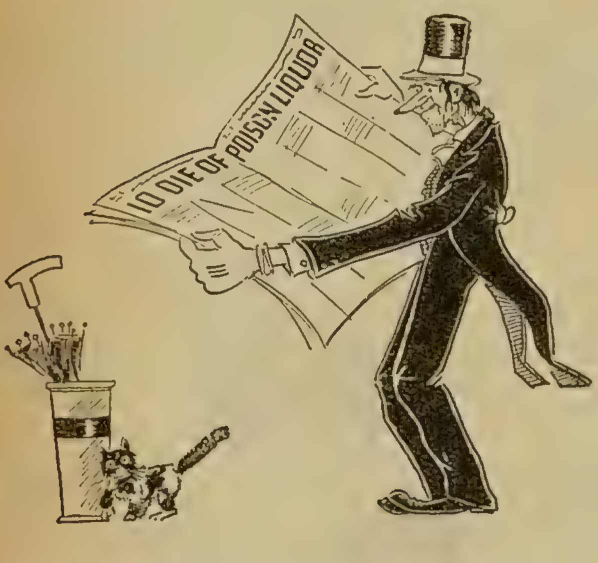
★★★★—The Front Page, Skippy.

★★★—Behind Office Doors, Charlie Chan Carries On, Tabu, Dirigible, A Connecticut Yankee, The Millionaire.

Vox

Just Full of a Flock of Good Will toward Men!

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.—For Pete's sake quit yawping about drinking and booze and the issue will die a natural death of inanition. It just won't be interesting any more. The whole business and machinery of drinking is such a waste of time, money, health, efficiency, good looks, and sanity, it hardly seems to have a logical place in this modern world.



Whenever I hear or read of one or many dying of drinking poisoned or poison liquor, I chuckle with glee and wish the drunken dead were twice as many so that the breed might perish more rapidly.—*L. V. M.*

What the Public Wants

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y.—Your May 2 editorial, asking for suggestions from your readers, came at a most opportune time.

I had been thinking for several days about writing you and pointing out one little thing that, I believe, would help your circulation, and that is: Your contest prizes are too large.

They should be ten or twenty-five dollars each. This would reach more people and, this day and time, a ten-spot is nice to have and twenty-five dollars a fortune to some.

Now, as a good-by, let me suggest that you put one success story in each issue, or perhaps in every fourth issue. Accompany same with a good photograph of the "successful" subject.

A story of a successful man in a magazine made up of the material your magazine uses would be like a symphony orchestra in a night's broadcast of jazz. —*W. Arch. Fenn.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Make no changes in Liberty for the present.—*E. T. Vinoci.*

HUNTINGTON, WEST VA.—In your editorial of May 2 you invite suggestions for the improvement of your paper. I think that if you would add a checkers and a chess column it would be the means of your adding thousands of readers to your paper.

Both of these scientific games have made rapid and continued advances in public estimation.

This is evidenced by the numerous clubs promoting these most intellectual of all games. There is scarcely a city of any note in the United States that does not possess its chess or its checker club. —*Pseudonym.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I enjoy reading Liberty every week, and as you are asking for suggestions for improvement, here are mine: a page or pages devoted to a medical article, and a page concerning domestic science.—*Elsie Schwerdtfeger.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your friendly editorial of May 2 prompts me to write you a letter as one neighbor to another. I don't often do this. Your saying that you are "just people" has egged me on to it.

I would like to see a little less anti-prohibition propaganda in Liberty. People who thoroughly agree with your thesis can be bored to extinction by constant dwelling on a single note.

We'd like to talk about something else, please.—*Geo. S. Seymour.*

FORT WAYNE, IND.—Your editorial in Liberty for May 2 asks for suggestions.

Re the cross word puzzles, print the definitions at the top and the diagram below. Try it and see how much easier and more comfortable it is not to have to take the pencil, hand, and arms out of the way to read the definitions.—*W. G. Fraser.*

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I have been reading Liberty for a long time and have often wondered just why the editors have not seen fit to include an article on bridge each week. I had often thought about writing in and making the suggestion, but did not do so until I read your editorial in your issue of May 2.

I believe that if you were to take a vote among your readers, you would find that most of them would appreciate seeing such an article in each week's issue.—*Ray A. Anderson.*

NEWARK, N. J.—After reading your editorial of May 2 I've changed my mind, and decided that this old world can't be such a bad place to be in, after all. And now may I make a suggestion as to how to improve the popularity of Liberty? How about a weekly broadcast over the radio, just to keep the public in touch with Liberty?—*Max Millstein.*

Heh, heh

S. S. MOTHBALL, N. Y. HARBOR—Say, do we continue to wait till we hit port for our Liberty, or do we get special service?

How many times have I rushed madly ashore on arrival only to find 'em sold out!

Honest, feller, you don't know how dangerous it is to go sneaking back aboard without the "ship's Liberty."

Here's a secret. Those seamen who jump over the side for no apparent reason either missed their Liberty—or read it.—*Sparks.*

What! No Love Business?

DALLAS, TEXAS—"Judgment," written by Eugene Jones, was one of the best stories I ever read. Everybody says it was fine. Let's have more of them like it and not so much of this "love business."

These Texas boys are crazy about stories like that one.—*J. E. Horn.*

Well, Have a Chair and Make Yourself Comfortable

AUGUSTA, GA.—I always have a peculiar sensation when I read Mr. Benchley's articles.

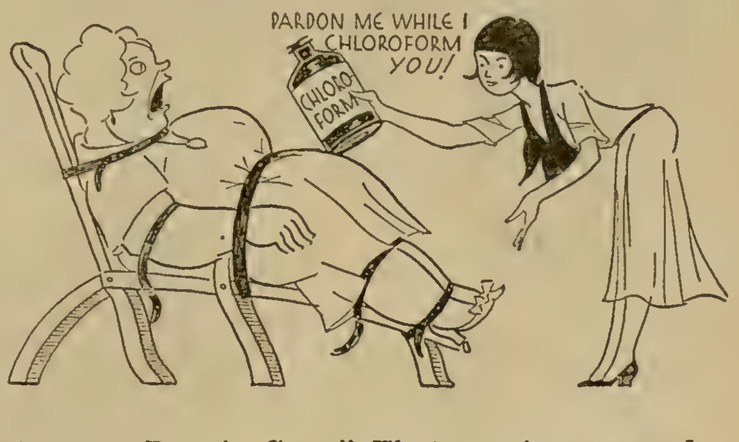
I feel like his next sentence is going to be interrupted by a "hic." His stuff is so absolutely drunken.

And bur-leave me, brother, Mr. Benchley isn't delicate in his wording, either.

The next time you see him, tell him I'm still waiting for that "hic."—*Mary.*

And On the Other Hand

SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE WEST—I have been reading Liberty for a couple of years, but in one of your recent issues I found the best story you've ever published: Robert Benchley's "How the Doggie Goes." That man's a marvel—one funny essay after another.


PARDON ME WHILE I CHLOROFORM YOU!
CHLOROFORM

Ask him to tell us in one of his coming articles what one is to do, during the ages from three to twenty, inclusive, when every grown-up person you meet says in a sweet manner, "Why, how tall you've grown!"

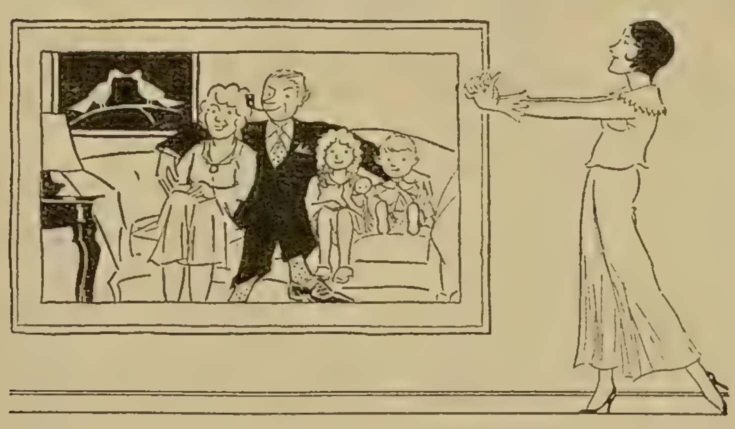
Is one to get an ax or just politely use chloroform?—*Rose Marie Haas (Thirteen).*

Pop

Aw, Cheer Up

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—May I ask why it is that your writers and authors do not give us something more pleasant to read about married folk? Can it be they are afraid of losing the art of seeming realism?

We bachelors and bachelor girls see so much in the married lives of our friends to discourage us in real life that by way of variety and recreation we do like to use our imagination pleasantly by reading or believing that "mated" peace and happiness does or can exist. In other words—we like to "live in hope though we die in despair."—*Bachelor Girl.*



Possibly. And We've Lost a Lot of Sleep Wondering What a Double Ugh Was

DALLAS, TEXAS—Leslie Thrasher is probably a grand fella, and all that, but just what has he got on Liberty that makes you publish the twaddle he draws?

Honestly now, at least fifty per cent of your readers are men—right? I ask you, what per cent of the men, do you think, want to look at a seven-year-old kid, holding a hot dog, hopping around a pole? "For I'm the Queen of the May, Mother; I'm the Queen of the May!" Ugh and double Ugh!

Is that grand sheet of yours turning cream-puff?—*Bill Simpson.*

Poem

NEW SMYRNA, FLA.—Of all the punk things read and seen, the worst is Liberty Magazine. Its rotten jokes ne'er make me smile. They've never printed a thing worth while. Just out for nickels! Such crust! Such cheek!! Now—*why* do I buy it every week?—*A. Nonymous.*

A Couple of Thoughts on This and That

LUBBOCK, TEXAS—Your magazine, Liberty, is just as good as the best of them, and don't you let the soreheads make you believe otherwise. I'm sending you a list of simple facts that the public in general isn't aware of, so it seems. Does everybody know:

That the World War ended thirteen years ago, and yet millions of the soldiers that did the fighting are still unable to understand the war, or to give any idea of what it was about, or what caused it?

That millions of people think that prohibition started when the Eighteenth Amendment became effective—it only ended then; and everybody began drinking in dead earnest from then on?

That 92,826 (more or less) commissions, societies, clubs, organizations, and what nots have been organized to help the unemployed, and that to date far fewer than 92,826 jobs seemingly have been procured for the jobless?

That the capital of the U. S. is really Chicago, and that the real boss of this country lives there—when he isn't vacationing in Florida—and rules the government of the people with an iron hand called a machine gun? And that his name is Al Capone? That he makes more money in a week than the President, in Washington, makes in a year?

That "farm relief" is relieving farmers of almost everything they have?

That I still maintain, against all opposition, that your magazine Liberty is good enough for the people that buy it? If it wasn't, they wouldn't buy it.—*S. G.*

Thanks Very Much, Sir

CUMBERLAND, MD.—Being a rather ardent reader, I have been perusing quite a few of the magazines here since my advent into this country several years ago, and have finally come to the conclusion that Liberty is the most typically American of the lot, from a foreigner's point of view.

You deserve great praise for your straightforwardness and impartiality in all subjects.—*Pierre de Romer de Bourbon.*

Oh, Yeh?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The alarm clock rang at 7:30 A. M. I got up at 7:45 A. M. I washed my face at 8:05 A. M. I cleaned my teeth at 8:07 A. M. I dressed at 8:09 A. M. I continued through the day, wondering how that guy Robert Wood had the nerve to submit such a piece of work as "From Aiken to Chicago" to Liberty, and how Liberty had the nerve to print it.—*P. I.*

Mr. Kantor! Lookit!

AKRON, OHIO—We're for bigger 'n' better MacKinlay Kantor stories. If his novels are as good as his short short story, "A Man Who Had No Eyes," he's a wow.

His tale in the May 2 Liberty is the best short short story published yet.—*An Admiring Reader.*

And Here All These Years We've Been Thinking It Was the Berries

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I can't conceive of anything sillier than your Reading Time. It would be quite as sensible to put up the sign, Eating Time, in all restaurants.

Do all people eat and read at the same pace? No, they do not. Elderly folks can scarcely read as fast as nimble-witted youngsters and a trained journalist can read and digest a story in thrice the speed of the average individual.

Reading Time, Writing Time, Eating Time. Bunk! Bunk! Bunk!—*E. G.*

Two for Mr. Hughes

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Three big cheers for Llewellyn Hughes' "Heartbreak."

For the last eight months I have been reading Liberty from cover to cover, hoping that, some day, I would find a really worth-while story. Well, patience conquers all, and at last Liberty published a real story: "Heartbreak."

All right, Liberty, you've found a real author. Now let's see you keep him.—*Rosella Christensen.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Sometimes a story comes along that's steeped in that elusive thing called "atmosphere." Such a story was "Heartbreak."—*Bob.*

And You Don't Like It?

COLLEGE PARK, GA.—A pox on you, Pop! Here am I, a respectable old man who, for health's sake, should never be excited. And then comes along some snippy love story in Liberty that takes the edge off of age in a way that is likely to lead to "liberties."

Oh, Boy!—*C. F. M.*

Liberty
LOVE

How Nice

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Now, I don't like your magazine but I buy it so that I can get my name on the front cover. It says "Over 2,500,000 Average Net Paid" in circulation—and I'm one of those who keep it in circulation.—*D. E. Moller.*

Easy Money!

$500 Limerick

LAST LINE CONTEST

Big Cash Prizes for Writing One Short Line!

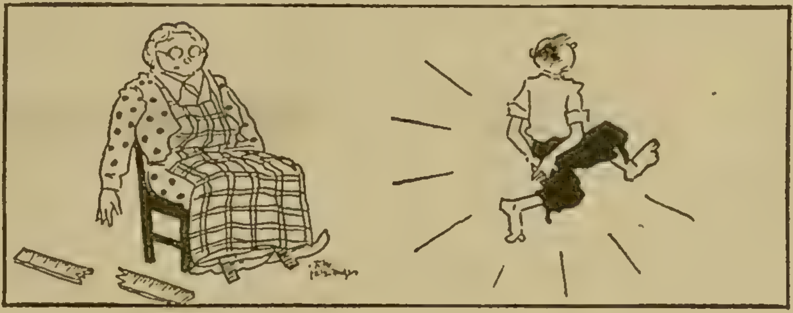
FIRST - $250
SECOND - $100 THIRD - $75
FOURTH - $50 FIFTH - $25

A CHECK for $250! Want it? Somebody must win it as first prize for supplying the best last line for the unfinished Limerick on this page. And other people must win checks for $100, for $75, for $50, and for $25 by the same process. We want them to! Here's an opportunity not to be overlooked. Think of the use you yourself could make of one of these substantial sums! And your opportunity to win is exactly as promising as that of any other reader. It's up to you. The only sure way not to win a prize is not to compete. On the other hand, if you want to be among the prize winners all you need do to enter is to jot down and send in a last line to complete the Limerick, four-fifths of which is already set down for you.

Surely you won't let the sad plight of Johnny Green pass unnoticed. Any reg'lar feller would want to see the clowns and the animals and the riders and the gaudy wagons of the mammoth parade. Yet you really can't blame Mrs. Green for objecting to her darling child's unauthorized absence from the cultured halls of learning. So what?

You tell it in your own last line for the Limerick. Write it now!

Here Is This Week's Limerick



A circus parade was the bait
That lured Johnny Green to his fate.
Though he stayed out of school
'Twas his Ma broke the rule

....

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked before midnight May 30. The results of this Limerick will be printed in the issue dated July 4.

The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

It is not necessary to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; for third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be paid to each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete except employees of the publishers and members of their families.

ANAGRAM WINNERS

VIOLET MYER HAMMONDS . . . I HAVE MY MOMENTS
Violet M. Hammonds, 423 North Pine Street, Charlotte, North Carolina

ROBERT WILLIAM DUEBER . . . I MARRIED TROUBLE
Robert W. Dueber, 590 Springmill Street, Mansfield, Ohio

WILLIAM MASON BURNETTE . . . I AM A BORN WET
W. M. Burnette, Box 127, Hobe Sound, Florida

JAMES HUGH BATES . . . HUG ME, SHEBA
J. H. Bates, Afton, Oklahoma

GERALDINE WIGGINTON . . . GET A WIGGLE ON
Geraldine Wigginton, 2112 Placer Street, Richmond, California

DOUGLAS MONTGOMERY WALLACE . . . A LOOSE NUT
D. M. Wallace, 1154 Gilford Street, Vancouver, Canada

WILLIAM T. SHERMAN . . . WAR IS HELL
J. W. Winter, 41 Perry Street, New York, N. Y.

VERNON KOOMLER . . . LOOK ME OVER
Vernon Koomler, Wills Hall, Fayette, Missouri

BECKIE NEVA WALKER . . . I NEVER WALK BACK
Beckie N. Walker, 631 Raleigh Avenue, Norfolk, Virginia

ARTHUR EDWIN GUSTAFSON . . . AIN'T WE GOT FUN?
Arthur E. Gustafson, 1832 Douglas Street, Rockford, Illinois

This sixth set of winners completes the series of six Anagram Contests!

ANOTHER UNFINISHED LIMERICK *and* $500 MORE NEXT WEEK!

Lon Chaney

A Portrait of the Man Behind a Thousand Faces

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The hard-boiled Sergeant in Tell It to the Marines.

Motion Picture Publications photo

(Reading time: 25 minutes.)

SECRETS of some of the make-ups with which Lon Chaney amazed Hollywood as well as the public; the torture he inflicted on himself in his efforts at realism; his readiness always to aid those with whom he worked; and how, despite the fame that was his, he remained the simple, sentimental, hard-boiled guy who gloried in the fact that he was often mistaken for a stage hand, were told last week.

PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

LON CHANEY'S charities were his own. Based on sentiment, on something he could see and understand. The abstract didn't appeal to him.

The Community Chest of Los Angeles, which is the official organized charity supplying funds through a central outlet to the needy of all creeds and races, calls heavily upon the motion-picture industry for funds and workers. Each studio has a quota and the amount is proportioned out by the heads. So much to be given by each big star, so much by actors and directors getting certain salaries, so much to be raised by smaller contributions among the less highly paid employees.

During the last drive Chaney's name, with those of Norma Shearer, William Haines, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, was down on the list for five thousand dollars. It was a fair "tithe" of the salary earnings of these people to be given to public charity.

Lon refused absolutely.

Greenwood sent for him to talk it over.

"What's the matter, Lon?" he said. "You can afford that."

"Sure," said Chaney, with his quick grin, "but I'm not going to. I've got my own gang to look after, and they aren't the kind the Community Chest could ever help. They need somebody they can get in touch with in emergencies. There are plenty of folks that need a helping hand in the tough spots. I know what that means and that's where my charity goes. You can't tell me where to give my money, you nor the Community Chest nor anybody else. I know what's right and I'll do it."

There was a swift gesture, a ripping noise.

What he said was true. The little girl up in the accounting department whose kid brother had to be sent to Arizona for a year or die. He went, and Chaney footed the bills. The wife of an electrician who had to have an expensive operation. The famous doctor received a check signed Lon Chaney. The mother of an assistant cameraman who needed X-rays and treatments. Lon saw that she got them. Young men with families who had been out of work and couldn't make the payments on their little homes. Lon, with a slap on the back, gave the money and usually refused to take it back.

When a new baby was expected in a family where the income was small, it was Chaney who paid the hospital bills and sent out the new crib and the clothes for the expected arrival.

When a clean, honest young chap had a chance to buy into a small business with a future, it was Chaney who put up the money.

There is a girl studying music in Paris on a bank account arranged for her by Mrs. Chaney. She was a waitress in the M.-G.-M. commissary, a girl with a beautiful voice. Lon told his wife about it and they gave her the chance she had ceased to hope for.

I know two boys who are going through engineering college at Chaney's expense. He approved of engineers

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LON CHANEY
Continued from page thirty-nine

After he was gone, they found in his dressing room all his charity accounts, kept in separate bank books and so arranged that they could be carried on after his death.

His greatest interest in his fan mail was in that which came from prisons all over the world. No secretary handled the mass of letters which arrived every day. He took time to check it himself and with his own hand answered the messages that came to him from behind the bars.

"If they are interested enough to write me, I guess I can manage to answer them," he said.

His ideas on prison reform were definite and active. For the Island Lantern, a magazine issued at the United States Penitentiary at McNeil Island, Chaney wrote a splendid article on the correction of faults in our present system of imprisonment. Its literary merits weren't great, but it was pervaded by sound sense and constructive suggestions.

Among other things, he said:

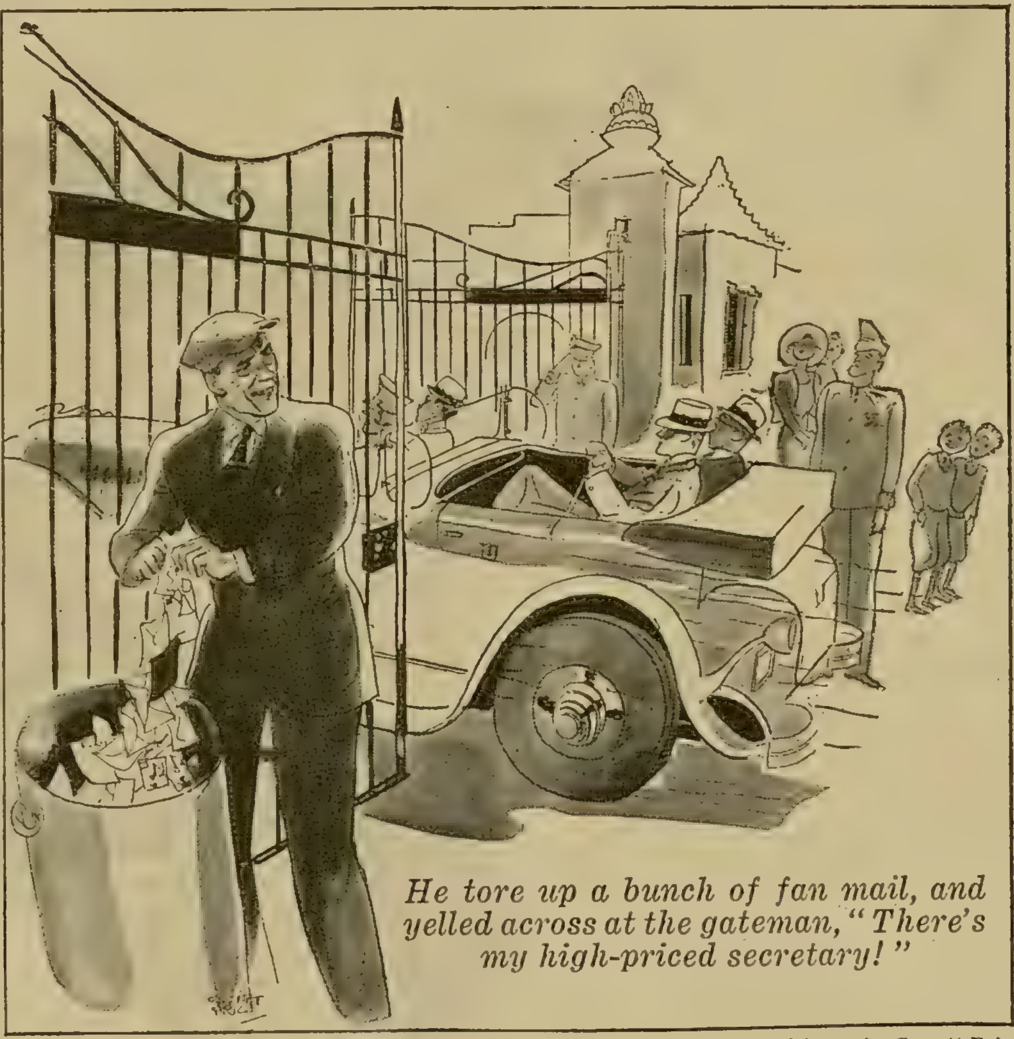
"To sum up my ideas as an observer, effective prison work leading to better observance of the laws would embrace the following points:

"Segregation of prisoners and corrective education.

"Indeterminate sentences, coupled with an effective scheme for state rehabilitation, furnishing a goal toward which each man should work.

"Education work in prisons: trade instruction and interesting labor.

"Administration of prisons by specialists trained for this important work and not fettered by politics. Like our schools, our prisons should be entirely removed from the influence of politicians.



He tore up a bunch of fan mail, and yelled across at the gateman, "There's my high-priced secretary!"

Picture by Garrett Price

"And don't class any man as a permanent danger to society until all efforts at rehabilitation have failed—and then, I think, you'll find the 'failure' is a case for the psychiatrist rather than a penologist.

"Underlying it all is just one thing—a square deal.

"The Golden Rule is still a splendid old idea and doesn't get old-fashioned. And man is still his brother's keeper."

THERE you have Chaney. Simple, a little trite, honest and direct. The champion of the under dog. Jobs for men out of prison were part of his charity.

"They're supposed to have paid their debt, aren't they?" he said once to a man whom he asked to give employment to an ex-convict. "Are we going to keep nagging at them the rest of their lives and force them back into crime? If we do, we're just as guilty of it as they are."

Above the mirror in his dressing room was a verse which he told Clinton Lyle summed up all his ideas of religion:

Do what thy manhood bids thee do.
From none but self expect applause.
He noblest lives and noblest dies
Who makes and keeps his self-made laws.

Yet, with it all, Chaney was rabidly unforgiving of small injuries.

He loved to flaunt his pose, loved to make fun of the "aristocrats."

One day another famous male star drove through the front gate with his valet and secretary in attendance. After all, such service is almost essential to a hard-driven screen star. Chaney watched him with something like a sneer and as the car passed he tore up a huge bunch of fan mail, threw it in a near-by ash can, and yelled across at the gateman, "There's my high-priced secretary!" The ash can.

Once he started to take some friends on a set where a certain man star was working. The star refused to allow the party to watch him work. The reason, which he couldn't at the moment explain, was that his leading lady, a New York actress now dead, was very drunk. It wasn't wise to allow outsiders to see her in that condition. Later he told Chaney about it. But Chaney never forgave him and never missed an opportunity to show his contempt.

AT the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio the big commissary is divided into two rooms. A big main dining room with a lunch counter at one side, where the majority of people who work on the lot eat. At one side is a charming porch, with screened windows looking out on the grass. There the stars, directors, executives, and important players have their meals.

The caste line is drawn, invisible but sure.

Lon Chaney never ate on that porch in his life. He was the only star who ever ate anywhere else.

His table was just inside the main doors. There he sat daily and the gang stopped to have a word with him as they came in.

Eating was a favorite pastime with him and he had his favorite dishes and got better service and more special attention than any other star.

But always in the main dining room.

A few days after Lon's death I was eating there myself with a couple of men who knew Lon well. The place was crowded and two girls, evidently stenographers, came and sat at the same table. One of them ordered a "Lon Chaney sandwich," a concoction of bacon, tomatoes, and cheese which Lon had invented.

The waitress, a big middle-aged woman, stood perfectly still. The girl looked up, startled. Then they both began to cry.

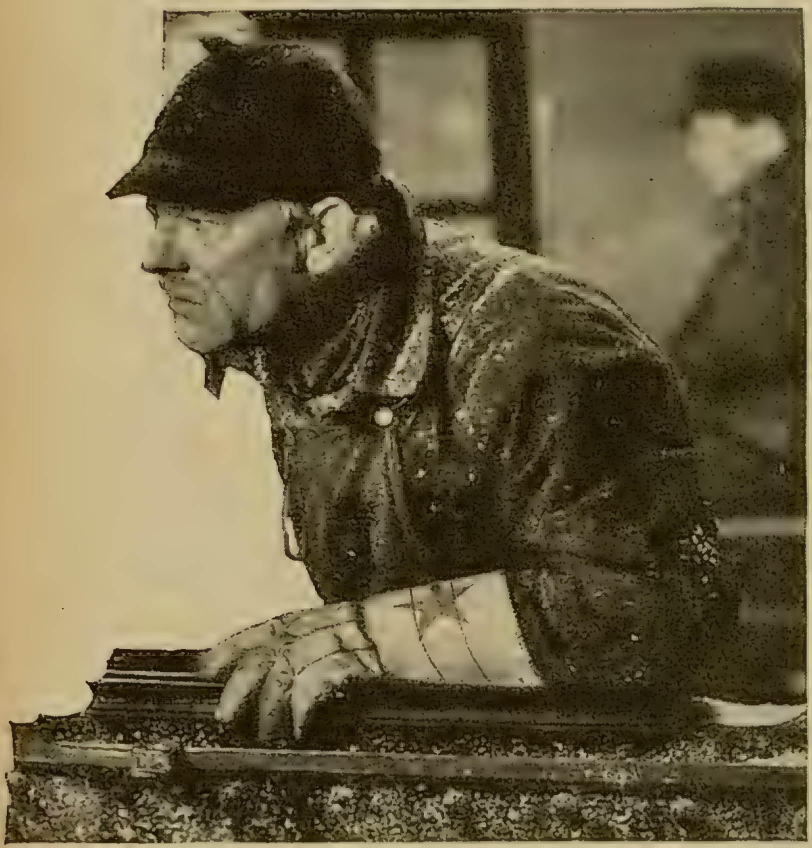
"Oh," said the girl, "I'm sorry. I forgot. I don't want any lunch." And she flew out of the dining room. The waitress openly wiped her eyes on her apron and went on to another table.

At Christmas time he always arrived at the studio with carloads of presents. For Ruth and Rosie. For Clara and Peggy. For Jane and Bess. Not a girl was forgotten and not one but found a Christmas card with her name and a little message in the box of stockings or gloves or the merchandise order from some big store.

Yet Lon's name was never connected even momentarily with that of any girl to whom he was kind.

Clinton Lyle told me a little story that explains Lon's ideas on this subject and probably put him definitely out of the class of men who are "on the make," as the saying goes.

They were in Fresno on location. About eleven o'clock they were standing on the curb getting a last breath of air before they went to bed. A swell big roadster drew up to the curb; a man got out and hurried into the hotel, leaving a woman alone in the car. Lyle noticed that she was very beautiful, wrapped in a big fur coat and wearing a smart little hat. Peeping out of the door, she recognized Chaney. After a moment she called to him. Lon went over.



Chaney at the throttle in Thunder.

The girl smiled up at him, talking rapidly.

Then Lyle heard Chaney say, "It's very kind of you; but, you see, Mrs. Chaney is waiting for me, so I couldn't very well."

MRS. CHANEY being some hundreds of miles away in Hollywood, Lyle asked Lon afterward what he meant by that one.

"Well," said Lon, "she is waiting for me, isn't she? She's always waited for me. She doesn't have to be right around the corner to know I'm on the level with her. As long as she's in the world at all she's with me. Hell, if I was a woman I'd hate to be married to one of these guys you couldn't trust unless you were looking right at him. I suppose those guys'd think it was all right to commit a murder if they weren't going to get caught."

I asked Tod Browning how Lon was to direct. No one, perhaps, knows a star so well as his director.

"Never said anything to me on the set except, 'Yes, boss,'" said Tod. "We used to—argue a bit before and after hours. But on the set he was a good soldier."

Argue! They fought like a couple of sea lions. They yelled and cussed each other out plenty. But just let anyone else interfere. Let any executive or writer attempt to take advantage of the apparent friction. They soon found out it was a very private fight. Tod and Lon instantly ganged on the intruder, who decided that he would be better occupied elsewhere.

The idol of the ranks was Chaney.

But the opinion in front offices was different. The big bosses mourned little save financially over the passing of Lon Chaney. They didn't even go to the cemetery for the last sacred rites. They arrived twenty-five minutes late at the services in the chapel of a downtown undertaking parlor. When the last word had been said, they departed in haste, their car shooting out from the long line that followed the casket where lay the man who had earned as much money for his company as any man who ever worked for it.

A BOLSHEVIK he lived and a bolshevik he died.

I happen to know that a six-foot-four stage carpenter, who stood bareheaded in the crowd, had to be held back from assault and battery when he found that the bosses weren't going to pay Lon that last earthly courtesy.

Lon wouldn't have cared. He would have understood. He had worked for them, given his best, earned enormous sums for them. But they had paid him for it beyond his greatest dreams. He didn't like them and they didn't know him. It was fifty-fifty. As long as he lived they had treated him well. He had been grateful for Louis B. Mayer's last visit to the hospital and his kind offer of help in Lon's extremity. Let it go at that. They never spoke the same language. How could they be friends?

At home? The mysterious home life about which the newspapers and magazines said so much? There wasn't anything mysterious about it except that it was so different from that of other screen luminaries. The Chaneys built, lived in, and sold several charming, unpretentious houses.

They gave little parties for their own group of friends—the Clinton Lyles, Phil Epstein and his wife, Fay Parkes, the girl who had helped take care of little Creighton; Mr. and Mrs. M. K. Wilson, another actor from the old days. A closed circle. They were comfortable with those people. No frills. No pretentions. No effort.

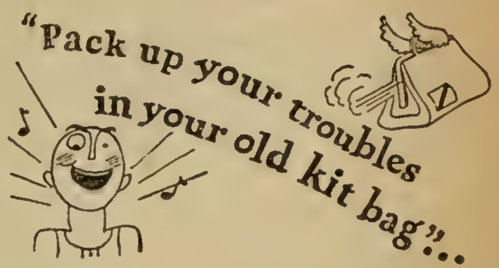
A story that Clinton Lyle told me is typical of Chaney's attitude in all things social. The Chaneys were having a little anniversary party. About fifteen of these close friends had been invited. One of the guests, an actor once well known with the Kolb and Dill show, didn't have a good blue suit. Things hadn't been breaking very well. He had a gray suit, not too new, and a dinner jacket. The proper thing to wear at the Chaneys' was a blue suit.

"I'll have to wear my dinner

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Singing Shave

©A. S. R. C., 1931


"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag"...

Naturally you "smile, smile, smile" —when you shave with an Ever-Ready Blade. And you sing, sing, sing. Harmony flows from your lips—because harmony follows the Ever-Ready down your cheeks.

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LON CHANEY
Continued from page forty-one

clothes," he told Lyle. "I won't go unless you wear yours, too."

After some argument, Lyle yielded and they appeared at the Chaney front door attired in evening garb.

Lon himself opened the door. He took one look. "Waiters go round to the back," he said, and tried to shut the door.

After some parleying they were admitted. Lon regarded them with the severest disapproval.

"Gone Hollywood or something?" he demanded. "What you made up for, the Hall-room Boys?"

He sauntered about, still keeping his eye on them. Finally he called them over in a close little circle, putting down his head as though he had a secret to impart. They bent toward him. There was a swift gesture, a ripping noise—and the two dressy guests stood divested of their collars and most of their shirts.

"That'll teach you two," said Chaney, with infinite satisfaction.

Later in the evening Lyle felt merry and tuneful, so he got Jack and Sam Feinberg to play some of his old music from The Rose of Algeria. He was singing his head off when a brutal comment from Chaney stopped him. "Listen to our constipated Caruso," said Chaney.

He still loved to putter around the house. His hands were never idle. When his first grandchild, Lon Chaney II, arrived, he was wild with delight. He carved little wooden animals, molded little clay figures, played with the child for hours on end.

"I'm grandpop now," he used to say. "Guess I can spoil this one. Creighton'll have to look after him. I can have some fun."

ONE of the last things he did was to make a bird house.

Lon and Hazel and Clinton and Flo Lyle were sitting on the patio in the sunshine one Sunday afternoon admiring the pretty garden.

"Lon promised me a bird house," said Hazel Chaney. "He hasn't made it, though. Wouldn't a bird house be pretty over there by the rosebushes?"

Clinton Lyle grinned. "Why, Hazel," he said, "you couldn't expect the great Lon Chaney to make you a bird house, could you? Maybe he made things for you in the old days. Now he's a great movie star. Surely you don't think he'd make a bird house with his own hands?"

Lon pretended slumber.

The following Sunday, when the Lyles arrived, there was the new bird house.

"Now you take it back," said Chaney. "I suppose you thought I'd gone soft. Suppose you thought I couldn't use my hands any more. Take a look at that. I guess you never saw a better bird house. I guess nobody could make a better one."

There was only one servant in that house. However, like every other house Hazel Chaney entered, it ran like clockwork.

Their amusements were inexpensive, simple. Mrs. Chaney had nice clothes, but she knew how and where and when to buy them.

THE real passion of Chaney's life, outside his work and his wife, was fishing. He was a sworn disciple of Izaak Walton. In the early days he and his wife, and some friends perhaps, or young Creighton, would go to Bishop, hire horses, and pack in from there. Later he built his own cabin.

The men of the mountains around there tell me that Lon Chaney was the finest trout fisherman who ever cast a line. There are two brothers who for a quarter of a century have been taking men to fish the trout streams of the Sierras. Men from San Francisco, men from the east, men from Los Angeles, are guided by them into the beauties and the sports of these wonderful mountains.

They will talk you blue in the face, hour after hour, about the things Lon Chaney could do with a fishing pole and a trout fly. Tireless, enthusiastic, he would fish from half an hour before sunrise to half an hour after sundown. Jeske might tire, Creighton might collapse. Lon was indefatigable.

One of the proudest moments of his life was when Hazel Chaney caught her first trout. Patiently, carefully, he had instructed her in the sacred art as he had instructed Creighton.

Between Lon Chaney and Hazel, his wife, had grown up a love that made them completely one, as people become one who have lived together for many years in unity and devotion. It was a love beyond the romance of youth, the hectic passions that make drama. A union that needed little expression. Husband and wife. A real marriage—and they grow rarer daily, it seems.

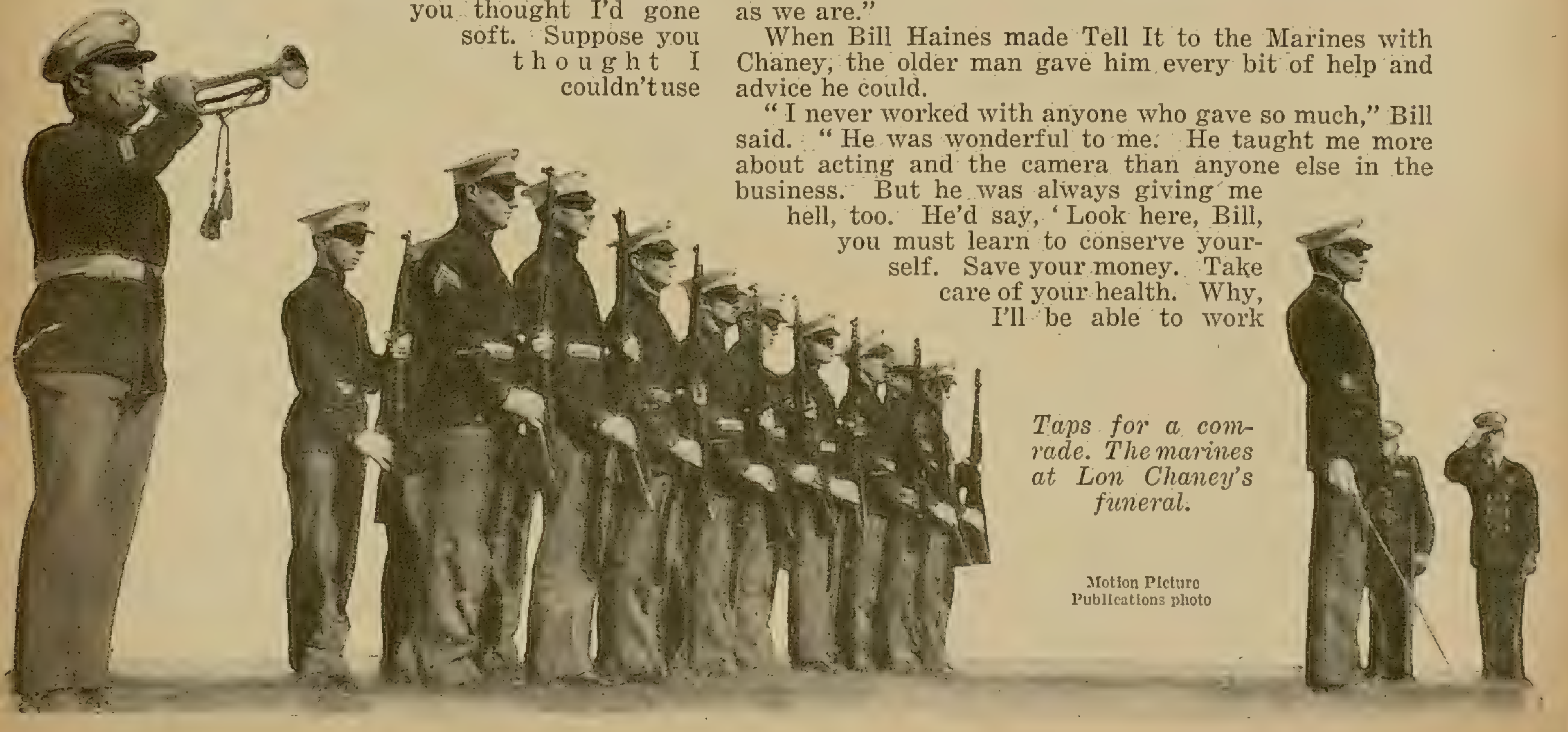
"He used to laugh and get embarrassed when I told him I thought he was the handsomest man in the world," she told me quietly. "And he would laugh, too, when I told him he was a great lover, far beyond any they had on the screen. But it was true. I cannot tell you how wonderful he was. Nor all the little things he did for me always. He would say, 'Let me show you, mama'—" She couldn't go on. Because it swept over her suddenly that he would never do those things or say those things again.

Sometimes Lon would read of scandals, disasters, disgrace that happened to other stars in the business.

Then he would say, "You see, mama, we're better off as we are."

When Bill Haines made Tell It to the Marines with Chaney, the older man gave him every bit of help and advice he could.

"I never worked with anyone who gave so much," Bill said. "He was wonderful to me. He taught me more about acting and the camera than anyone else in the business. But he was always giving me hell, too. He'd say, 'Look here, Bill, you must learn to conserve yourself. Save your money. Take care of your health. Why, I'll be able to work



Taps for a comrade. The marines at Lon Chaney's funeral.

Motion Picture Publications photo

when I'm a hundred. I've taken care of myself. I've never wasted my money. I'll never know want. Always remember you've got to think about the future. You can't live just for today.' "

As Sergeant O'Hara in *Tell It to the Marines.*

The wife of a famous director, who knew Lon when he worked with her husband, told me that every conversation ended with that thought.

Save. Save money. The fear of poverty, of old age, at the world's mercy, never left him.

His life was a narrow one, judged by modern standards. He never traveled. His few trips to New York were on business. He never went to Europe, or Honolulu. He was not a reader in any sense of the word. He sought no contact with the brilliant minds that go to build up the picture industry. Great writers who came to Hollywood and would have enjoyed knowing Chaney were never invited to his house.

Many believed that Mrs. Chaney was responsible for this, that she was afraid to let him widen his circle for fear she couldn't hold her own. That wasn't true. She didn't want to go, but she would have gone if Lon had desired it. Her thought was always to please him. There wasn't anything she hated as much as outdoor life. Horseback riding was torture to her. Camping filled her with horror. But she went on horseback into the mountains and camped for weeks and Lon never dreamed that she didn't enjoy it as much as he did.

SHE wasn't the woman to force intellectual growth upon him. Her home. Her friends. Her visits to the beauty parlor. Little trips to buy clothes. Marketing. Going into the kitchen to cook Lon's favorite dishes. Sitting at night by the fireside, listening to the radio, planning the long years ahead—together. Having Creighton and his wife and little Lon, and finally the second grandchild, Ronald, at the house. That was enough for her. That was peace, security.

As far as anything that ever happened to them was concerned, Lon Chaney might have been a successful contractor or a business man. They never took advantage of the door which Lon's name would have opened to them automatically.

She was terribly proud of him, but she would have been just as proud if he'd been an automobile manufacturer. It touched her—the love people had for him—but she would have been just as touched if he'd been elected president of the Rotarians or head of the Elks.

Against a flaming background they moved—a strange little couple. It is the background that makes them stand out. All the gaud and glitter and genius and uproar of Hollywood as a setting for an existence that might just as well have been lived on Main Street. Personal fame and popularity ignored. Money used without imagination and without vision.

ON September 14, 1929, Chaney had an operation to remove his tonsils.

His health hadn't been good for some time. Pains in his spine. Low vitality. Headaches.

The talkies had worried him. He put up his last fight to avoid them. All that was artist in him rose to condemn the death of pantomime, of which he knew himself master. Silence was the golden mean of his work. To him, a great art, the universal art of the world, was lost when the talkies came.

"I won't make the damn' noisy, squeaky things," he said.

Talkies had come to stay. At last he had to give in. He was the last star save Chaplin, who now holds the silent fort alone, to speak.

"Anyway," he said to Fritz Tidden, "it was good showmanship, even if they licked me. I stood out. I wasn't one of the mob. It was news when Lon Chaney finally consented to talk."

It was poor consolation. The talkies hadn't hurt him financially, since he signed a new five-year contract to make them at an even larger salary. But they broke his heart. They had killed his art, taken the soul out of his work.

He never made but one, and he was sorry he did that. Since his career was to end so soon, he wished passionately that he might have gone out, as he came in, in silence.

A few weeks after his tonsils were out he started a picture called Thunder. He started it too soon, but he had all the old trouper's horror of holding the curtain. "Mustn't hold up production," he said. Even when Mayer assured him that it was okey, his pride made him start on schedule. He hated being ill, as though it were a weakness that robbed him of manhood.

In Thunder was a great storm scene where Chaney drove an engine through clouds of snow. They made the snow of gypsum and asbestos. Great clouds of it were hurled by five wind machines upon the engine where Chaney rode at the throttle. The big flakes beat upon his face with terrific force.

One of those flakes lodged in his throat and was buried in the unhealed flesh. That started the infection which caused his death.

Without that, the sentence was written on the wall. His body had rebelled against abuse. The lungs and heart had been weakened beyond repair. It was only a matter of time.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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LON CHANEY
Continued from page forty-three

Lon Chaney went through those last six months of agony with a smile. To the end his wife and son believed that he did not know he was dying.

He did know.

For a time he was overpowered by a fear of death that shook his manhood to its foundations.

Just before he went to New York for those last treatments that they thought might save him, Lon went to his great friend Greenwood. He had just finished The Unholy Three, his first and last talking picture.

"I've shot my last scene," he said. "I'm through."

Greenwood said the usual things that a man says to his friend in a spot like that.

Lon shook his head. His face was white and there were beads of sweat on his forehead.

"I don't want to die," he said. "I hate going into that unknown darkness. But I can lick that. I don't want to leave my wife and my son and the babies. I love them so. What will I do without Hazel? What will she do without me? I don't want to die. I'm not ready."

There was a silence in the room while Greenwood's wise eyes, that had looked upon so much of life and death, saw the uselessness of deception.

"The last enemy," he said quietly. "A man must face it as he has faced all other enemies. You are fortunate, Lon. Your wife and family are provided for. You must be unafraid. You must be a man."

THERE was an hour-long struggle in that office while the clatter of the studio swept by outside. Lon Chaney went out with steady hands and smiling eyes, facing that enemy. In the end he found peace among his mountains, on the last trip to his cabin, and he played the game to the very end and in the last hours protected those around him by letting them think he didn't know.

On their return from New York, the Chaneys had gone to the beautiful Beverly Wilshire. The new home in Beverly Hills wasn't ready for occupancy. It stood awaiting the finishing touches from hands that had grown too feeble. It was the thing toward which they had worked, the setting for their long years of peace and contentment. Their income was adequate now to support it. But the great clown was never to sleep beneath that safe roof.

In August they took him to a Los Angeles hospital.

"Don't you worry, mama," he said. "I'll be out of there before long and we'll be in the new house. Won't that be nice?"

Hazel Chaney smiled. A woman has courage to smile when it is to comfort the man she loves.

On the morning of August 24, 1930, the papers carried the news of the blood transfusion and of the seriousness of Lon's condition.

Beneath the blow his studio faltered. The men would not, could not, work. The telephone switchboard had to be closed. Outside the doors of the executives stood long lines of men and women begging for a chance to help Lon.

A wave of grief that was like a desert wind swept the place.

Bravely Lon fought.

In his eyes was a great question: Why? He had worked, he had sacrificed, he had saved. Were the fruits to be snatched from him now?

We appear on the scene without asking
And we leave without wanting to go.

Pray for the strength to go out—in character.

"My mask is all worn out with tear drops"—Laugh, clown, laugh!

SUNDAY afternoon. The sensitive soul of this son of a mother and father who could not hear the world nor speak to it felt the presence in that room of his last enemy.

He smiled. The radio played. Ravaged, fighting, his hands clenched until the nails cut his palms, Lon Chaney acted his last part.

His last speech was spoken as his first had been. When his voice failed him, he talked with brother John upon his hands as he had first talked with his beloved mother.

Before midnight he begged his wife to go home. He was all right. Much better. She needed sleep. He was fine.

No matter how much it may hurt,
I must keep on acting, acting, acting—

He knew. His last thought was to save his wife the sight of his final exit from the stage where he had played so brave a part.

A kiss was his farewell. He had never thought much of words.

At midnight the nurse saw him struggling for breath. Above the mask of his face, white as any clown's now without make-up, his eyes were blazing in a tragic smile.

She rushed to him.

Saw, on the white counterpane, two fingers raised. The deaf-mute's signal of distress.

It was Chaney's last gesture.

They laid him to rest at Forest Lawn.

Ahead of him rode a picked guard of motorcycle policemen, all of them his friends. His friends the marines stood about him. The lawns were black with the common people who had loved and honored him, their best friend. The prayers of a wife to whom for fifteen years he had given happiness rose like incense about him. A stalwart son, grandsons to carry on the name of Chaney. Sorrowing hearts in every land.

Out in the vaults still lay the moving, breathing, immortal thousand faces.

"Lon Chaney, hail, farewell—and welcome home!"

I think if he laughed it must have been for joy that life, after all, had given him so much.

THE END

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We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 23

1—Asunción.
2—One that can be seen by the naked eye.
3—After-dinner.
4—A number from which another number is to be subtracted.
5—The bone which forms the posterior part of the skull.
6—Macedon.
7—A meeting for athletic contests, mainly of a racing kind.
8—The mother's side.
9—Strait of Messina.
10—Ten thousand dollars.
11—Twenty-one.
12—A cat, especially a she-cat.
13—Portugal.
14—Stephen C. Foster.
15—Six.
16—Sleight of hand.
17—A voracious sea bird.
18—A warrant issued by the judge of a superior court.
19—In Washington, D. C.
20—Massachusetts.

Jedediah Meets His Master

A Short Short Story

By

Odgers T. Gurnee

who boasts that he is first and foremost a newspaper man. He is married, lives in New York, and has found time to manage a theater and try his hand at raising race horses. Between assignments on a New York newspaper he writes short stories.

(Reading time: 5 min. 56 sec.)

JED BROADWATER was the ornriest human in West Virginia by unanimous consent.

For close to thirty years he'd run a thing called the Travelers' Roost, five miles north and two straight up from the B. & O. main line. The meals weren't much, because Jed no sooner got a wife broken in to cooking than she died or quit him. But he barreled his corn liquor in char wood and it brought brisk trade; that and the entertainment he always had on tap—not free.

He was on the declining end of the most salubrious get-rich-quick idea that had ever sprouted behind his brushy eyebrows, when the peddler came to Travelers' Roost. It was the declining end only because it was too good to last forever. He'd run out of customers.

But the peddler wouldn't know about that, and the old heads around the char-wood keg could see the minute he drove up and hitched that he was fair game, and the odds were nine to two that Jed would take him.

Standing at the steps to the Roost, the two spoke briefly and Jed led the way inside. Without speaking, the peddler picked up a tin cup that held a half pint when brimming full and cradled the keg in the crook of one arm. He drank it neat and he drank half a pint.

"Good likker, Mistuh Broadwater," he said, setting down the cup.

Jed glowered. "Where'd you hear tell my name?"

The lean one wiped his lips. "Oh, round about."

"An' what else would you 'a' been hearing'?" Jed inquired.

"Well, now," mused the peddler, "fer one thing, that you was poison mean."

Jed edged around the counter. "Yeah?" he demanded. Then, "Yeah," spitting into the pine-knot fire. "Poison mean and proud of it." He flung a massive arm east and south. "They ain't nobody grew no meaner but one—my pap."

"An' he's dead," said the peddler.

Jed's arm stopped short. "How come you know that?"

The peddler slipped a lean hand across his eyes. "I was borned with a caul," he whispered. "Hit's a gift."

He turned and ambled out, and somebody on the far side of the keg let go a stifled yawp of laughter. Jed kicked open the sagging door and followed in time to see a giant of a dog rise from beneath the wagon bed. The hackles stood like spikes as Jed approached.

The master of Travelers' Roost stopped short.

"What," he asked bitingly, "is that there thing?"

THE man with the gift winked broadly. "That there's a cross 'twixt sudden death an' a saurodinus. But I got another pup which is some dog."

Jed looked at the bulk beneath the rear axle and shivered. "What kind?"

"Huntin' dog."

"Where's he at?" Jed insisted.

The peddler began to dig under the wagon seat with his back turned. "Right here," he said, swinging around.

In the bend of one elbow he held the most forlorn-looking hound north of the Tennessee line.

Jed's eyes popped. Then he roared with laughter. "Great day!" he shouted. "Half rat and half rabbit." He stopped abruptly. "What," he demanded, "do you reckon he kin hunt?"

"Coons," asserted the peddler solemnly.

"And badgers?" suggested Jed.

"An' badgers," went on the owner.

Jed motioned toward the barn lot. "Come yonder," he urged. "I got me a badger he cain't hunt."

The group in the keg room joined them. They knew about the badger. At a shale bank near the barn Jed halted. A barrel had been sunk into the earth on its side. A screen covered the open end.

"I got fifty says yore houn' cain't git him out," said Jed.

The peddler knelt and eyed the interior. In the dim light he could see the badger's tushes.

"Bet," he said emphatically.

Jed's face clouded. "You wouldn't wish to make it a hunnerd?" he ventured.

The peddler frowned. "I'm sorta outa cash, mistuh," he apologized. "But I got a good hoss and waggin an' I'm packin' four hunnerd in stock," he murmured.

Jed hurried to examine the horse and wagonload. He returned by way of the house, carrying a leather pouch.

"Eight hunnerd," he affirmed.

The peddler stopped and looked into the barrel again. "My pup has got to git him outa there?" he asked.

"To oveh this line," amended Jed, dragging his boot heel across the hard ground two feet from the barrel mouth.

The peddler rose. "Count yore money, big boy."

JED laid the assorted bills on the ground and straddled the barrel, gripping the wire door.

"When I jerks her up, you lets him go," he counseled.

The peddler took his position with the dog between his knees.

"Git!" he shouted.

The wire shot up and with a swinging motion of his arms the peddler turned the hound and pitched him into the barrel—*tail first.*

Then he planted one huge foot on the money and gripped a broken ax handle in his good right fist.

There was a bellow from Jed, a yelp and a snarl from within the barrel, and the dog came out in sprawling, terror-riven leaps. Fast to his back with tooth and claw came the badger.

As they passed the peddler, he swung his ax handle. It caught the scratching passenger flush between the eyes and knocked him into unconsciousness.

Still in motion, the peddler faced about toward the oncoming Jed, seemed to pick his spot with deliberate intent, and then chopped the hard ash firmly and efficiently into the Broadwater teeth. Jed sat down suddenly, spitting molars and curses.

The peddler scooped up the bills, inspected the quite dead badger, and then returned to his erstwhile antagonist. He pointed at a shattered incisor in his own jaw.

"Recollect seeing anythin' like that afore?" he asked pleasantly.

Jed, who had started to rise, relaxed abruptly, and shook a bruised and befuddled head.

"Which goes to show," the peddler asserted sadly, "what a pore remembery you got."

He bit a large chew off a bright Burley twist.

"You give me that," he said, indicating again the half-portion tooth, "the day you knocked me off'n pap's mule and lit out frum home. I'm yore baby brother Claude an' I'll be right glad to tell the folks you ain't doin' so well."

His foot was on the wagon shaft before any of the spectators recovered the power of speech. "Hey, mister," someone called, "you ain't forgettin' yore dawg?"

The peddler flourished his whip and laughed gayly. "Yo'-all kin keep him fer a sooveneer," he called. "I jist borried him frum the feller down the hill who tole me about this badger business."

THE END

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IT is so easy to shake into your shoes this antiseptic, healing powder that stops the pain of hot, tired, aching, swollen, tender feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions.

Keep a "shaker" handy for use before walking, dancing, golf or tennis and get the benefit of "play" in real comfort.

Allen's Foot=Ease is also put up in the regular (envelope) style package. The New Shaker top tin is more economical and handy to use. Sold everywhere. Sent by mail for 60c in stamps. Sample mailed free—address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

Allen's Foot=Ease

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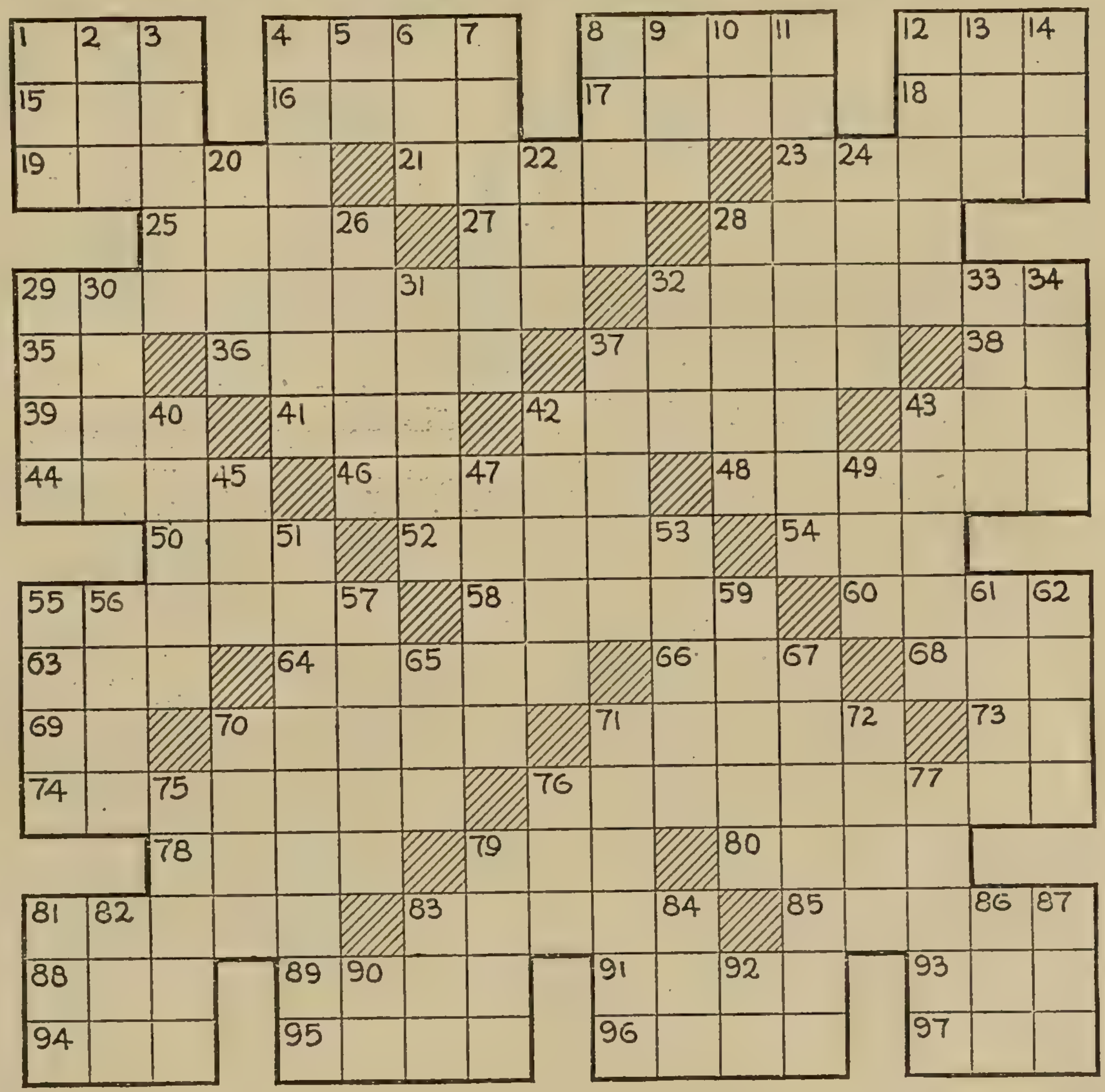
Liberty's Twin



HORIZONTAL

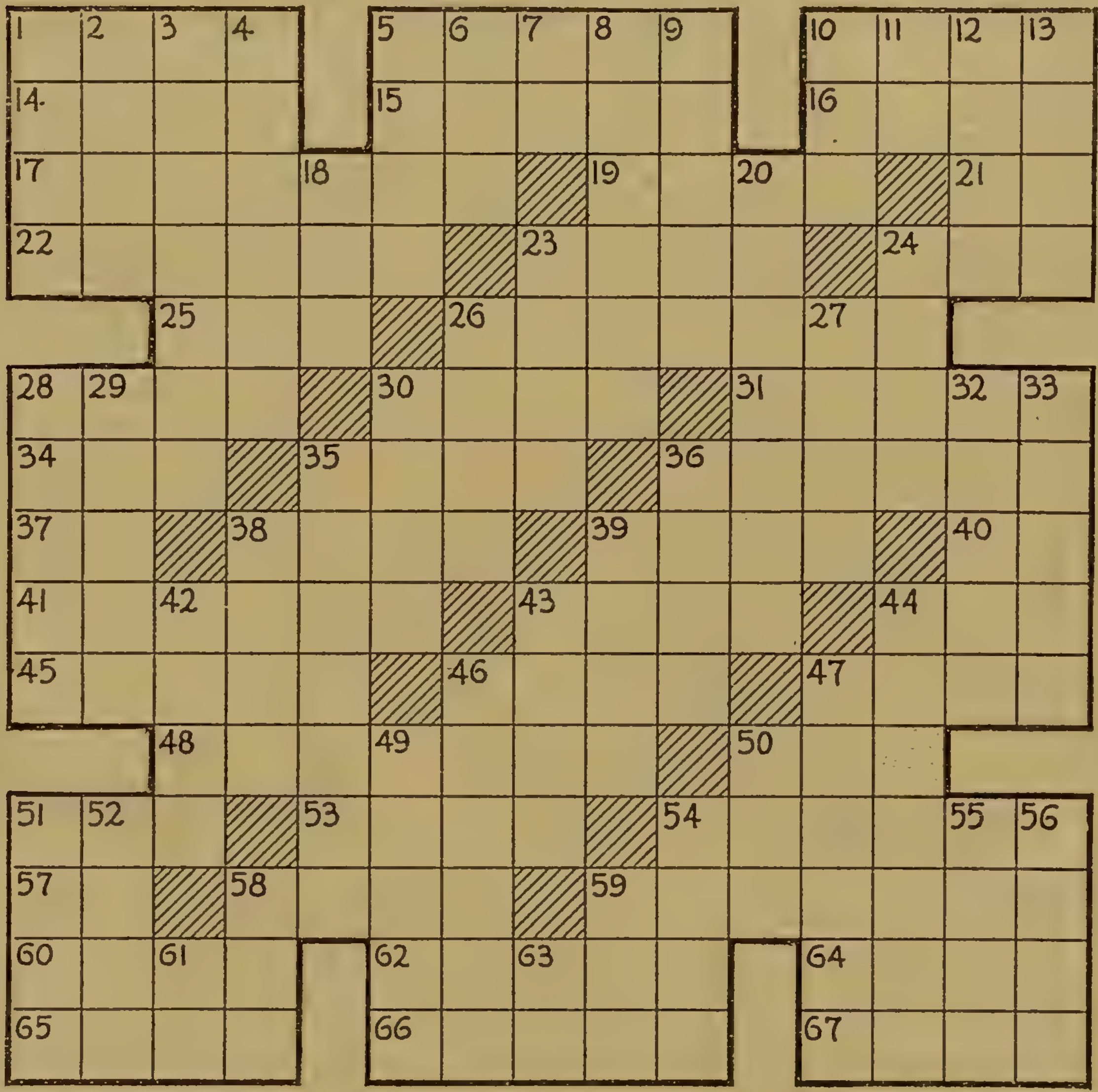
1 Metric measures
4 Burrowing animal
8 Theater box
12 Droop
15 Sup
16 Woman's name
17 Object of devotion
18 Babylonian deity
19 Scriptures of the Mohammedans
21 Urged on
23 Birds of prey
25 Periods
27 Man's name
28 Eager; astir
29 Making white
32 Babblers
35 Satellite of Jupiter
36 Existing
37 A net
38 Aloft
39 At this time
41 Lair
42 Most inferior
43 Beverage
44 Son of Seth
46 River in Scotland
48 Puffed up
50 Large tub
52 Cook, as meat, on a spit
54 Although
55 Provided with a particular filling (basketwork)
58 Inactive
60 Region of the body
63 Ancient Chinese dynasty
64 Exterior coverings of some seeds
66 Ill temper
68 A container
69 Indefinite article
70 Strike
71 Edible seeds
73 Toward
74 Passes by bequest
76 Clerical vestments
78 Insects
79 Gaelic god
80 Mentally normal
81 Line or file
83 Cook in an oven
85 Torn places
88 Ovum
89 An ostrich
91 Any West Indian surgeon fish
93 Beverage
94 River in Wales
95 Appear to be
96 The fruit of the blackthorn
97 Stitch

VERTICAL

1 Request
2 The Spanish word for river
3 River in Germany
4 Threatened
5 Above and in contact with
6 Lay of land
7 Moving by little and little
8 Charge against property
9 Uneven
10 Depart
11 Carefully; tastefully
12 Scorch
13 Form of to be
14 Aëriform fluid
20 An Asiatic
22 Retch
24 Fixed routine, as of study
26 Started suddenly aside
28 Ascend
29 The woodbine
30 A bird
31 Interior
32 Edible seed
33 Govern; manage
34 Hastened
37 Meaning
40 Interlaced
42 Lends
43 Garret
45 Carpenter's tool
47 Thin fabric
49 Roman coin
51 Drivers
53 Essayer
55 A fish
56 Narrow road
57 Frees from moisture
59 Snares
61 A fruit
62 Man's name
65 Pronoun
67 Make bigger
70 Intone
71 Explodes
72 Trigonometrical ratio
75 Skin disease
76 Billow
77 Coins
79 Rich earth
81 A color
82 Period of time
83 Sandpiper
84 Cymbals used in Hindu worship
86 Mound
87 Observed
90 Pronoun
92 Not

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

1 The chief god of Memphis (Egyptian religion)
5 A letter of the Greek alphabet
10 To talk complainingly; cavil
14 A river in England
15 Women of station or authority
16 Premium paid for the exchange of currency
17 Less in quality, number, or degree
19 Minute particle
21 A conjunction
22 To regulate, especially by moderating
23 Manger or rack for feeding animals
24 American Indian
25 A coin of ancient Rome
26 At that occurrence or event
28 Predatory incursion
30 Discharged one's obligation to
31 A period of rest or repose
34 A portion of a curved line
35 Disembark
36 Kind of pouch formerly worn at the girdle
37 Note of the scale
38 Fur-bearing animal of the weasel kind
39 Perches
40 Note of the scale
41 Clean and put in order, as a camp
43 A flower
44 Of small number
45 A snead
46 To color
47 Bird of the gull kind
48 Boiled
50 To point
51 An exclamation denoting surprise
53 Midday
54 Masculine personal name
57 Aloft
58 Autocrat
59 Sovereign
60 Manufacturing town in Illinois
62 Reptile
64 Timber tree of New Zealand
65 City in Arabia
66 Former United States President
67 Killed

VERTICAL

1 Gone by
2 Measurable aspect of duration
3 Pertaining to Aram
4 Succored
5 River in Germany
6 Disfigure
7 Type measure
8 Provided with a toothed wheel or cogwheel
9 In a state of activity or motion
10 A rotating piece in machinery
11 The symbol for an element
12 Disorder; tumult
13 Minute opening or foramen
18 French definite article
20 Incumbrance of flesh
23 Uttered words of disapprobation
24 Indians of a Shoshonean tribe
26 A receptacle
27 European mountain range
28 Sloping way (plural)
29 Greek poet of Lesbos
30 Panel
32 Fisher for lampreys
33 Crustacean
35 Plants which grow on rocks, bark, etc.
36 Gold laid on the surface of a thing
38 One-twentieth of a grain
39 River in India
42 To ply the whip
43 Charge upon property
44 Of the thigh
46 Spiny
47 Timekeepers
49 To become brown and dry with heat
50 Serpent
51 Hawaiian dance
52 Mimicked
54 Hebrew measure of capacity
55 Observe
56 Pull; drag
58 Chinese measure of weight
59 Piece out to a bare sufficiency
61 An element (symbol)
63 Indian mulberry

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-six

"ACID Indigestion" Wrecks Health Blights Careers!

Few things will do more to pull a person down than acid indigestion! Gassy fullness after eating, the gas pressure around the heart, the painful distention of the stomach, the burning sourness and nausea are enough almost to drive a person mad. Not satisfied with ruining our stomach, acidity steals our pep and energy, and makes us feel miserably tired and listless all the time.

Acidity is now corrected by a remarkable tablet called Pyrosan. Pyrosan consists of four simple, harmless, anti-acid ingredients in scientifically balanced proportions which not only afford immediate relief but three of them remain for a longer time in the stomach to prevent recurring Acidity between meals. In other words, Pyrosan is intended not only to afford you prompt comfort but permanency of results, as well.

You will not know how much has been done to correct the age-old evil of acidity until you try Pyrosan tablets. Get a package today at any good drug store and take as directed for just a week. If you don't experience a relief new to you, your money will be refunded. If your druggist cannot supply you send 35¢ for full size bottle of 30 tablets to K. A. Hughes Co., 22 Yeoman St., Boston, Mass.

It's great to feel YEARS YOUNGER by using M-O to free yourself from acidity

REMEMBER how you used to jump out of bed, feeling vitally alive? You were younger, then, certainly. But today, don't blame age for those headaches, that occasional heartburn, sour stomach—all those symptoms of acidity which result from unnatural living and eating habits.

If you *are* one of the millions now suffering with an excess acid condition, then most surely you will be interested in this remarkable new discovery. For here, at last, are milk of magnesia and mineral oil—the two foremost aids to cleansing the system—smoothly combined in a scientific emulsion called Haley's M-O.

When the system is clogged, milk of magnesia neutralizes acids that often poison and age the body. Mineral oil lubricates the accumulated food waste. The two combined, in Haley's M-O, sweeten and cleanse the digestive tract, restore normal function and give you that years-younger feeling, even on the morning after.

Recommended by doctors for all ages. Take it the night before. Full pint bottle $1. Generous sample sent upon receipt of 10¢ in postage stamps. The Haley M-O Co., Inc., Dept. C-5, Geneva, N. Y.

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An Emulsion of Milk of Magnesia and Pure Mineral Oil

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SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
FIVE STICKS
THE FLAVOR LASTS
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Straight up until the motor stalls, a pause, then down and over—that takes fitness.

Your body is a machine of many intricate parts and Nature needs help to keep you fit.

You usually exercise all of the muscles of your body except those of the face, jaws and teeth.

Soft modern foods cheat these muscles of proper exercise.

The use of **WRIGLEY'S** Chewing Gum tones up the muscles of the jaws and face, and helps to restore the rounded cheek lines of health.

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Satisfying**

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The toughest beard yields to the soft persuasion of PAR. Even the hard spots around mouth and chin become easy shaving with PAR, and blades seem to stay sharp longer. PAR comes in tubes of generous sizes, holding 200 inches of cream—only 50c.

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Your NYAL Druggist always gives fair prices—
You can have confidence in him

Prof. Zobo

A New For the Love o' Lil

THE circus train had pulled into town during the night, and in the morning there was the great white tent spread out on the ground between the drug store and the fire house. Early risers watched the patched canvas being lifted, and by the time most people were eating breakfast side-show tents were up and the animals' cages had been wheeled in.

"Going to the circus this week?" the egg man asked customers on his morning round.

Going to the circus? What a foolish question! Everybody was going. People had known about it for a month on account of the wild animals they'd seen prancing on fences, barn doors, and fallen-down shacks.

"Get on your hats!" Gwendolyn Smithers yelled in school at five minutes to one. And she rushed to the cloakroom, followed by excited, noisy classmates.

"Have a good time!" the teacher laughed.

This week's cover picture.

They scattered like leaves. They disappeared in doorways. They washed their hands. And mothers could hardly believe that these cherubs were the rackety roughnecks who usually came home to eat.

"I'll take more spinach," Gwen told her mother, "if you'll give me an extra dime for side shows."

This was a chance no parent would miss. Mrs. Smithers gave her ten cents' worth right away, and Gwen stuffed like a pig on a holiday.

"Circus!" Gwen shrieked at one thirty. "This way to the giraffes, camels, snake charmers, trapeze jumpers, an'—" She couldn't think of any more attractions and, besides, she was out of breath.

Neighbors opened windows, thinking a parade was passing. Then they slammed them. All they saw were Gwen, Red Hancock, and little U. parading to the corner.

"Oh-oh!" the children said when they saw the great white tent. It was flapping in the wind, with flags snapping and a band tooting out a terrible tune. People surged at the entrance. Boys in red velvet screamed out bargains in peanuts, balloons, popcorn, and drippy ice-cream cones. Clowns bumped into children and tipped their battered derbies. Babies cried. Cars and busses emptied out popeyed boys and girls and everybody hollered.

"Get balloons!" Red shouted. "Get peanuts!"

They got balloons and peanuts—and then? They got their tickets, they felt the sawdust under their shoes, they heard the trumpeting of an elephant, and they saw a long line of freaks smiling at them from little platforms.

"Just in time to meet the world's fattest woman!" a frock-coated gent bellowed as he waved his high hat. "Nettie from Walooloo. Make a bow, Nettie!"

Nobody knew where Walooloo was, but they all clapped when Nettie lifted her hundreds of pounds to bow.

"Meet Professor Zobo! The tattooed man from Jambusar! Turn around, professor, and show the people the beautiful designs tattooed on your skin."

"Gee," Gwen giggled. "If I had fancy drawings like that on my skin I wouldn't cover 'em with clothes."

"Not only has Professor Zobo more tattoo marks per inch than any other living man," the frock-coated gent continued, "but he can swallow the longest sword that any human has ever swallowed. From tip to hilt, he will plunge this deadly blade down his throat."

"Oh-oh!" the three children gasped as Professor Zobo tipped back his head and opened his mouth. "Oh-oh!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Shower Bath)

Prize Winners in Liberty's $25,000 Patriotic Game of States

The First Prize

$5,000

has been awarded to

GLADYCE E. RHODES

who is private secretary to an attorney in Sioux City, Iowa—a position she has held for two years. She was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, twenty years ago, moved to Sioux City when she was five, and grew up to be a prize essayist in the Central High School, from which she was graduated in June, 1928. Her home is at 1410 Isabella Street.

IN this issue Liberty begins publication of the names of prize winners in its recently conducted Patriotic Game of States. A total of 1,540 prizes is to be announced, ranging from the first prize of $5,000 to the 1,355 prizes of $10 each. This week we announce the winner of the first prize, sixty of the $25 prizes, and 565 of the $10 prizes. Next week more names will be published, including that of the winner of the second prize ($1,000). To everyone we extend our heartiest congratulations!

Winners of $25 Prizes

Pansy M. Baxter, Port Henry, N. Y.; **Miss Verna E. Beard**, Louisville, Ky.; **Miss Bertha Bechtle**, Yonkers, N. Y.; **O. B. Beckett**, Syracuse, N. Y.; **John J. Bell**, Jacksonville, Fla.; **Eleanor Bernard**, Raleigh, N. C.; **Lawrence Brazel**, Howard Beach, N. Y.; **Mrs. Jane Breiner**, Liberty, N. Y.; **V. E. Brooks**, Collinsville, Ill.; **Henry Bruno**, Chicago, Ill.; **Mrs. J. W. Buren**, Prophetstown, Ill.; **Eleanor Burton**, Des Moines, Ia.; **Marguerite Cerlian**, Larchmont, N. Y.; **Wilbur C. Clay**, Baltimore, Md.; **Wallace C. D. Cochran**, Safford, Ariz.; **Henry V. Dechert**, Peoria, Ill.; **Mrs. Georgie DeVeaux**, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; **J. M. Dickman**, Fayette, Ia.; **Francis A. Dix**, Atlanta, Ga.; **John Paul Eggert**, New York, N. Y.; **Louis Entin**, Brooklyn, N. Y.; **A. F. Ewert**, Dundee, Ill.; **Bernard Finkelstein**, Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Thomas D. Gebhart**, New Albany, Ind.; **Bertran J. Gerling**, Rochester, N. Y.; **Doris B. Gifford**, Syracuse, N. Y.; **Rose R. Gilgan**, Boise, Idaho; **Jack A. Glassman**, Chicago, Ill.; **Clement F. Grosch**, Hagerstown, Md.; **D. J. Herzberg**, Davenport, Ia.; **F. Vincent Higgins**, Miami, Fla.; **Mrs. J. W. Horrigan**, Des Moines, Ia.; **Gretchen T. Jones**, New Hartford, N. Y.; **Peter H. Kolb**, Shreveport, La.; **Mrs. Paul Kossack**, McGregor, Ia.; **Mrs. Ida Landry**, White Castle, La.; **Mrs. R. E. Lewis**, Wilmington, N. C.; **Gardiner London**, Oaklandon, Ind.; **Arthur James Lynch**, Syracuse, N. Y.; **James K. McHugh**, Baton Rouge, La.; **Raymond Miller**, Chicago, Ill.; **Isabella Murray**, Churchville, N. Y.; **Claus S. Nicoll**, Chicago, Ill.; **James F. O'Brien**, Liberty, N. Y.; **John J. O'Sullivan**, Liberty, N. Y.; **William Parrish**, Paris, Ill.; **Florence M. Pike**, Waterford, N. Y.; **Thomas Prince**, Fort Wayne, Ind.; **Henry M. Ronchey**, Chicago, Ill.; **Mrs. Edward F. Ryan**, Lantana, Fla.; **George A. Smith**, Syracuse, N. Y.; **Irwin Shaffer**, Jackson Heights, N. Y.; **Jules Storch**, New York, N. Y.; **Theo. A. F. Trupp**, Miami, Fla.; **Frank W. Tucker**, Bronx, N. Y.; **James O. Wasson**, Olathe, Kan.; **Lewis R. West**, Lexington, Ky.; **Harriet E. Williams**, Connersville, Ind.; **Mrs. M. N. Williams**, Edinburg, Ind.; **Merrill M. Wilmot**, Chicago, Ill.

Winners of $10 Prizes

FLORIDA

Miami—Pearle A. Bell, C. E. Cole, Frances C. MacNair, Harold M. Prior, Mrs. W. C. Roome, Walter A. Wolf.

Jacksonville—Charles W. Chenoweth, Hardy Croom, Jim Register, E. H. Smith.

Tampa—Lawrence S. Brigham, H. S. Eldridge, Thomas W. Hewlett, William E. Selvitz.

Rest of State—Miss Jack Barber, Palmetto; C. H. Battels, St. Petersburg; William Howard Bell, Cantonment; Herbert M. Campbell, Lake Worth; Miss Agnes Dill, Key West; Mrs. J. A. Ermatinger, Daytona Beach; Roy Wm. Francis, Winter Park; S. E. Haffield, Vero Beach; Mrs. Thomas A. Horkan, Coral Gables; Mrs. W. B. Kirby, Lakeland; Varina A. Miller, Orlando; E. H. Myers, Daytona Beach; Helmer Ostberg, Palm Beach; Mrs. Carl Wetherell, Daytona Beach.

GEORGIA

Atlanta—Mrs. George Breitenbucher, J. A. Cook, C. W. Davidson, J. S. Dickert, Betty Hicks, J. H. Layman, H. G. Miller, Myron J. Quimby, D. E. Remund, Mrs. James R. Weithington.

Savannah—F. H. Ferguson, T. H. Jordan, Mary D. Rimes, Louis Silverman, George Stephens.

Rest of State—J. C. Anderson, Athens; H. Mozelle Jarrett, Athens; Mrs. D. T. Keith, College Park; Guy Murray, Milan; Miss Julien Wilson, Columbus.

IDAHO

Jane Katherine Fay, Osburn; Mrs. Vera Kimball, Melba; Grace A. Odoms, Weiser; Rose Sorenson, Blackfoot; Mrs. O. H. Swanger, Goldberg.

ILLINOIS

Chicago—Harriet Arnett, Charles Ast, Betty Baldwin, Edward F. Bilek, Jr., Samuel Burgerman, David E. Carlson, Philip S. Crawford, Mrs. May M. Davies, Miss Norma Dick, H. C. Doyle, William Henry Fredman, Alicia Fredro, Ernest Fritz, George J. Goodwin, Edward Grass, Esther M. Hanson, Joe Harris, Mabel R. Harrison, M. A. Harty, John C. Hoffswell, Miss I. Andrea Kiland, Henry Klich, Miss Florence E. Lappin, Lucille Lask, Joseph P. LeMieux, Thorne A. Lindstrom, John McCalvy, Miss Janet McIntyre, Marjorie Mueller, William I. O'Reilly, Bessie Peters, Marshall Pitney, Miss Sally Poe, H. R. Pufahl, Margie Ray, Philip Robinson, Lillian Ross, Stanley Seszol, Zuella Egan Sparks, John Weiss, Elena Wood.

Peoria—L. S. Clark, Katherine Morris Lester.

Aurora—Ruth Bahr, Cora M. Stevens.

Evanston—Louise Murray, Miss Betty Ohl.

Springfield—Miss Ruth Quinlan.

Rockford—H. Otto Boline, Fred Ehle.

Rest of State—Mrs. H. W. Beck, Warrensburg; Ambrose H. Berendt, Quincy; Miss Guy Bryan, Galesburg; Mrs. Paul R. Corley, Oak Park; R. L. Cuthbertson, Sparta; J. H. C. Davis, Carbondale; Lester C. Ehlert, Dundee; David Felzer, Waukegan; Lucyle Flynn, Olympia Fields; Earl Gray, Elmhurst; H. P. Harshbarger, Des Plaines; Mary M. Johns, Streator; Miss Marie Krumm, Urbana; Edward F. Lehning, Cairo; Eugene L'Hote, Milford; Ralph O. Lines, Hebron; Miss Irma Faye Litz, Quincy; George C. McLain, Equality; Mrs. Bernard J. Maloy, Berwyn; Bessie G. Noftsker, Rock Island; Etta Noslo, Elmhurst; Ivon L. Penrod, Zeigler; Errett Pixley, East St. Louis; Mrs. Della M. Randolph, Golconda; Mrs. A. L. Reuter, Maywood; Mrs. Jessie Schroen, Washington; George L. Stewart, Joliet; Zella Marie Stoever, Granite City; Mrs. John Suster, Des Plaines; H. C. Tobey, Berwyn; Frederick R. Walker, Elgin; P. H. Winans, Irving.

INDIANA

Indianapolis—Mrs. Vernon Edward Blosser, Miss Jessie D. Byers, W. H. Clinard, Caroline Courtney, Iris Dersch, Ernesto Ferrer, Carl C. Hartman, Mrs. O. S. Jaquith, Mrs. Ellen Palin,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

Mrs. Emma Grayce Peed, Glen Spencer, Maud Waddell.

Fort Wayne—Merton W. Edgar, Eva Belle Seydell, O. H. Siemon, R. L. Smith.

South Bend—W. M. Brown, Carrie Ellen Dunlap, A. D. Hoffman, Irwin H. King, C. O. Mings, Mrs. John A. Scott.

Evansville—R. Earl Kelley.

Gary—Frances Townley.

Rest of State—William M. Adkins, Bloomington; Lewis W. Allen, New Albany; Francis T. Crump, Columbus; Miss Margaret Deeter, Lafayette; Mrs. B. C. De Mercado, Columbus; M. A. Feldman, Richmond; Daniel Gardner, Whiting; Louise Goodrich, Valparaiso; Graydon D. Hubbard, Elwood; Clarence B. King, Terre Haute; Mary E. Milligan, Terre Haute; Miss Nondus Moore, Liberty; Edna K. Russell, New Albany; Frances Smith, Columbus.

IOWA

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Moriarty

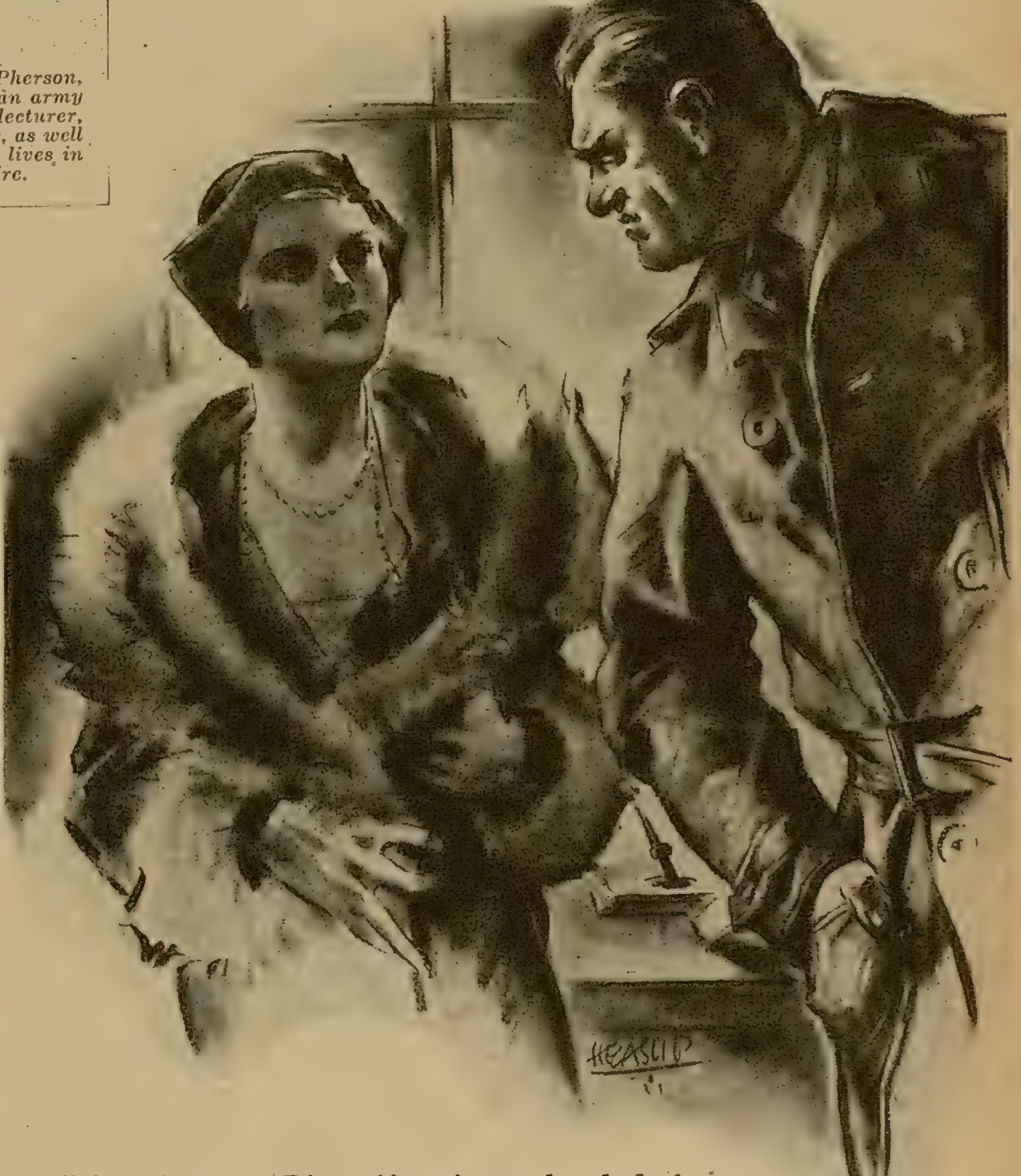
The Story of a Gallant Birdman

By

GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

who was born at Fort McPherson, Nebraska, in 1877, the son of an army chaplain. He is a traveler, lecturer, novelist, and short-story writer, as well as a poet. He is married and lives in Bradford, New Hampshire.

Pictures by WILLIAM HEASLIP



"Oh, of course, Dizzy, if you're such a dud of a flyer that you can't make a landing without a crash, that's different."

(Reading time: 25 minutes 15 seconds.)

THE telegram from Massatinik Falls brought black bad news to headquarters of the International Hydroelectric Company at St. Leonard. General Manager Burgess frowned as he absorbed its message.

"Here's one hell of a thing to happen!" he growled. And, pivoting in his swivel chair, he poked the yellow paper at Chief Engineer Hardenburg.

"Humph!" grunted Hardenburg, eyes narrowing at the telegram. "Mintern knocked over with pneumonia. Got to have a nurse. And they're getting a thaw up there at the Falls. Cartier Dam's got to be blown out, to save the plant. No dynamite on hand. *And* they're hollering for six fifty-pound cases of the sixty per cent, P. D. Q. Fine, what?"

Burgess pondered a moment, sucking at his pipe, there in the office lined with blueprints, reports, photographs of mills, of dams, turbines, machinery.

"Could send a nurse up by rail, of course," said he. "Get her there by tomorrow morning. But the sixty per cent—that's different."

"I'll say it's different!" Hardenburg agreed. He rubbed his hard-shaven chin. "Roads all snow-bound beyond Deslauriers. Not a chance in the world for a car or truck to get through. And the railroad won't accept straight nitroglycerine dynamite of any such strength without all kinds of red tape—and red tape eats up time. This stuff's got to go right through, *now*."

Both men gloomily pondered. Suddenly—

"How about a plane?" asked the general manager. "That'd turn the trick in three or four hours."

"Plane? You mean send a nurse up there by plane? Oh, sure. But—the sixty per cent?"

"I mean send that, too."

"What? Send six cases, each with a hundred and ten cartridges, by airplane?"

"That's what I said."

"You're cockeyed!" negatived the chief engineer, while clerks and draftsmen paused in their work to listen. "Not on your life, Burgess!"

"What's the idea?"

"Why, man, don't you realize the sixty per cent is damn' near as powerful and sensitive as nitroglycerine itself? *She* don't need a detonating cap, like the low grades, to blow. Flame, heat, or even a wallop will send her up, and—"

"Yeah, that may all be. But if she's got to go to the Falls, she's got to. And that's that!"

"It's a sheer gamble with death," declared Hardenburg. "I don't believe there's a man in our employ here that's got the nerve to even try it."

"How about Moriarty?"

"Moriarty? Well—by gad, yes, *he* might. It's a plane or nothing. And Moriarty is the bird we've got to have now. And that means *now*—right *now!*"

Ten minutes later "Dizzy" Moriarty was saying "Yes," there in the office. Everybody called him "Dizzy" because, no matter what ever happened in a plane, he never was.

"Sure, I can make it," he affirmed, with one of his quick smiles. Moriarty smiled more with his blue eyes

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MORIARTY
Continued from page fifty-one

than with his mouth. "Why not? Ain't the Alouette fitted with skis? She'll take off pretty from Strathcona Field, an'—"

"Yes, but how about landing in Massatinik?" demanded Burgess. Leaning back in his chair, he pocketed his hands. "If you crack up with six cases of sixty per cent aboard—"

"Hell, *I* won't crack up!" And Moriarty swung his powerful shoulders a trifle, as if he were a pugilist confronting an antagonist. "There's them flats, just beyond the Revière du Cerf Dam, ain't there? I can set her down there dead easy. Cinch!"

"I know," cut in Hardenburg. "But any misplay, and not only you and the bus, but the works at Massatinik, too—" The chief engineer concluded with an eloquent upward gesture.

"There ain't goin' to *be* no misplay!" the Irishman affirmed, vehemently nodding. "If you don't know what kind of a flyer I am by now, well—"

A tapping at the office door interrupted him.

"*Come* in!" cried Burgess.

The door opened, revealing a girl.

"May I?" she asked. "Not intruding, I hope?"

"Not at all," said Hardenburg. "Come right in, Miss Ballard. What is it this morning?"

She entered, closed the door; stood there, just a trifle confused, with anxious brown eyes, with cheeks pinkened by cold as well as by unusual emotion.

"What's this?" she queried. "What's all this I hear about Mr. Mintern being sick up there at the Falls? Pneumonia, is it?"

"Who told you?" demanded Burgess, while the aviator frowned.

"Oh, news spreads—especially bad news." She smoothed back a vagrant strand of hair that had blown from under the brim of her close-fitting little hat. "And I want to go."

"Humph! Go to Massatinik, you mean?"

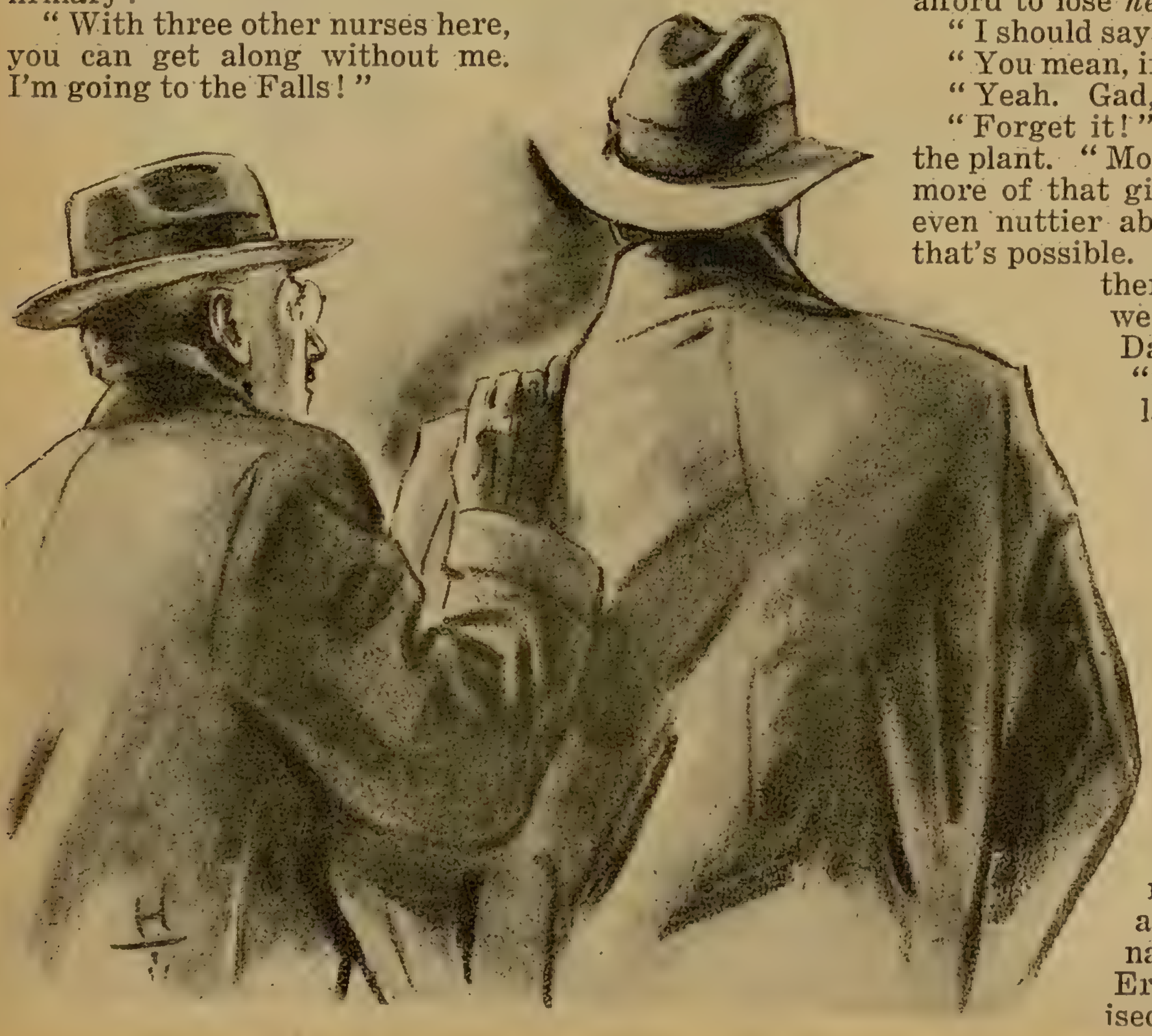
"Yes."

"I dare say," remarked Hardenburg bluntly. "You very naturally would, when it's a case of—"

"When it's a case of *any* man with pneumonia up there in the wilderness!" she cut in; but her flush heightened.

"Oh, yes?" The general manager's question was incredulous. "That's as may be. But how about your duties here, in charge of our infirmary?"

"With three other nurses here, you can get along without me. I'm going to the Falls!"



"Not with me, then!" cut in Moriarty. His stocky, well muscled figure tautened with resistance. The way he looked at her spoke volumes. "Faith, then, d'you understand I'm goin' to carry three hundred pounds o' high-grade explosive—straight nitroglycerine dynamite?"

"Well, what about it? What does that matter?" she retorted. "When there's a desperately sick man three or four hundred miles up there in the woods?"

"When there's Mintern, ye mean!" thought the aviator, but choked back the words. "If it was me instead o' him—*me* as'd tackle hell with one dipper o' water for you—divil a bit ye'd be so keen about it!" Then, aloud: "Nope! Nothin' doin'. My own risk is up to me, but I got no right to—"

"Oh, of course, Dizzy, if you're such a dud of a flyer that you can't make a landing without a crash, that's different!" the girl flung at him. "But I thought you were a real, honest-to-goodness birdman. If you're not, why don't you quit the air and go to bookkeeping, or shoveling sand, or something?"

The Irishman's fists tautened, as he swung toward Burgess. His face had gone a dull, bricky red.

"I'll take her, by God, if it's the last thing ever I do! Get the stuff aboard! In thirty minutes we're off!"

With all nine cylinders of her Hurricane motor roaring, with her propeller a blur like a hummingbird's wings, the Alouette's skis soared from the smooth-gleaming expanse of Strathcona Field like a jumper's from a take-off. Upward she slanted into the keen March air.

FREIGHTED with Erma Ballard as a passenger and with three hundred pounds of the most powerful dynamite in her cargo space forward of the front cockpit, she slanted aloft. The watchers, who had all kept a respectful distance, saw her shrink, dwindle, and melt into the mists of that foggy day as, swinging her nose into the north, she set a compass course for Massatinik in the wilderness.

"Some nerve!" judged Burgess. He stood in the snow with his overcoat collar turned up, straining his eyes as the plane faded out. "Catch *me* aboard that machine, specially in a fog like this!"

"Me, either," Hardenburg agreed, flipping away a cigarette butt. "And between you and me, Burgess, we oughtn't to have let that girl go."

"Let her? How the devil could we stop her, after she'd served notice on us she'd either go or resign? We can't afford to lose *her*, can we?"

"I should say not! But—well, we might, at that."

"You mean, if anything—happens?"

"Yeah. Gad, I hope—"

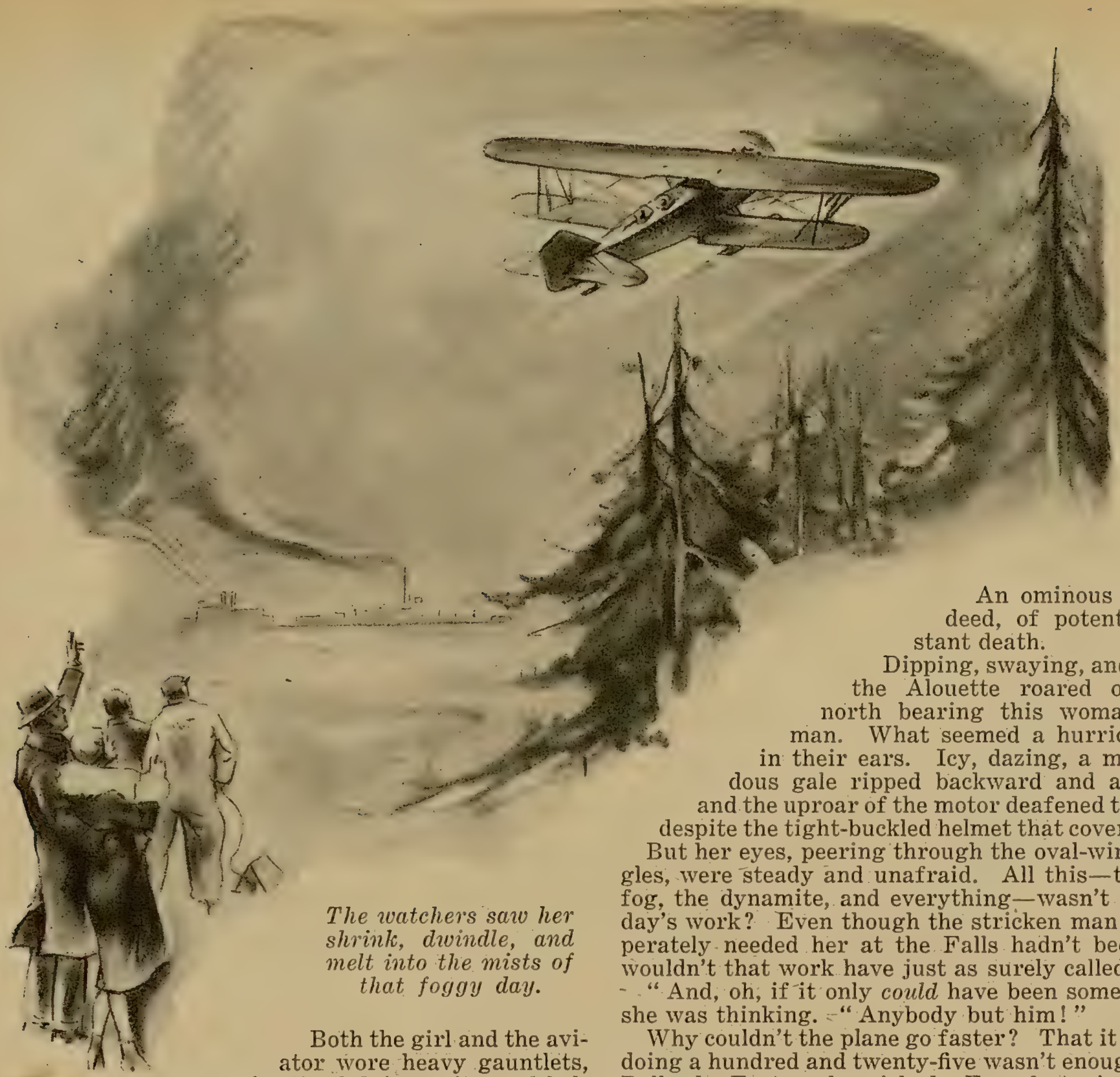
"Forget it!" growled Burgess, turning back toward the plant. "Moriarty's A-one. And he don't think *much* more of that girl than he does of both his eyes. He's even nuttier about her than she is about Mintern—if that's possible. So, look at it one way, her being aboard there is one of the best accident insurances we could possibly carry on the dynamite. Damn' few chances Moriarty'll take now!"

"Say, you *are* one cold-blooded, calculating—"

"Sure! Why not? If I wasn't, how long d'you suppose I'd be general manager of the International?"

Hardenburg made no answer to this, but stood there scratching his chin, peering into the blind and foggy north that had so speedily swallowed the plane, her passengers, her deadly cargo.

Aboard the rushing Alouette, Moriarty and his companion settled themselves for the tedious and chilly flight of something over three hours away into the Canadian wilderness. No luxurious commercial plane this, but a lean and stripped-down machine, much like a navy fighter. Even for people as stoical as Erma Ballard and Dizzy Moriarty, it promised hardships.



The watchers saw her shrink, dwindle, and melt into the mists of that foggy day.

Both the girl and the aviator wore heavy gauntlets, fur-lined flying suits, and helmets with goggles. And both had parachutes securely strapped to their shoulders.

"Mind now, if you have to bail out," Moriarty had cautioned her the very last moment before helping her aboard, "count three after you leave the bus. Then pull the ring. Not sooner'n three. That'll let you clear the ship." He had carefully instructed her in the rest of the procedure to make a safe landing. She had repeated the lesson, had fully grasped it. "An' if I tell you to jump," he had ended, "you *jump!* Get me?"

"Yes; all right," she had smiled back at him with a glint of white teeth—a smile that had pierced and tortured him. "But with you flying this crate—well, I'm not worrying much."

"Thanks. For all that, though, remember what I'm tellin' ye!"

So she had promised; and now here they were, together, already at an altitude of twenty-five hundred and still climbing through the smother. Climbing to take advantage of the southeast air drift at upper levels.

Sheltered only by small, crescent-shaped windshields of celluloid, all open at both sides and above to the tremendous vacancy of space, pilot and passenger crouched there—he in the forward cockpit at the controls, she in the rear one. Their only freight was the girl's suitcase, with a few hastily packed clothes and medical supplies, and the dynamite.

This deadly high-grade explosive was packed in six fifty-pound cases, each containing a hundred and ten cartridges. Low-grade stuff wouldn't have been so bad; for that will often endure being burned or even hammered without detonating. Usually a cap has to be used to make it blow. But the sixty-per-cent stuff is different.

An ominous freight, indeed, of potential and instant death.

Dipping, swaying, and a-shudder, the Alouette roared on into the north bearing this woman and this man. What seemed a hurricane howled in their ears. Icy, dazing, a most tremendous gale ripped backward and away. That and the uproar of the motor deafened the girl, even despite the tight-buckled helmet that covered her ears.

But her eyes, peering through the oval-windowed goggles, were steady and unafraid. All this—the cold, the fog, the dynamite, and everything—wasn't it all in the day's work? Even though the stricken man who so desperately needed her at the Falls hadn't been Mintern, wouldn't that work have just as surely called her?

"And, oh, if it only *could* have been somebody else!" she was thinking. "Anybody but him!"

Why couldn't the plane go faster? That it was already doing a hundred and twenty-five wasn't enough for Erma Ballard. Faster, she wished. Ever faster!

LOOKING through her windshield and along the smooth curve of the fuselage, she could glimpse the broadly competent shoulders of Moriarty, the back of his helmet. How steady he looked, how cool! Had he been smoking his pipe in his own quarters at the company barracks, he couldn't have seemed more entirely at ease. To be rushing through midheaven on the back of a fire-spitting dragon whose entrails contained three hundred pounds of nitroglycerine dynamite appeared not to mean a thing in the world to Moriarty. This perilous adventure seemed to him just another hop.

The girl sensed a complete assurance with Moriarty at the stick. Not even their deadly cargo, enough high explosive to blow a city clean off the map, caused her any uneasiness. So long as Dizzy had control—

"Nothing can happen," thought she. "Nothing ever *has* happened when he's been up. Nothing ever can!"

She leaned a little over the side, peering far, far down. For the most part the world was wrapped in gray obscurity, its face blinded by shrouds of mist; but, off to westward, the vapors had been swept clean by some freakish trick of wind or weather. And there a brief glimpse of the world appeared as the Alouette—now four thousand feet aloft—still climbed.

Coldly stark and barren, the bit of visible cosmos looked like a frosted cake, patched here or there with green mosses that were forests. Wrinkles, as on a patriarch's hand, indicated hills. A sinuous and threadlike line from which smoke threads drifted must be a railroad. And one small blotch on the snowy white betrayed a town —how tiny and how trivial in this infinite immensity!

Then, even as the girl looked, the misty frame closed

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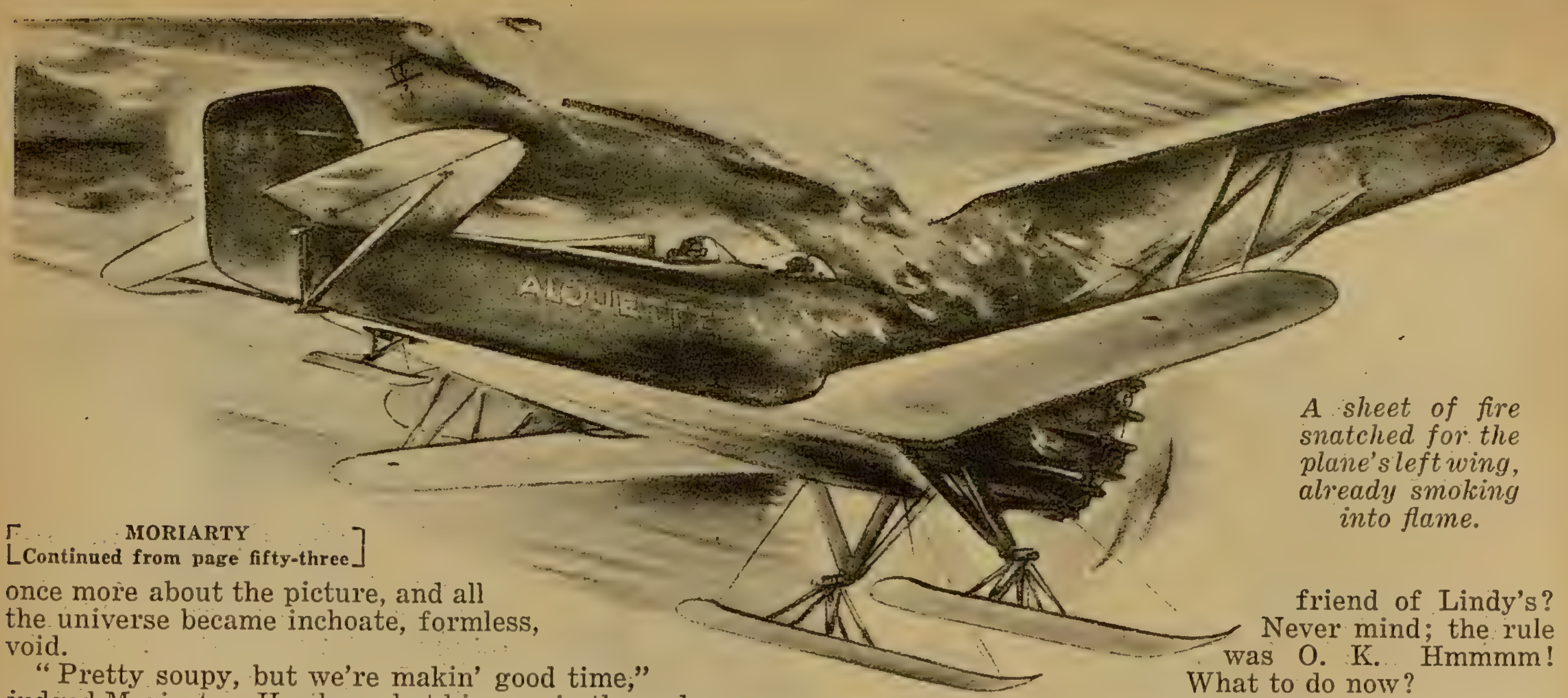


A sheet of fire snatched for the plane's left wing, already smoking into flame.

MORIARTY
Continued from page fifty-three

once more about the picture, and all the universe became inchoate, formless, void.

"Pretty soupy, but we're makin' good time," judged Moriarty. He glanced at his map in the cockpit, at his altimeter and air-speed meter, at his compass. Blind flying wasn't particularly to his taste; but, after all, with good instruments, what did it matter? "At this clip, we'll hit Massatinik inside of three hours. Less, maybe. This tail wind helps a lot—that, an' not detourin' for anything. Straight course an' hang to it—cinch!"

He felt glad, though, in the knowledge that away north in the wilderness the mist would almost certainly thin away, perhaps entirely clear off. It would be colder up there; but that didn't matter, just so the visibility was good for landing. To have to come down just by reckoning, with a load of dynamite—

"Not so hot," judged Moriarty. Still, he wasn't worrying any. He could do that, too, on a pinch. With accurate instruments, properly checked over, almost miracles were possible. Moriarty felt satisfaction in having ordered everything, compass and all, gone over, oriented. A fellow couldn't be too careful. Only idiots took chances.

But suddenly an immense wonder possessed him. What the devil and all? Another thinning of the mist, far below, had given him a disconcerting glimpse of something that certainly shouldn't have been there—a city!

What city? Why, Montreal, of course! Moriarty spotted the St. Lawrence all right enough; and just beyond it, pearly gray and vast, the Canadian metropolis.

"But what the hell?" he exclaimed, frowning at this unexpected apparition; at the river, now almost immediately below. "I'd oughta be five, six miles to westwards o' here!"

Then he understood.

In the haste of the get-away, the mechanic who had checked and O. K.'d the ship hadn't compensated the compass. A degree or two of error—and now here was the city square across his path! Yes, nearly underneath him now!

THE situation had him bothered a moment. Must have been more than a degree or two of error to throw him so far off his course since leaving the field. And, Lord! if he couldn't trust his compass, what could he trust?

Then he steadied. The city helped him a whole lot. After all, sighting it was providential. His map gave him its precise position and that of Strathcona Field. So now he could see exactly what the error had been. He could allow for it, shift his course just enough to bring him pat to Massatinik.

"Easy!" grinned Moriarty.

But another trouble intruded. How about flying a load of explosives over Montreal? Of course, he'd received no instructions about this. Such hadn't even been thought necessary. Every aviator knew a thing like that simply oughtn't to be done. Moriarty had heard it said: "Any birdman that ever flies over a city with explosives is breaking all the rules, from Hammurabi down." He didn't know who the devil Hammurabi was—maybe some friend of Lindy's? Never mind; the rule was O. K. Hmmmm! What to do now?

This question confronted him, eye to eye, and would not be shoved aside. It wove into the diapason of uproar made by motor, prop, and exhaust, by gale, by æolian-harping of struts and wires.

"Hell, I can shoot right acrost!" thought Moriarty, hands and feet steady on the stick and rudder bar. "If I go detourin' miles round to east or west, I'll lose the accurate bearin's I got to have to make a safe landin'. And with *her* aboard—"

WITH her aboard, any possibility of not making a safe landing outweighed Hammurabi and codes and laws and regulations and ethics and everything in the world.

After all, what danger could there be flying across the city? Even if the motor quit, Moriarty had sufficient altitude to glide over and land outside the built-up area.

"Straight ahead!" he growled. "Damn—let's go!"

That freakish shift of the mist revealed the mighty river in dull leaden loops, a serpent lazying between flat banks.

Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

A Brobdingnagian bee, the motor roared its thought-deadening monotone. Steady! Moriarty blessed it for that steadiness which kept the props spinning its due 1,900 r.p.m.; which held them safely aloft—bore up the rushing plane, the girl, and himself; yes, and three hundred pounds of concentrated death, all high in cold, slashing midheaven.

Laden with deadly freight, the Alouette skimmed northward, a speck in gray immensity; sped on her errand of necessity, of mercy, sustained by that purring power in those hot cylinders.

"Thank God for the Hurricane!" thought Moriarty. "She's one smooth job, O. K. Nothin' I ever flew can beat her. I only wish though, by God, 'twas *me* that interested Erma this trip. Not—well, not that other guy!"

But he shoved away this thought. Such ponderings wouldn't do. Just flying the ship, that was enough. Time to think of other matters when once the girl, the bus, the dynamite—and he himself—should all be safe and snug at Massatinik Falls. Till then, forget it!

Now the river was crawling below, etched with finest bank-note lines in V shapes from dots that were steamers. Now Mount Royal was visible; and, wide-flung, the vast and crowded hive of humanity.

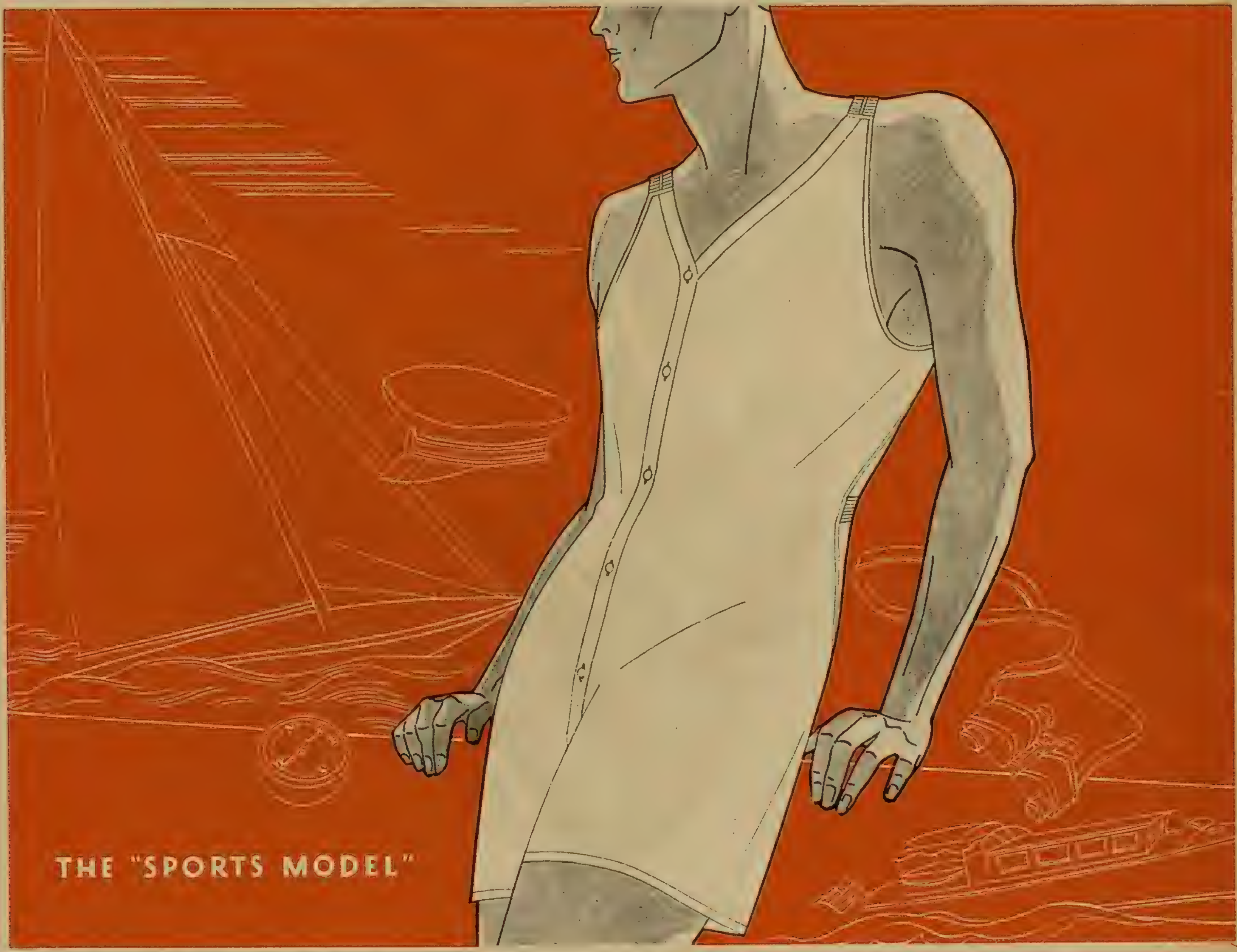
The city's warmth seemed to have dissolved the fog. Here, there, tiny zigzag cracks were visible—streets! Odd, eh? They seemed hardly as significant as the starred lines of a shattered mirror. Yet Moriarty, looking down, knew they were crowded thoroughfares brimmed with life and turmoil, with traffic and milling thousands—all now reduced to the triviality of bacteria on a microscope slide.

Human life, in masses, from even less than a mile aloft —how petty!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

* *What a Chorus of Glee goes up!* *

What a Union Suit for $1.00



B. V. D. has put the Good Old Dollar back on a pre-war basis as legal tender for quality and comfort underwear.

It won't buy you more than a shampoo and shave . . . a taxi meter spins it away in no blocks at all—but when you put it into this new B. V. D. "Sports Model" union suit—your dollar becomes a high hat purchasing agent!

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B·V·D

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

. . . and even the famous "U-1," the biggest selling Union Suit of all time . . . is now $1.25

MORIARTY
Continued from page fifty-four

The birdman glanced at his instrument board, saw his altitude was 5,080 feet, his air speed 132. He gave just a touch of right rudder to swing the ship more accurately on her course. His gauges indicated she was functioning perfectly. Why, one could almost sleep at the controls of this wondrous crate!

Moriarty grinned to himself.

"As if *this* was anythin' of a job!" he murmured.

But Moriarty tautened when, a moment later, the engine stuttered as if starving for want of fuel.

Pop! *Pop! Brrrrrrrrrrr!* O. K. again? He thought so, a second; but no—again she skipped, sputtered. Like a sick heart, she pulsed with dying throbs.

Then all at once she stopped—quit dead.

"Hell's hinges! What now?"

Moriarty's glance at the gas gauge showed him the fuel supply was O. K. Lots of gas. So then, what the —?

Smoke!

A deadly scent assailed his nostrils. Smoke! A scent that crisped his nerves, caught him at the guts, set the hair crawling along his scalp.

Smoke!

"God! Where's *that* from?"

On the instant, a gush of flame whipped backward from the engine cowling.

Moriarty knew the truth—fire!

THE gas line had broken. Raw volatile gas had poured down on the incandescent exhaust manifold. There it had torched off. And now the searching flame had worked back to the ruptured pipe, where it was being fed by the hundred gallons of fuel struggling to escape from the gravity tank in the upper wing.

Fire!

Moriarty reached down to turn on the pressure fire extinguisher at his right hand, but already it was too late. Already avid blue tongues were streaming, licking back at him.

The plane, he knew, was almost certainly doomed—with Erma and with three hundred pounds of nitroglycerine dynamite nearly a mile above that crowded city.

Swifter than the leap of gale-lashed flames his mind was racing:

"Can't land—no time. And even if there was, it'd mean cracking up, with all this 'powder,' the rate *I* gotta come down!"

Only one thing to do, of course—jump!

He heard the girl scream as a sheet of fire snatched for the plane's left wing, already smoking into flame.

Standing up, he twisted round.

"*Jump!*"

The wind, a whirl of smoke and blaze, snatched the yell from his lips. A moment he glimpsed the girl's face. Masked though it was by the goggles, he could see she was pale as milk. With passionate command he pointed down.

"God's sake—*get out!*"

Still she hesitated.

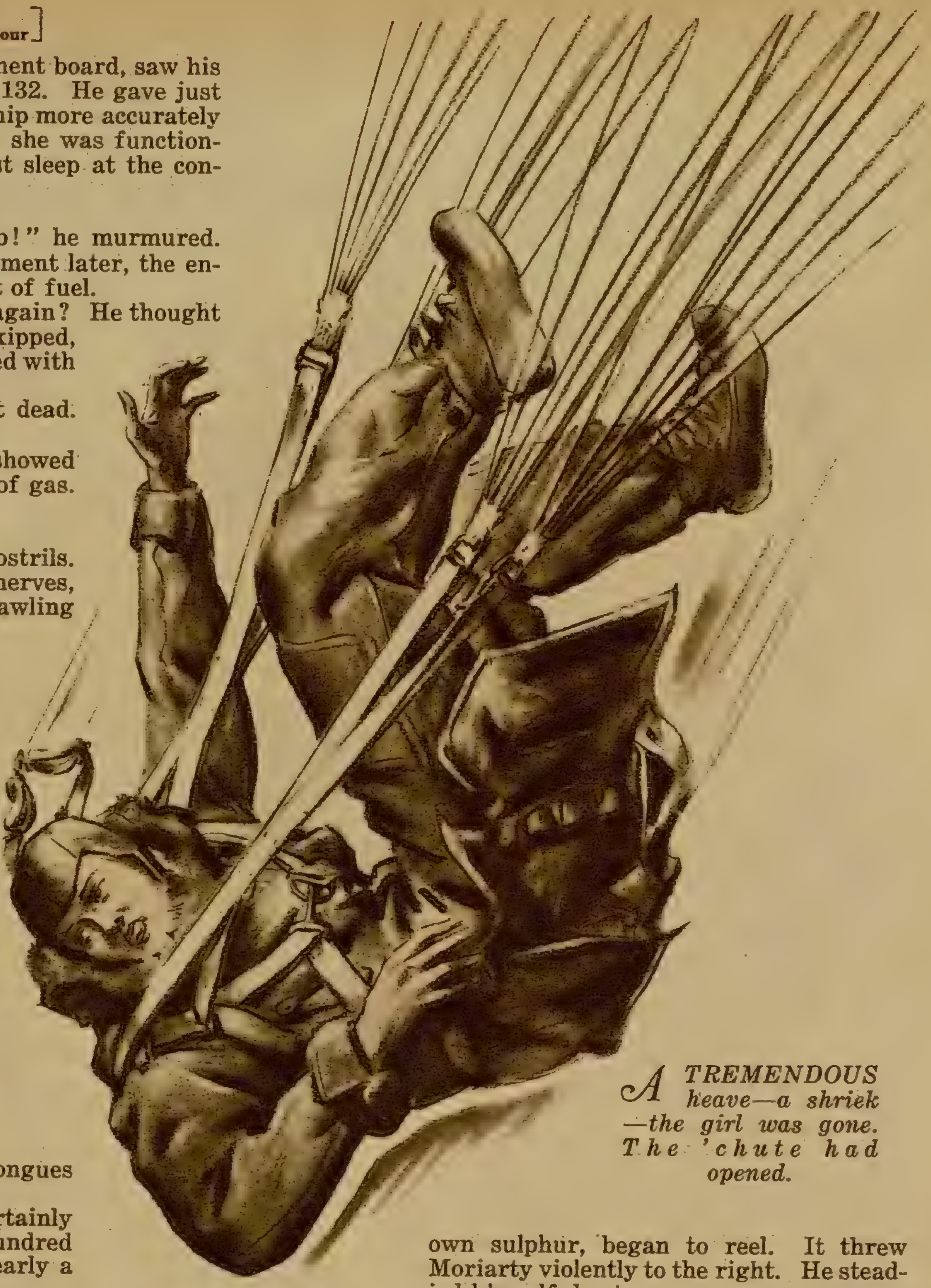
"Jeeze! What's the idea? Lost your nerve?"

No answer.

This would never do! Smoke was swiftly thickening. Now on the left wing the inflammable "dope" burst into bright spangles of fire.

Moriarty huddled down, wormed his way into the fuselage. The space was narrow in that slim, two-seated, open-cockpit bus. Cumbered with his heavy flying gear and with the 'chute strapped to his shoulders, he could barely manage to get aft.

The ship, now under no control and burning like hell's own sulphur, began to reel. It threw Moriarty violently to the right. He steadied himself, kept on.



A TREMENDOUS heave—a shriek—the girl was gone. The 'chute had opened.

Now he reached the after cockpit. He hauled himself up, clutched the panic-sick girl.

"I told you, jump!"

"Oh—I can't—can't!"

"By God, you *will!* An' count three before you pull the ring! Climb out—get out!"

"No, no, Dizzy! I can't! *Oh*—!"

BRUTALLY he grappled her, dragged her up over the side of the cockpit. His muscles cracked with the strain. She fought a moment; then, terror sick, lay inert.

"The ring!" he yelled, shaking her to make her understand. "*Pull* it—but not too quick! Count three!"

He fumbled her fingers into a clutch on the ring.

"Damn it, *pull!* Get me?"

He thought she nodded.

A tremendous heave—a shriek—the girl was gone.

Moriarty stared overside. Through whipping blue smoke streamers, he saw something that spun down the abyss. Then swiftly a white flicker broke out, shot astern. The blazing plane whirled onward.

Safe!

He knew the girl was safe. The 'chute had opened. Somewhere or other Erma would land all right enough. She could still reach Massatinik Falls—get to Mintern in time to save his life.

And Moriarty?

Yes, now Moriarty could step off.

He felt for the ring on his breast, started to clamber overside. But a swift thought stabbed him.

The dynamite!

Already the left wing, ablaze, was thickly streamered with blue fire plumes. Blinding smoke swirled and eddied, slashed away in long trails. Only moments, seconds now, and the wing might crumple.

Jump? Sure! Duck soup! He could do it easily enough. He'd long been a member of the Caterpillar Club; had already made three forced exits. Except for the first moment, the involuntary empty sickness of the sheer plunge, nothing to it. Once the 'chute opened, the rest was only a gentle wafting down.

Jump? Cinch!

But so—what of the explosive? The high-grade, sixty-per-cent nitroglycerine dynamite, sensitive to shock? Let that crash?

Moriarty prickled with sudden sweat. Visions leaped to him of city blocks devastated, annihilated—yawning craters—thousands of people hurled to bleeding shreds.

SIX fifty-pound cases of that most deadly stuff shot down into the heart of a crowded city—why, nothing in the World War could compare with it! One of the greatest catastrophes in history!

"God! The Halifax blow-up wouldn't be in it with that! Well—it ain't goin' to happen, that's all. It just ain't!"

Moriarty had decided to stick and fight. Perhaps there might still be time to work the bus down into the river? *That* would douse the flames! And if the landing weren't too hard, maybe the dynamite wouldn't blow.

It was a chance, anyhow; a fighting chance. Damned slim, but—

"Me for it!"

Moriarty slid back, down from the brink of the cockpit that beckoned him to leap for safety. Stooping through the smoke that strangled him, he crept to the forward cockpit.

The plane, now out of all control, swooped sickeningly. She nosed sharply down, went into a dizzying spin. A blazing comet, she hurled earthward. Moriarty wrenched her back into control, leveled her off. He swung her riverward, nosing her down, a fiery rocket that trailed pennons of ever-thickening smoke.

Just a few minutes now might save him. He could vaguely make out the river. Grotesquely uptilted, it surged aloft to meet him.

Two minutes, even less, might—

But Moriarty was shriveling now with heat and blaze—blinded, choking. The plane's forward speed whipped living flames about him.

"Got to check this speed," he realized. "Got to sideslip down!"

He kicked right top rudder and right side stick for a left slip. The Alouette, though doomed and death-wounded, still responded nobly. Moriarty felt the cosmos reel as his ship rushed down. But the river was

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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One man told another

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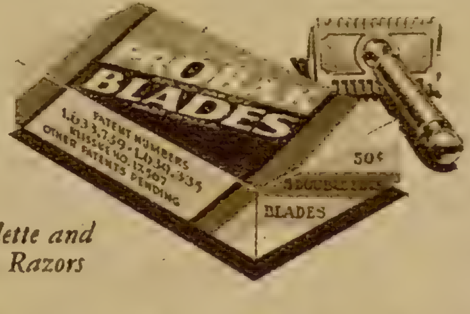
Try Probak on our guarantee. If every shave isn't quick, clean, cool—far more pleasant than any you've ever had—return the package and your dealer will refund the entire purchase price—$1 for 10, 50c for 5.



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Please send me style folders featuring new 1931 models. Womens ☐ Mens ☐
Name________________ Address________________

MORIARTY
Continued from page fifty-seven

a narrow mark. Blinking with reddened eyes, the tortured birdman dimly saw he was going to overshoot, to crash on the south bank.

With a savage effort and a blistering curse, he reversed his maneuver, kicking the bus into a right slip. The universe spun, gyrated—a universe of swirling flame and smoke through which upglimmered half-seen spinning pictures.

Ships! Now Moriarty saw ships; again docks, steamers, tugs, a liner warping out. A liner, outbound? That meant a thousand lives, maybe two. And the plane was whirling down upon them. And beyond them lay wharves, towering grain elevators, crowded streets!

Moriarty—agonized, roasting, all but asphyxiated—understood his chance of making the river without hitting anything, of pancaking the Alouette to a safe plunge that wouldn't blow the dynamite, was next to nothing at all.

"Fat chance now! Oh, hell, what's the use? Here goes nothin'!"

HE knew now exactly what he had to do; what he thanked his God he still had time to do. He had a blinding inspiration, the first and only big idea in all his life—the first, the last.

Strangled, smeared with agonized confusion, he none the less locked a bulldog grip on that one big idea. His flying gear was smoking and a-scorch as he dropped into the bottom of the cockpit and groped his way toward the cargo space. Flames were roaring over and about him, just outside the fuselage, but for the moment he was now protected.

Tearing off his gauntlets, he groped for something that would serve his purpose; any tool or piece of metal. Blinded, tortured, he fumbled. His hand closed on something—a wrench. Fine!

"Nobody'll ever know," he dimly realized. "Not even Erma. She'll think—everybody'll think—I didn't have the guts to jump, or got tangled some way. Never mind! What the hell, anyhow? The big bang—it'll only bust a lot o' window glass. It ain't goin' to happen in the city, anyhow!"

All sense of direction was lost. The plane's nose now pointed vertically down. Gushes of infernal heat, roars of greedy flame—and the burning wing spun corkscrewing away.

A hurricane leaped up as the blazing Alouette dropped sheer toward the river—the river she must never reach!

Moriarty ripped at the cover of the first wooden box that came to hand. It splintered. He wrenched it off, fumbled sawdust, tugged out one of the long yellow cartridges of sixty-per-cent nitroglycerine dynamite.

Huddled on crouching knees there in the burning cargo space, he held the cartridge on the broken box. His right hand raised the heavy wrench.

With all the might of his powerful young muscles, he struck the single saving, necessary blow.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Why Dad Behaved Himself

Jack, out visiting with his daddy and grandma, acted very ungentlemanly. On the way home daddy reprimanded Jackie for being so rough. His dad said:

"You didn't see me acting that way."

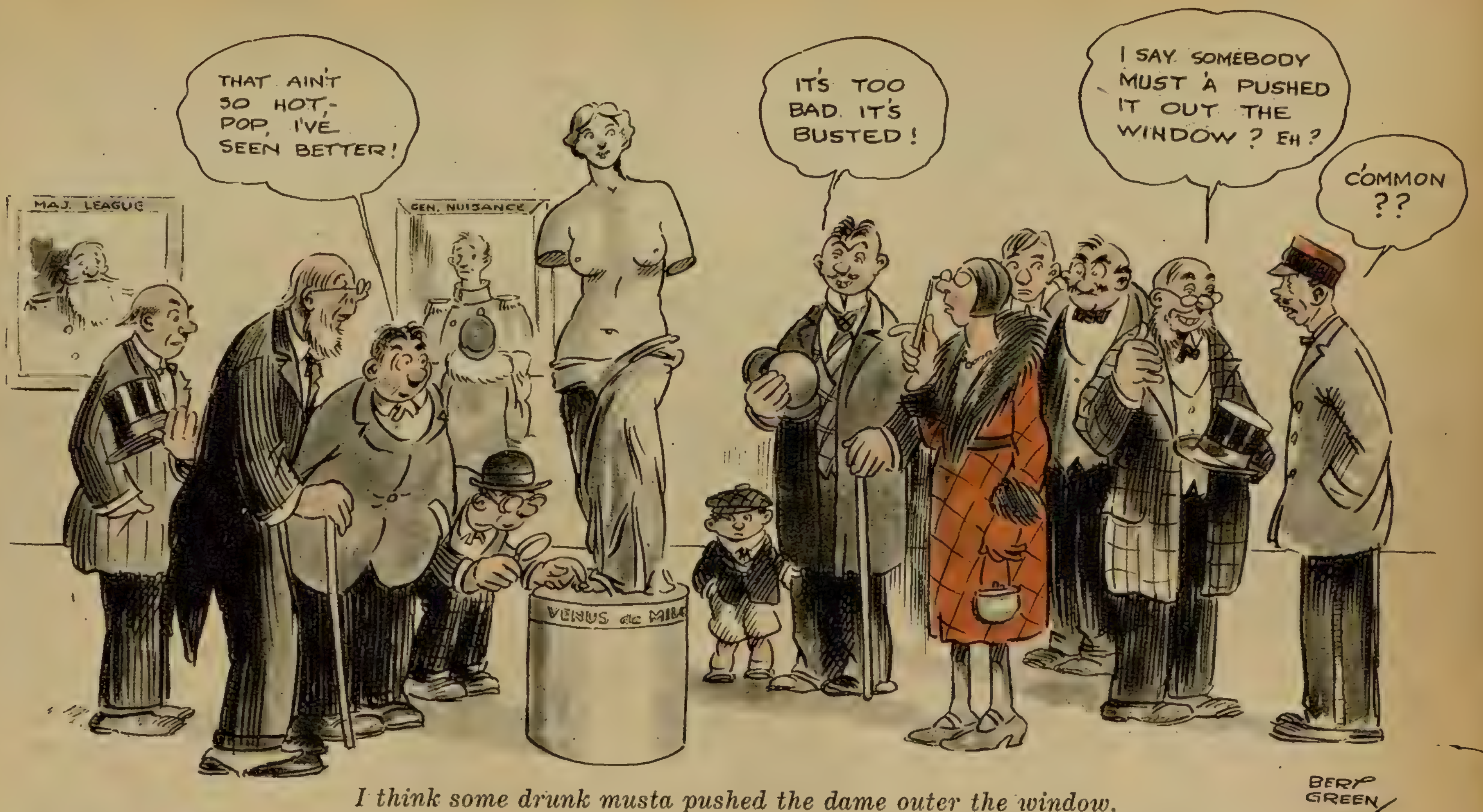
"Well," said Jackie, "your mother was there."—Helen Schupay, St. Joseph's Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

One Way of Looking at It

We have a large family. A little girl, visiting my youngest sister, looked around the dinner table and remarked:

"Gee, Virginia, you don't have to invite anybody to have a party at your house, do you?"—Mrs. Carl Rundberg, 510 Linda Pl., Redlands, Calif.


THAT AIN'T SO HOT,- POP, I'VE SEEN BETTER!
MAJ. LEAGUE
GEN. NUISANCE
VENUS de MIL
IT'S TOO BAD. IT'S BUSTED!
I SAY SOMEBODY MUST A PUSHED IT OUT THE WINDOW? EH?
COMMON ??
BERT GREEN

I think some drunk musta pushed the dame outer the window.

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

An Artful Look Around Paris

(*Reading time: 8 min. 10 sec.*)

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

Paris, France.

DEAR MARG,

Gosh, I dont know weather to write you or shave. If I dont shave soon, you wont be able to tell me from Lincoln. Its a wonder you wouldnt dip the quill in a bottle of stove polish and toss me a line once in a while.

Listen, Goodlookin, I'm still here in Gay Paree extravagantin with the funnymooners and if you want to get a laugh you should foller em around. Oh my dear, theyre just too lovin for words. She calls him Duckie and he calls her Tweedlums. Swell monikers for a pair of old fogies like them, aint you? Hes sixty-two an shes supposed to be twenty-eight. I laugh! When she was twenty-eight, Lillian Russell was neckin Joe Weber in the kindergarten.

Speakin of antiques, I'll never forget what happened to our old friend Hank Flynn. You remember him Marg? He was the guy that followed a swell frail from 42nd Street to Central Park and when she turned around, who was it but his grandmother.

It just goes to show that you cant be too careful these days. Now I dont want you to go thinkin that I'm against old dames tryin to look young, because I aint. The only thing I'm beefin about is these old war horses that try to look like they was sixteen when they got a pan on em you couldnt tell from a road map. When a sixty-five year old girl tries to rib herself up to look like a co-ed at a comin out party, its time somebody tipped the mit and put her hep to herself.

Why, the other day when I was chowin in a French Cafe I watched an old dame romancin with a young chump she was waa-waa about. Oh, and was she made up. To begin with, she had the lovliest Number 2 Sun Kissed complexion you ever seen and her carmine lips stood out like a gash in a cherry pie. Oh, she was precious. My dear, she was so ultra feminine that the young punk who was with her couldnt tell whether he was back stage or on an Indian reservation.

Yes, and not only that but she had had her face lifted so many times that every time she turned her head, her mouth opened up like she was laffin.

Now thats what I call rubbin it in. No foolin, you can perform wonders with a berdado pealer, a lip stick and a package of wrinkle plasters but its a tough job tryin to make a Hispana-Squeezer out of a model T Ford.

Thats one thing I'll say for the French ladies. When they gets to be fifty they improve with age. You dont ketch *them* tryin to pull that school girl complexion an effectin the innocent baby voice. Not them! When they get to be fifty you cant hold em down. Theyre dynamite and rarrin to go. If you dont believe me, ask the man who owns one!

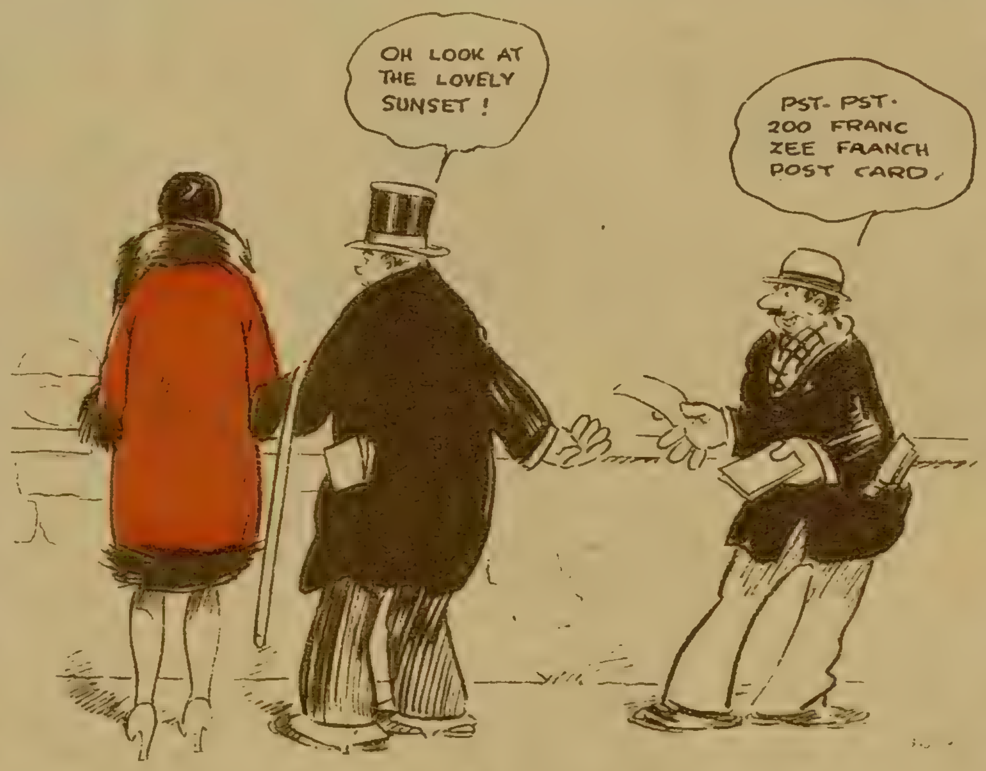
Speakin of old dames, I'll have to give you the low down on a prize package that Gwendolyn introduced us to last week. Honest Marg, when she picks em she knocks you for a row of specialists. Yano, its a queer thing about most wimen. When they introduce a man to a girl friend of theirs, you can bet every brow in a tweezer that shes some pip! Shes either got tin teeth, knock knees,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

or her chassie is low busted. You dont ketch them frollickin with a red hot nifty—not while *youre* around! They usually grab a panick that would be safe with the whole Pacific fleet. You just hint to your sweetie that you think her girl friend is a *wow* and see what happens. She'll fix it so the next time you see the girl friend, youll be in a wheel chair and she'll be wavin to you from the Old Ladies Home.

An another thing about wimen, theyre very big hearted to their own sex. Yes, very! You never see a booful dame travlin with a knock-out. Not her! When she picks a gal to traipse with you can bet all the mocha in Brazil that the pal she picks is homely enough to ruin every egg in an omlet. If theres any flattery or ro*man*ce bein tossed over the footlights shes goin to be right there to grab the curtain calls an nobodys goin to cheat her out of em. Sure, its SOS—the Same Old Stuff!!


OH LOOK AT THE LOVELY SUNSET!
PST-PST- 200 FRANC ZEE FRANCH POST CARD.

Hes afraid to squark to the salesman for fear the missus will hear him.

Now listen, Goodlookin, before I tell you about Tweedlums prize package, I'm goin to wise you up about Paris. The other day we went over to a joint called The Louvre. I think it means *loaf* in French because everybody in there is just hangin around an lookin at pitchers an statues of men an wimen. Over in one corner they got a statue of a lady with no clothes on what was busted. I think some drunk musta pushed the dame outer the window because both her dukes was broke off. The head man said it was called Venus de Milo an worth a fortune.

An over in another part of the building art stewdents in colored night shirts and monkey caps were copyin a pitcher of a nakid lady called the Virgin of the Rocks by a guy named Rubens or Rumbrandt or somethin like that. I got the same pitcher home on a calender from an Insurance Co. Its a funny thing about them boys an girls who are arting, you never see em copyin pitchers of men and women dressed up.

WHEN we left the Louvre we took a walk along the west bank of the Insane River. The sidewalk for miles is lined with small wooden stands. On these stands you can buy anything from a pair of used corsets to a battleship. They are the dumpin ground for the family knick-knacks. If a frog has an old worn out shavin mug, he can swop it here for a naughty novel or a riskay oil paintin. These stands are filled with sexy books printed in English, French, Eyetalian or Influenza and if you ever started to read one the water would run right out of your wave.

Oh I must crack to you about what happened to Danny. You see in this section of town they got a bunch of wise frog peddlers. When the peddler sees a toorist comin along with his sweetie what looks like a fall guy, he edges up close to the chump an follows him along.

When the dame aint lookin the peddler nudges the guy an gives him a quick flash at a handful of French post cards. One look at the naughties an the guys *sold*. He dont know what to do because hes all boxed in. Hes afraid to squark to the salesman for fear the missus will hear him, an if he stalls to the missus its the finish—so the only thing he *can* do is traipse along until he can get a chanse to slip the frog enough franks to separate him from the thrillers.

In this case it was Danny Doyle who was doin the buyin and by the time he got back to the hotel he had enough pitchers to wreck a police force. If Tweedlums ever finds these naughty nudies in his trunk, theres goin to be a one way ticket to Mr. Renos Blasting Academy.

Oh, its a grand place this Paris. All jokes aside Kid, its one of the most bootiful cities in the world. Theres one thing about the French people, theyre very thrifty. They never waste a thing. The city of Paris could live on what New York throws out. Speakin of bein thrifty, you should live in one of them French apartment houses—thats the laf. They let you ride up in the elevator but try an ride down! Another thing, in the walk-up flats they dont burn the Mazdas in the halls. They save em. The janitor or Con-ci-urge as they call him parks himself in the vestibule an when the customer comes in at night the janitor presses a button, lights the halls an gives him just time enough to scram to his flat. If you happen to live on the top floor, its just too bad. Nine chances outer ten youve never seen what your front door looks like. Big hearted I calls it, an yet this bimbo grabs ten per cent of your rent an never misses!

OH, yeah, before I sign off I must tell you about the Hennesys we met. Mrs. Hennesy used to be a girl friend of Gwendolyns. Her name was Lucy Stout but now shes wedded to Tim Hennesy. Tim made plenty of sugar in the likker business, but due to bum health an hardenin of the artilleries Lucy married him. The medical gave Tim only one year to live because he said he had to send Tims kidneys away to be vulcanized. Anyhow, Danny ordered a bottle of Johnny Dewars paint remover an the comedy was on. After a few quick jolts the two girls began to remmernissing about their younger days.

Dyer remember, says Lucy, when you used to hustle hash in Bens Busy Bee? Gosh them was the days.

Yeah, an you, says Gwen (not wishin to be outdone). Do you recall the time your old man was in the cooler an you hadter take in washin?

By this time both guys were gunnin each other. They began to think they drew a pair of blanks. Gwendolyn had told Danny that her Papa and Mama had started the Social Register an as for Lucy, she was Number 2 in New Yorks Four Hundred. Well, as the evenin wore on the party got nicely crocked. The two men began braggin about their own ancestry. It seems to me, says Tim, that me an you used to know each other in the old country.

Sure we did! says Danny.

My old man, James Patrick Hennesy, was Lord Mayor of Ireland. You remember him?

Sure everybody knows that, and my father was related to Bobby Burns, the poet.

Glory be to heaven you dont say so? Well that may be, but *my* great grandfather, Michael Hennesy was the founder of Hennesys THREE STAR—what do you think of that?

Sure thats somethin to be proud of, replies Doyle, but *my* great, great grandfather was related to Robert Emmett. In fact, both him an Emmett went to America on the Mayflower.

Thats nothin, steamed Tim swallowin his drink, when the Hennesys went to America, they didnt bother with the Mayflower, *they had boats of their own!!!*

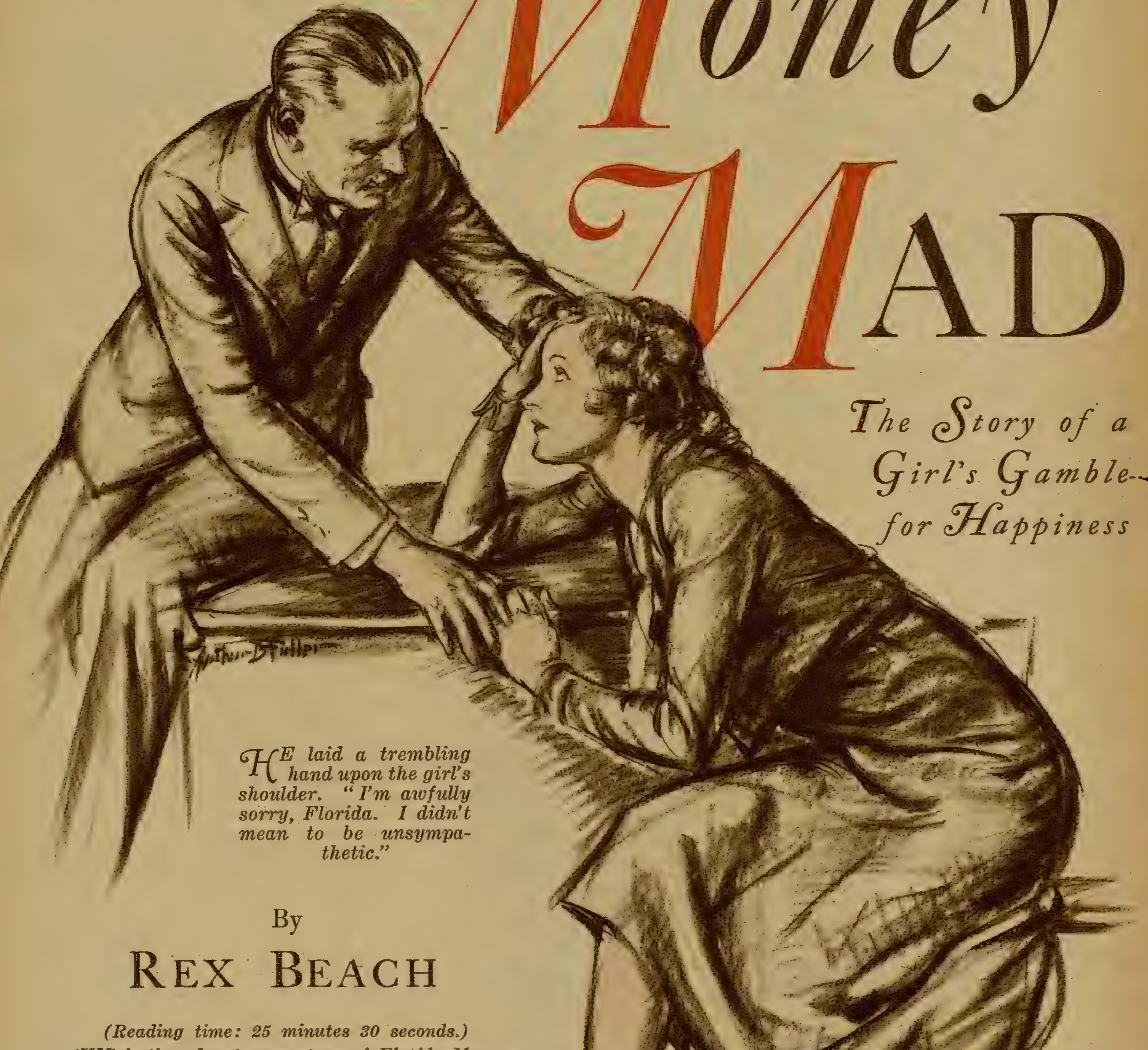
Well Marg, I gotta shave.

Wishin you the same,
Your ever lovin pal
MIKE SHEA.

Another letter from Mike will be coming along in an early issue.

Money Mad

The Story of a Girl's Gamble for Happiness



HE laid a trembling hand upon the girl's shoulder. "I'm awfully sorry, Florida. I didn't mean to be unsympathetic."

By

REX BEACH

(Reading time: 25 minutes 30 seconds.)

THIS is the adventurous story of Florida Morgan, who took a position on Wall Street to pay off her father's debts. He was a former bank executive who was serving a prison term.

Florida's work prospered, which gave her satisfaction without real happiness, for she loved Wilmer Worth, the multimillionaire husband of Wanda, her best woman friend. Wilmer was mad about Florida, but they remained apart while he worked on her father's case, and she at her job.

PART THIRTEEN—COLLAPSE

"SO little Cinderella's rags changed into silk, the pumpkin became a gilded coach, and the mice turned into galloping white horses!" Wanda Worth drew at her slender cigarette holder and smiled upon Florida. "Who can doubt that fairy stories come true?"

It was midafternoon of a day late in the summer. The two women had met in the dimly lighted anteroom of an uptown hotel café.

Florida had lunched there with a customer. On their way out she had heard her name called and had been startled to behold the countess. The latter was affable. She had drawn Florida down beside her on a divan, and

Pictures by
ARTHUR D. FULLER

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MONEY MAD
Continued from page sixty-one

when the customer had excused himself she had asked his companion to give an account of her doings.

“It is a fairy story,” the girl admitted. “You promised it would be, that first day.”

“And you didn’t need your wishing sister, after all. You proved that the happy heart can find its happy way. I’m glad.”

“Oh, I’m so relieved to hear you say that. I was afraid—”

“Afraid I’m offended?” Wanda waved the thought aside. “But you see I’m not. Neither angry nor resentful, either. I’m not a vindictive person. Nobody understands me.”

“You went away. You didn’t write. You were so formal when we met—”

“I had to be. Some women would have been furious, but how silly to hold you accountable for Wilmer’s villainy.”

“Thank heaven I made a clean breast of it. But that—that wretched Persian affair nearly broke my heart.”

“OF course. And there was only one thing to do. At any rate, you had something to turn to.”

“My work? That’s true. It’s all I think about nowadays.”

“Lucky girl! I have nothing, nobody. Life is a tedious, mocking, maddening succession of frustrations. I’ve never worn that ring since you sent it back; it’s hidden away with the other trinkets and its magic is all gone. Sometimes I sigh over it. What perversity, eh? The gypsies put a spell on our house a good many years ago.”

“That’s morbid, Wanda, when you have so much to be thankful for.”

“So little, really. Maybe that’s the curse—to be always unsatisfied, to starve in the midst of plenty, to love those I shouldn’t, and to hate those I should love. We kill the things that are dear to us, you know, or so it is said.

“Some strangle with the hands of Lust,
Some with the hands of Gold:
The kindest use a knife, because
The dead so soon grow cold.”

“You *are* in a mood, dear. Has something happened?”

“Nothing. Everything. You never saw me despondent before, did you? Well, I go to extremes. I was enjoying the doleful dumps when I saw you and I was repeating that poem, telling myself that I’m in a dungeon, looking out wistfully at the sky. . . . But your cheek is no longer made of roses and shining dew.”

“That’s forty per cent anxiety and sixty per cent mortification. I’m the silliest fool in the world, and I feel like jumping off a bridge.”

“Tell me—”

“Well, I missed a chance to make a fortune. I broke out in a panic one day and sold all the Columbian Oil stock I had, against the advice of my friends. Ever since it has been going up, up, up. It must have been castor oil—nothing holds it down. I could yell.”

“That explains your mortification. What accounts for your anxiety?”

“Liberty Light and Power common. I’m carrying over three thousand shares.”

“Good heavens!”

“Oh, I’ve done well! I’m out of debt—I mean those Claiborne debts are paid—but think what I’d have made if I’d hung on! Those oil shares I sold have advanced over sixty points since I let go. Pardon me if I start kicking the furniture. If there was a cat here I’d pull its tail. You don’t know how it feels to be a perfect, eighteen-carat idiot.”

“It seems to me you’ve accomplished wonders.”

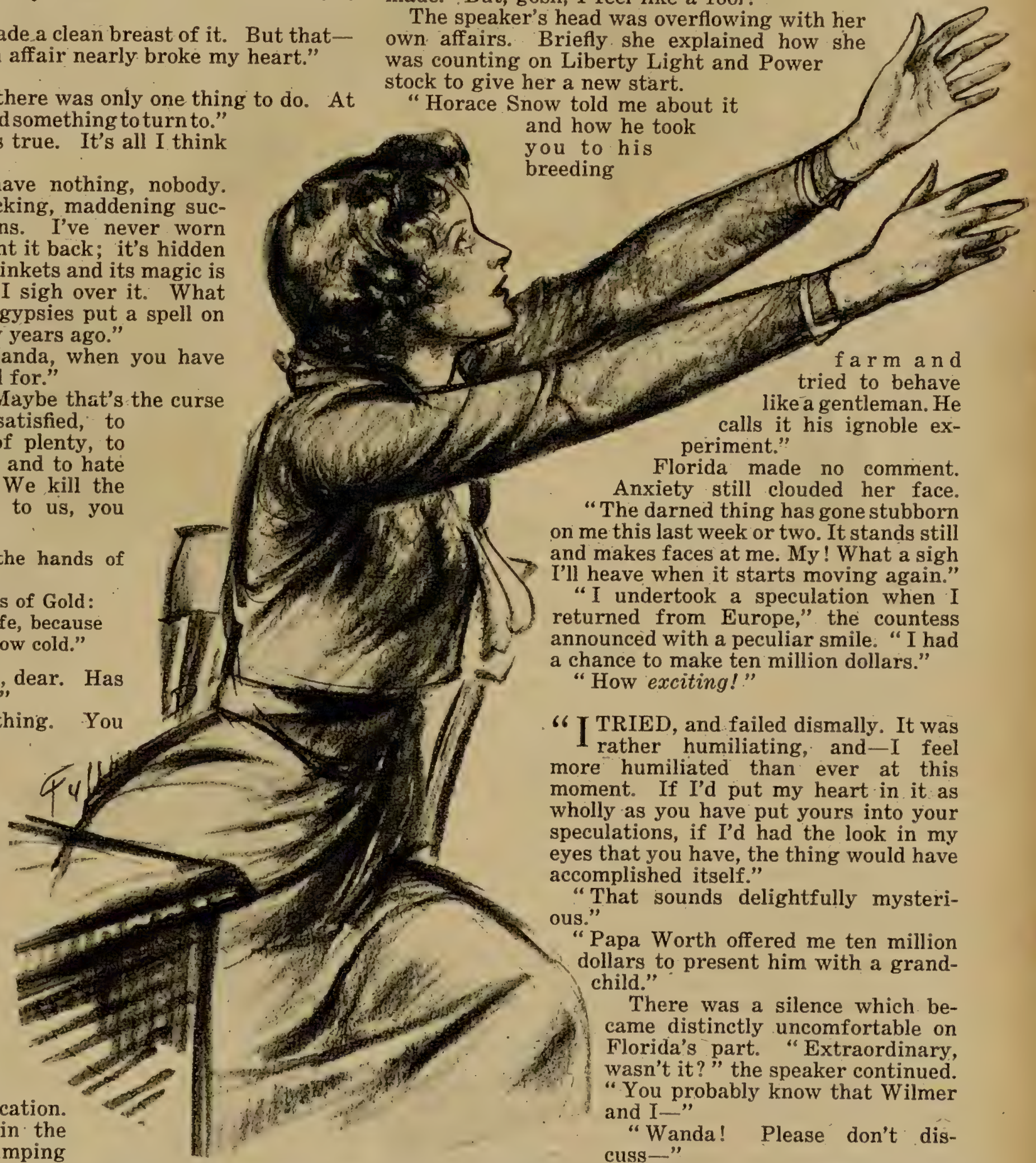
“Oh, I dare say I have—”

“And I did help, didn’t I? That’s one mark to my credit.”

“You did *everything,* Wanda. If the pesky market will only be nice and if I can ever forget the mistake I made. But, gosh, I feel like a fool!”

The speaker’s head was overflowing with her own affairs. Briefly she explained how she was counting on Liberty Light and Power stock to give her a new start.

“Horace Snow told me about it and how he took you to his breeding farm and tried to behave like a gentleman. He calls it his ignoble experiment.”



With an inarticulate cry, so thin that it was like a wail of pain, she held out her arms.

Florida made no comment. Anxiety still clouded her face. “The darned thing has gone stubborn on me this last week or two. It stands still and makes faces at me. My! What a sigh I’ll heave when it starts moving again.”

“I undertook a speculation when I returned from Europe,” the countess announced with a peculiar smile. “I had a chance to make ten million dollars.”

“How *exciting!*”

“I TRIED, and failed dismally. It was rather humiliating, and—I feel more humiliated than ever at this moment. If I’d put my heart in it as wholly as you have put yours into your speculations, if I’d had the look in my eyes that you have, the thing would have accomplished itself.”

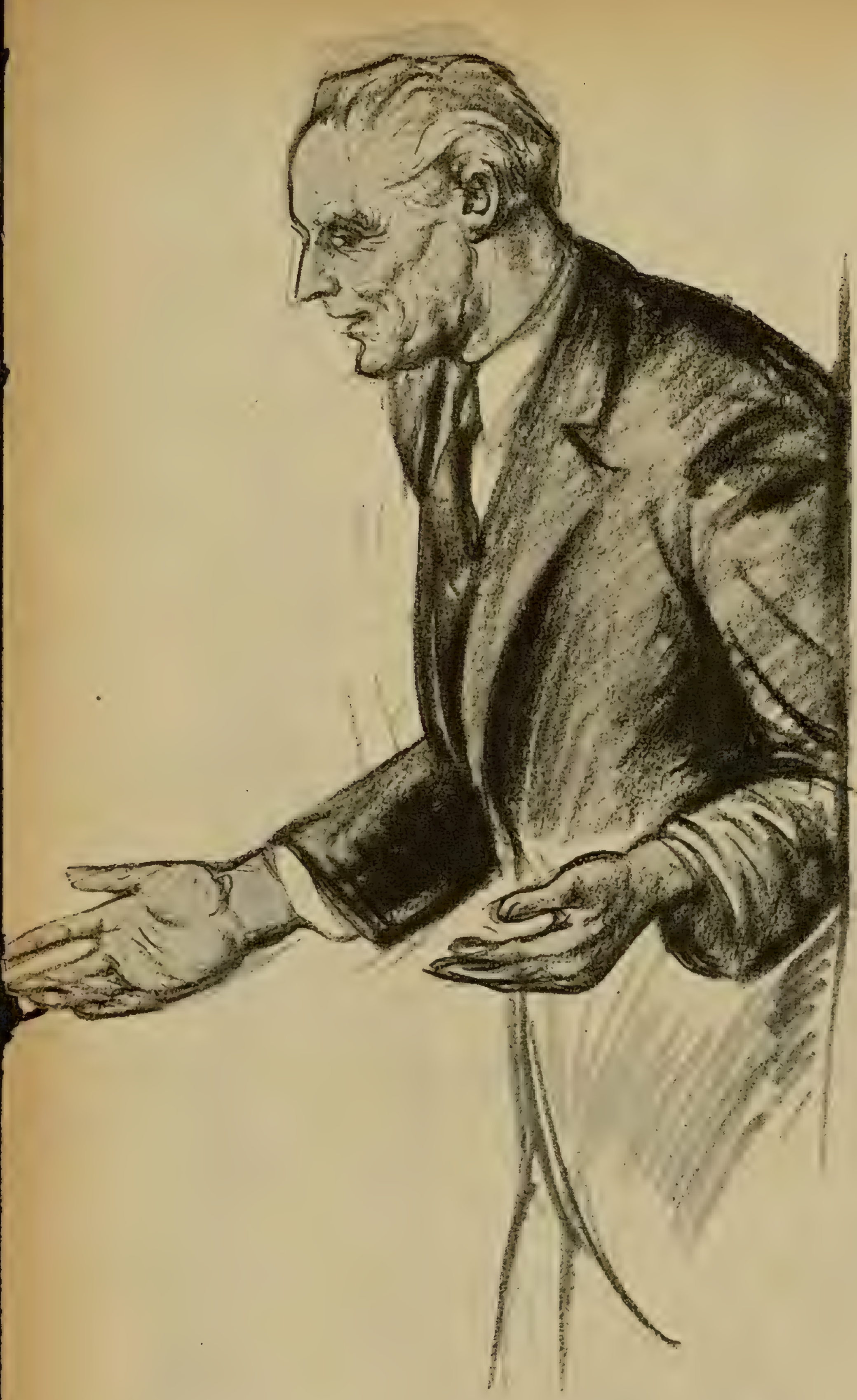
“That sounds delightfully mysterious.”

“Papa Worth offered me ten million dollars to present him with a grandchild.”

There was a silence which became distinctly uncomfortable on Florida’s part. “Extraordinary, wasn’t it?” the speaker continued. “You probably know that Wilmer and I—”

“Wanda! Please don’t discuss—”

“I want to tell you about it, for it explains in part the mood I’m in and it’s such an amusing contrast to your experience with men. Principles mean something to you, whereas I’m thoroughly unprincipled, in a manner of speaking. At any rate, I’m controlled by impulses and inhibitions. But—ten million dollars! It’s enough to stir the mother love in a mule and I believe nature



has denied mules that particular emotion. I began really to think that I wanted a child—couldn't do without one. Yearnings wholly unsuspected made themselves felt. I fell in love with the idea. Probably because it promised a new sensation, or possibly because it meant a new plaything. Anyhow, I paraded all my arts and coquetries before Wilmer, but it was like trying to start a motor with the switch off. The spark was missing. He couldn't even bring himself to look at me and—think of you."

FLORIDA rose in a pallid confusion, whereupon the elder woman clutched at her.

"Don't go. I tell you I'm not angry. I'm not even resentful. It simply wasn't intended to be that way. . . . We three make up a queer, lopsided triangle, don't we?"

"No! There's no triangle about it," the girl protested hurriedly.

"Oh, yes, there is, and I don't know what to do about it. If I had won my—speculation I'd have inked myself into the design indelibly and erased you. Instead, I practically erased myself."

"You put me in an odious position."

A flicker of impatience disturbed Wanda's features. "It's not a question of you or me or him. We're merely three inanimate figures on a checkerboard."

"I've never done anything to—"

"I know. I know. Wilmer is a person of honor, too. I'm the shameless member of the trio. That's the unfortunate complication. I dare say I should in some manner rub myself out; but I'm so selfish." She smiled and shook her dark head. "So unheroic. There's another complication. Papa Worth, as you know, goes by the name of King Solomon, and, in spite of his admirable charity, his superabundant kindness, he rules a good deal like his ruthless namesake and permits nothing to stand in the way of his ambitions.

"His mind is set on having an imperial grandchild to carry on his illustrious name and to clip his royal coupons. He has decreed that there must be a prince. 'Must' is his latest word. It's as imperative as it is indelicate, but—those Biblical patriarchs seemed to believe that the most sacred thing in life is Life, and that familiarity breeds confinement. The old dear is failing rapidly and I fancy he's determined that the stork shall beat the undertaker to his house. In a wholly nice but inflexible manner he offers me a choice between Reno and the Lying-in Hospital. As if the choice were mine!"

"If you insist upon talking like this I'll have to go."

"Then I won't. When I saw you passing I had to reach out through the bars and touch you, regardless of consequences. It's against the prison rules. I broke my parole, but—I'm like the wretch whom Wilde described when he said,

"I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky.

"It's awfully dark in a prison, Florida. I'm groping. I came here to get Cecily Vane and take her home with me. She was to meet me. She's lunching with her fiancé, who disapproves of me madly, and she's more than an hour late already. She'll never come! It's the perfidy of fortune. . . . Speaking of prison, tell me about your father."

Florida was relieved to change the subject, and she related in more detail than necessary what had happened to the other Claiborne bank officials. "I'm furious, of course, but it will probably work to pappy's advantage. Our lawyer is circulating a petition among the prominent people in our town. If enough of them sign it we'll lay it before the President."

"Wilmer knows him. Even Presidents listen to Wilmer."

"The President is a kindly man. It seems to me he'll surely do—something." The speaker lowered her face, her fingers interlocked themselves and strained at each other. "I've grown into a withered old woman this last year. So many things have happened. I'm dreadfully tired."

"You're a brave, tenacious child."

"No, no! I'm a coward and a quitter. I could have made a great big fortune—enough to put pappy and me on Easy Street. When I think of it, I want to run away and hide my head and never hear about stocks and money and Wall Street as long as I live. I'm lonesome and discouraged, too. That's the first time I've ever acknowledged it, even to myself, but—it's true."

Mrs. Worth smiled wanly. "Lonesome! You don't know what that is. Or discouragement, either. You've never starved your soul. Only a Saniecka knows what it is to be sick of mind."

For a while longer they talked, or rather Florida talked. Happily the countess did little more than listen. When they parted it was with much the same display of affection as before the interruption to their friendship.

II

OCTOBER was a trying month. An apathy settled upon the market, prices wavered, some fell, but the volume of business did not greatly diminish. Everybody said this inactive period was a breathing spell, a technical readjustment.

Nothing had happened to call a halt in the upward march of prices; fundamental conditions were as good as they had been.

The one stock in which Florida was now interested

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

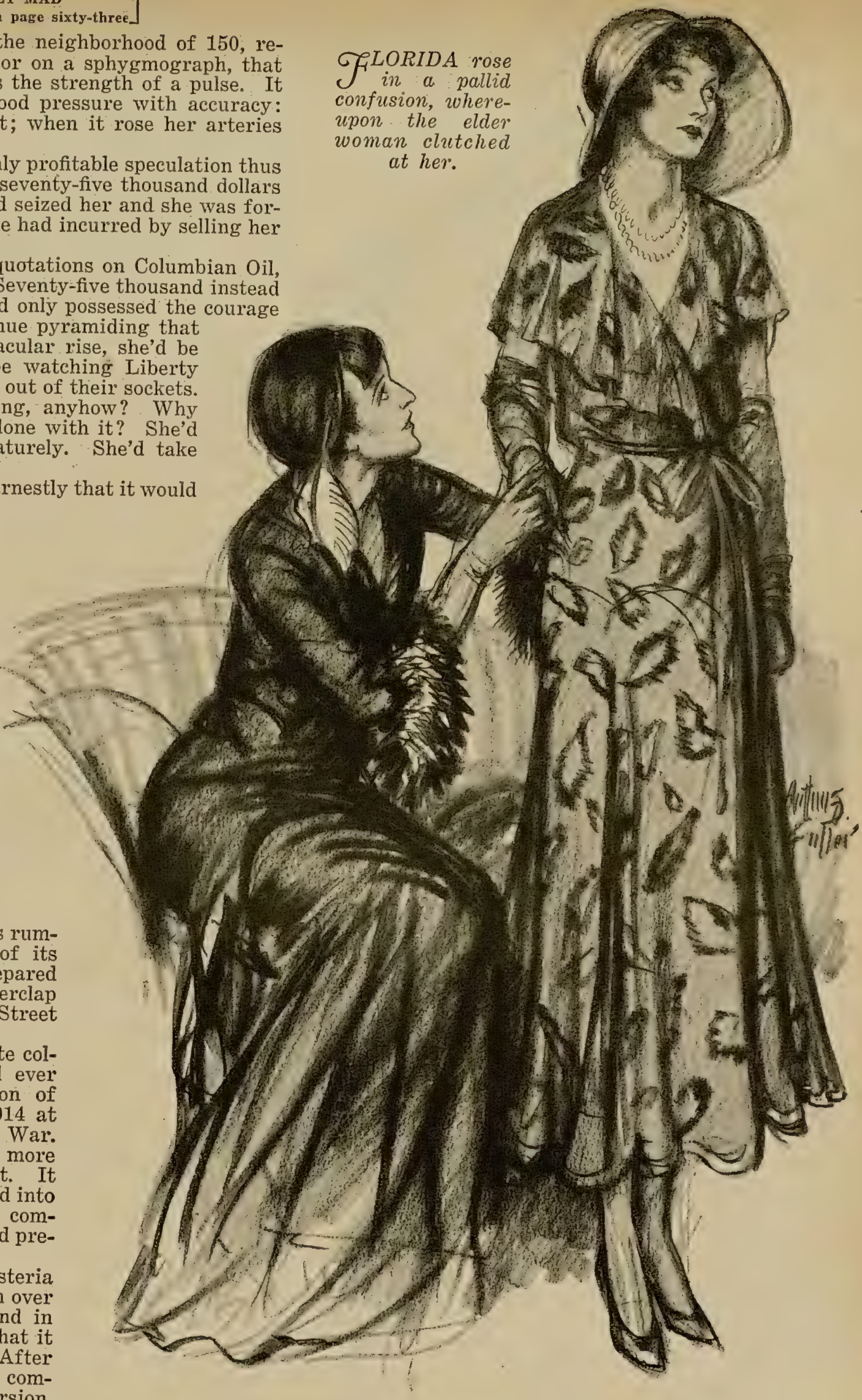
MONEY MAD
Continued from page sixty-three

oscillated tantalizingly in the neighborhood of 150, reminding her of the indicator on a sphygmograph, that instrument which measures the strength of a pulse. It certainly registered her blood pressure with accuracy: when it fell she grew faint; when it rose her arteries threatened to burst.

It had proven to be a highly profitable speculation thus far—her profits were over seventy-five thousand dollars—but Wall Street greed had seized her and she was forever lamenting the losses she had incurred by selling her other holdings too soon.

When she looked at the quotations on Columbian Oil, for instance, she grew ill. Seventy-five thousand instead of two hundred! If she had only possessed the courage to grit her teeth and continue pyramiding that stock during its last spectacular rise, she'd be rich now. She wouldn't be watching Liberty Light with her eyes bulging out of their sockets. What ailed the darned thing, anyhow? Why didn't it go to 200 and be done with it? She'd never again sell out prematurely. She'd take the last cent.

Every night she prayed earnestly that it would rise.



FLORIDA rose in a pallid confusion, whereupon the elder woman clutched at her.

III

MANY million words have been written about the panic which broke on October 24, 1929, rocking the financial structure not only of New York and America but also of the entire world, and sweeping innumerable fortunes with it in the broadest, swiftest decline of values in stock-market history.

In describing it, the word "debacle" has been used at least a hundred thousand times. It was a colossal catastrophe, and, despite the fact that ominous rumblings had given warning of its imminence, nobody was prepared for it. It broke like a thunderclap—another well worn Wall Street simile.

No such utter and complete collapse in market prices had ever occurred, with the exception of that which took place in 1914 at the outbreak of the World War. But this was a greater and more devastating panic than that. It was like all other panics rolled into one, and its ruin was more complete than anything which had preceded it.

At its height an insaner hysteria prevailed, stocks were thrown over in more reckless abandon and in such overwhelming volume that it became indeed a—debacle. After all, no word better expresses complete breaking up, dispersion, stampede, rout. The collapse was progressive, moreover, and it gained momentum steadily.

Now that the facts are recognized and the doctrines of the jazz economists have been exploded, along with the fantastic theory of a "new financial era," the reason for its occurrence is plain. Never before in history had there been such a spectacular, such a protracted, such an unbridled period of reckless speculation as during the previous two years.

The country was profit drunk. Under adroit manipulation, prices had risen prodigiously and fortunes had been made without effort. That new school of thought, before referred to, had spread its teachings until old reckonings were abandoned and people actually believed that economic laws had been suspended. How false those teachings were, the crash proved.

There was a pile of mail and a number of telegrams on Florida's desk when she came in that morning, and among the letters she saw one bearing Joe Coates' return address. She put it aside to read after she had attended to her wires. They were selling orders, for the market had been soft these last few days and there had been unexpected declines in certain stocks. While she was attending to them, her telephone buzzed. Soon other calls came in. Her clients, it seemed, were watching the market with something akin to apprehension.

She gave them what information she could, she took their orders, but she did not argue. Some of them knew as much and more than she, and, after all, every sale meant a commission.

From the board room came a murmur which indicated that the place was filling up earlier than usual, and that monotone, that movement out there, affected her. Perhaps this was the turn. It might be that the market was on the verge of another sensational rise that would send her own stock soaring. She rose and peeked out of her door. She wanted to join that swelling crowd and hear what it was saying, but her phone called her and she rushed back to it.

She managed, a few minutes after ten, to take time for a look at the board. The opening was steady. There was no hint of anything unusual except in the size of the early transactions. The ticker recorded one of 20,000 shares of Kennecott, and another of 20,000 General Motors, off a fraction; then two of 15,000 each, Sinclair Oil and Standard Brands.

Whew! This was business, she reflected. What a day this promised to be. While she was looking on, the machine spewed out news of other big sales: 10,000 United Corporation; 12,000 U. G. I.; 10,000 Westinghouse; 13,000 Packard Motors. Interspersed with them were several 5,000-share lots of other issues. The volume was enormous, but the prices held fairly steady.

She heard her name called and sped back to her desk. Both phones were ringing, another batch of telegrams was tossed upon her desk.

THE hour that followed was calamitous. Without warning, all support seemed to drop out from under the market and prices tobogganed in a manner that left the onlookers in the board room stunned and stricken. Those enormous opening sales had broken all resistance. The market cracked, broke down like thin ice on a pool from which the water had dried out. Florida told herself that she was suffering some hideous nightmare and must surely awaken in a moment or two.

On the evening before, she had seen a news-reel picture of the destruction of a towering brick chimney. Following the explosion of dynamite at its base, it had appeared to hang motionless in midair for a brief space of time, then it had leaned slowly, still retaining its shape, but falling ever faster and more irresistibly toward the earth. She had watched it, fascinated, then closed her eyes at the cataclysmic crash. When she opened them, the screen had shown her only a chaos of dust and whirling fragments. The costly labor of patient hands had been wrecked, dissolved, while she held her breath.

She held her breath now, in a way of speaking, while she watched Liberty Light and Power topple, sway, and fall, carrying with it her hopes, her ambitions, her prayers, and the patient labor of many months. She was terrified. In distraction she called up her brokers, but they could tell her nothing more than she knew. Already a part of her stock was gone. They would sell what was left if she wished, but there was no telling what it would bring, for the Exchange was in confusion and there was a crazy spread in prices. There was a difference of ten points in half that many minutes. The decline might be checked at any time.

She hesitated, recalling her previous cowardice, and decided to wait a little.

BY eleven o'clock she was as thoroughly bewildered as the other people who were watching the landslide. She was one of hundreds of thousands of half-demented human animals scattered from one end of the country to the other who realized that ruin had overwhelmed them.

This was not the gradual slipping away of values such as other panics had witnessed. Telephone wires were screaming with orders to "sell at the market," and telegraph instruments were clicking the same alarming message; but so swift was the decline that there was no market, so to speak. That frenzied command to sell mounted to a roar which resounded from coast to coast, from Canada to the Gulf, and it resulted in the most appalling crash of all time.

Regiments, armies of shareholders in every state became terror-stricken as they saw their margins exhausted, and when Steel crashed down through 200 it was as if the resistless forces of nature had indeed united to destroy the entire financial and economic structure of the world.

This Black Thursday proved to be far and away the biggest market day in history. So tremendous was the deluge of selling orders that the ticker was hopelessly inadequate to record the transactions. By ten thirty it was fifteen minutes late; by eleven thirty it was three-quarters of an hour behind; at one o'clock it was clicking out sales effected an hour and a half previously; and it did not print its last melancholy message until seven o'clock, four hours after closing.

That was a terrible morning to Florida. In a sort of stupor she watched her profits in Liberty Light shrink, evaporate, disappear, as swiftly as water spilled upon a hot stove. The price of its shares did not crack; it shivered, exploded, like one of the company's electric bulbs. In one horrifying downward swoop which covered fifty points the girl's profits were wiped out, along with that twenty-two thousand dollars which Horace Snow had amassed for her.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

What is the proof of

Voluntary Readership?

•

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Capt. John W. Thomason
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George Trevor
Jim Tully
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Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

MONEY MAD
Continued from page sixty-five

Nor was that the only stock to plunge so spectacularly. There were a hundred others which went with it. With mixed emotions she saw Columbian Oil take an even swifter nose dive, and Aluminum Products follow it.

She realized of a sudden what the crash would have brought her had she not heeded her father's advice, and her bones turned to rope. She could afford to laugh now. But how close she had come to disaster. It was not her own judgment that had saved her. It was blind luck, that dream, her hunch. And for weeks past she had been whipping herself with a lash of scorpions! Judgment, wisdom, experience; what did they amount to?

She managed to see Breckenridge for a moment. His face was bloodless, his whole body seemed shrunken, and an ague shook him.

"This is dreadful!" he exclaimed in a throaty rustle. "It's the worst panic the world ever saw. Barry and Lott are both on the floor and they say there's no bottom."

"I'm ruined," the girl announced.

"So are all of us. So are a million others. So are half the houses on the Street. We forgot we were brokers—" He laid a trembling hand upon the girl's shoulder and said more gently, "I'm awfully sorry, Florida. I didn't mean to be unsympathetic, but I'm pretty badly rattled. I haven't had time to watch Liberty Light. What happened?"

"It hasn't stopped crashing yet. I was cleaned out in an hour."

"Too bad! It's—dreadful. But you got out lucky on your other stuff. Lord! And I've been calling you a fool!"

"I don't know whether to laugh or to cry, Pappy-Two. I'm well and I'm—sick. I feel—sort of fainty."

"Let's have a drop. We need it." The speaker fumbled for his keys and unlocked a cabinet. When he poured a drink the bottle neck tinkled upon the glass. "It caught everybody. The flash just came in that Morgan has called a meeting of the big bankers. Solomon Worth was seen on his way over. Maybe they'll be able to do something. . . . Feel better? That's good. Why don't you run out and get a bite of lunch? No. I'll send out. Somebody might fall on you. I hear they're piling off roofs and jumping out of windows. My God! What a calamity."

FLORIDA struggled back into her little office and sat down. She shut her eyes and waited for the room to stop its slow gyrations.

Dejectedly she told herself that it was wrong for her to feel this misfortune so keenly. She had much to be thankful for. She should be grateful for saving anything out of the wreck. Of course. But all that was gone; she had passed it on. And yesterday she could have sold out for a fortune. Now she was broke. She'd have to start anew.

She uttered a strangled sound. She couldn't do this all over again. . . . People were jumping out of windows, were they? No wonder. That was better than some things; better than eternally fighting, scheming; better than letting men handle you—

She raised her head at an outburst of sound from the board room, and a moment later she crept out there to learn the cause of the commotion.

The break had been checked, she heard. Those big financiers had met and had issued a reassuring statement to the public. They were dumping millions into the market and the upturn had started. This news had not come over the ticker, for that pompous little demon was still chattering its disheartening story of transactions already hours old and thrusting its derisive tongue out at the haggard people grouped around it. It came direct from the floor of the Exchange.

On the heels of that intelligence arrived positive verification: a buying order for 200,000 shares of Steel had been placed at 205. The Exchange was cheering, and that cheer was echoed in innumerable board rooms, east and west, north and south.

A	R	S		M	O	L	E		L	O	G	E		S	A	G
S	I	P		E	N	I	D		I	D	O	L		I	R	A
K	O	R	A	N	■	E	G	G	E	D	■	E	R	N	E	S
		E	R	A	S	■	I	A	N	■	A	G	O	G		
B	L	E	A	C	H	I	N	G	■	P	R	A	T	E	R	S
I	O	■	B	E	I	N	G	■	S	E	I	N	E	■	U	P
N	O	W	■	D	E	N	■	L	E	A	S	T	■	A	L	E
E	N	O	S	■	D	E	V	O	N	■	E	L	A	T	E	D
		V	A	T	■	R	O	A	S	T	■	Y	E	T		
S	L	E	W	E	D	■	I	N	E	R	T	■	S	I	D	E
H	A	N	■	A	R	I	L	S	■	I	R	E	■	C	A	N
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D	E	M	I	S	E	S	■	S	U	R	P	L	I	C	E	S
		A	N	T	S	■	L	E	R	■	S	A	N	E		
R	A	N	G	E	■	R	O	A	S	T	■	R	E	N	T	S
E	G	G		R	H	E	A		T	A	N	G		T	E	A
D	E	E		S	E	E	M		S	L	O	E		S	E	W

Answer to the puzzle on page 46

P	T	A	H		O	M	E	G	A		C	A	R	P
A	I	R	E		D	A	M	E	S		A	G	I	O
S	M	A	L	L	E	R	■	A	T	O	M	■	O	R
T	E	M	P	E	R	■	C	R	I	B	■	U	T	E
		A	E	S	■	T	H	E	R	E	A	T		
R	A	I	D	■	P	A	I	D	■	S	L	E	E	P
A	R	C	■	L	A	N	D	■	G	I	P	S	E	R
M	I	■	M	I	N	K	■	S	I	T	S	■	L	A
P	O	L	I	C	E	■	L	I	L	Y	■	F	E	W
S	N	A	T	H	■	T	I	N	T	■	T	E	R	N
		S	E	E	T	H	E	D	■	A	I	M		
H	A	H	■	N	O	O	N	■	O	S	M	O	N	D
U	P	■	S	T	A	R	■	E	M	P	E	R	O	R
L	E	N	A		S	N	A	K	E		R	A	T	A
A	D	E	N		T	Y	L	E	R		S	L	E	W

Answer to the puzzle on page 47

This happened about two o'clock. There followed a rally almost as spectacular as the earlier decline. Prices jumped ten, twenty points every minute or two.

As the hands of the huge clock over the Stock Exchange trading floor approached the hour of three, the pandemonium beneath it increased in fury. Minutes were dwindling to seconds and a mountain of business was still to be done. The floor was a litter of torn and crumpled paper. Around every trading post a scrimmage was in progress. To visitors looking down from the crowded gallery that sea of heads and shoulders seemed to be whipped by a hurricane: it writhed and tumbled, it was torn by currents and cross currents. The longer of the two clock hands circled closer to twelve, touched it, then a gong pealed. Three times it clanged, bringing to a close the most fateful, the most tragic trading day in history.

FOLLOWED a second of silence, then a strange, discordant yell burst from some two thousand throats. It was hoarse, it was shrill, it was triumphant, it was despairing. An eerie commingling of moans, groans, cheers, shrieks, and whistles it was—the expiring sigh of that ruthless passion which had dominated the place for five endless hours. Wet-faced brokers clung to each other as their energy left them; a shower of paper was flung aloft; in places men stood in dazed groups, in others they cut delirious capers and executed snake dances.

Barry was the first of the two floor members of the firm to reach the office.

He was a rawboned man. His eyes were staring now, and he resembled a walking cadaver. Lott arrived a moment later, streaming with sweat. His collar was limp, his vest was buttonless, and he looked as if a street sweeper had passed over him. He spoke in the tones of a man suffering from acute tonsillitis. They staggered into Breckenridge's room and slammed the door.

Liberty Light and Power closed at 124, some thirty points above its low for the day. For all it meant to Florida, it could have closed at 50 or 500. She was out. It was bitter medicine to swallow. Now that her earlier numbness had disappeared, she could appreciate more keenly just what had happened to her. Tomorrow, or the next day, no doubt that stock would resume its interrupted march toward 200.

That's how the market treated little people. It teased them, tickled them, bled them, crushed them, shook them out. It marched on, leaving them broken and forgotten.

She was sitting at her desk with her head upon her arms when an office boy announced some callers. She did not stir except to wave him away with a limp gesture. She could see nobody. At this moment she could not bear her own company.

The knob turned, she heard the door open. That fool boy! Here she was with her cheeks streaked and a swollen nose. Resentfully she looked up with a protest upon her lips. A film of tears befogged her vision, but the outline of the figure standing on the threshold was familiar. Behind it was another—

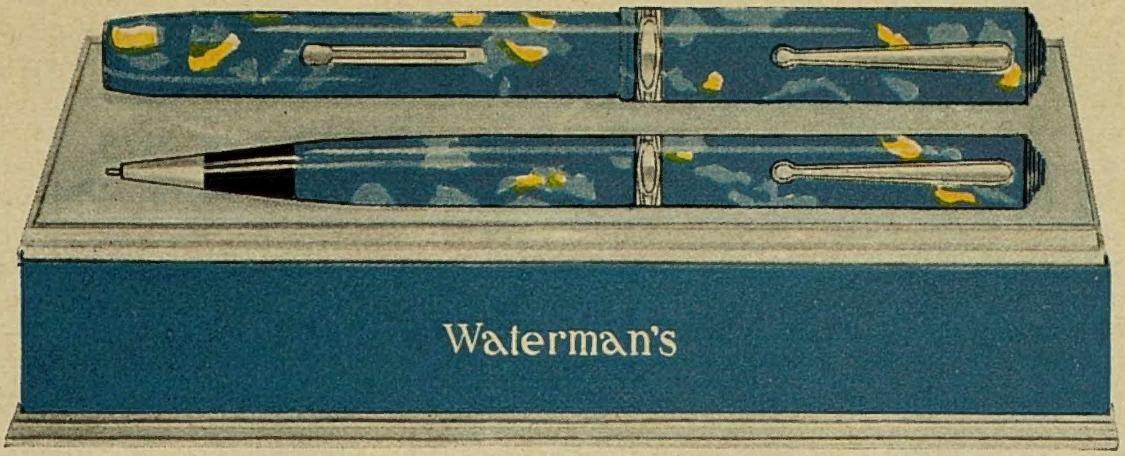
Florida shook her head, she dashed her tears away. What a day of unrealities! One fantasy after another! But those figures were real. The foremost of the two spoke. With an inarticulate cry, so thin, so incredulous, that it was like a wail of pain, she held out her arms.

"Pappy! . . . *Pappy!*" Then the sight was washed entirely out of her eyes.

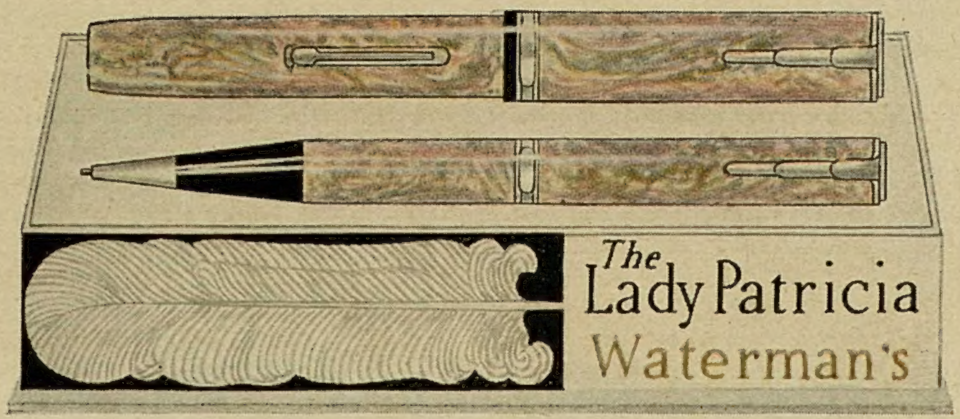
Blindly she moved forward until her father's arms encircled her.

You'll learn how the story turns out, and what fate has in store for each of the characters, in next week's concluding installment of Money Mad.

Waterman's gifts for the graduat



For a High School Graduate—The new NUMBER 94 • *A good-looking, smooth-writing pen of modern design and in three conservative shades of blue {shown}, brown and gray—truly practical, yet a stunning gift for only $5.00. Matching pencil $3.00. Set, beautifully boxed, $8.00.*

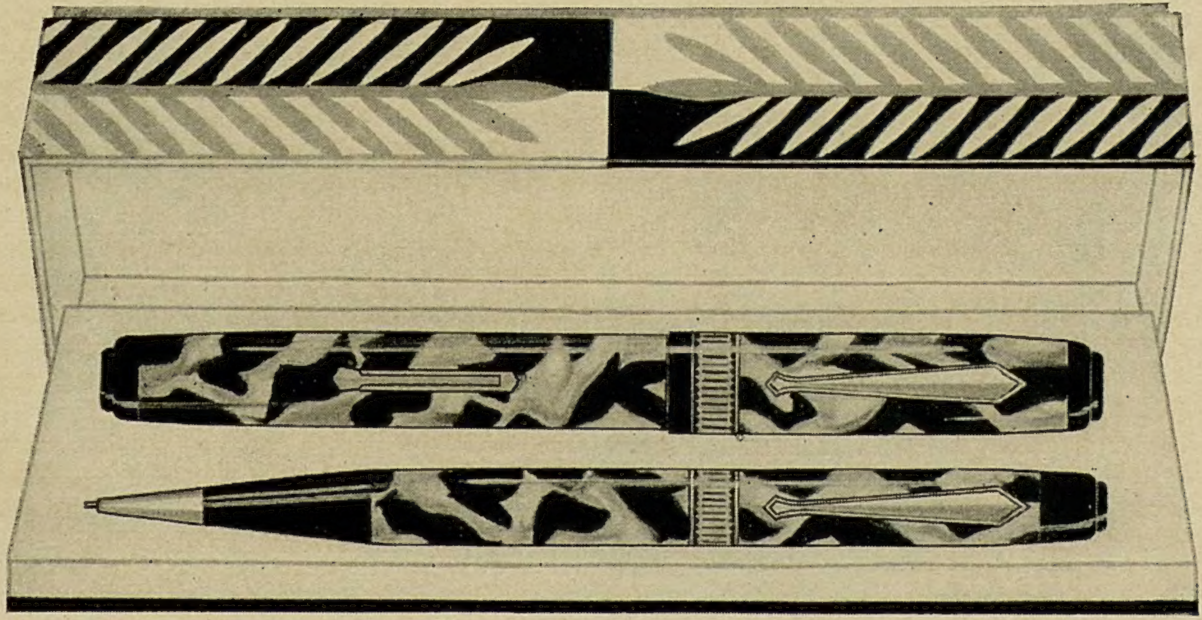


The matter of points: the proper point i most important. When giving a Waterman's pen as a gift, be sure and remind the recipient that he can select his own point to suit himself.

For a College Woman—The LADY PATRICIA • *Definitel her pen . . . as colorful, as dainty, as slim and efficient a she is herself. With a modern tiny clasp that holds it securel in a handbag. In five feminine colors {Persian shown}, $5.00 Pencil to match, $3.00. Set, in attractive gift box, $8.00.*

Your Waterman's dealer is ready with all these smart gifts. And remember—*Waterman's Inks* make any and every pen write better. So give ink with the pen.

Every Waterman's *is guaranteed forever against defects.* Service Stations are maintained at the addresses below in order to make good our guarantee and to service our pens as required.

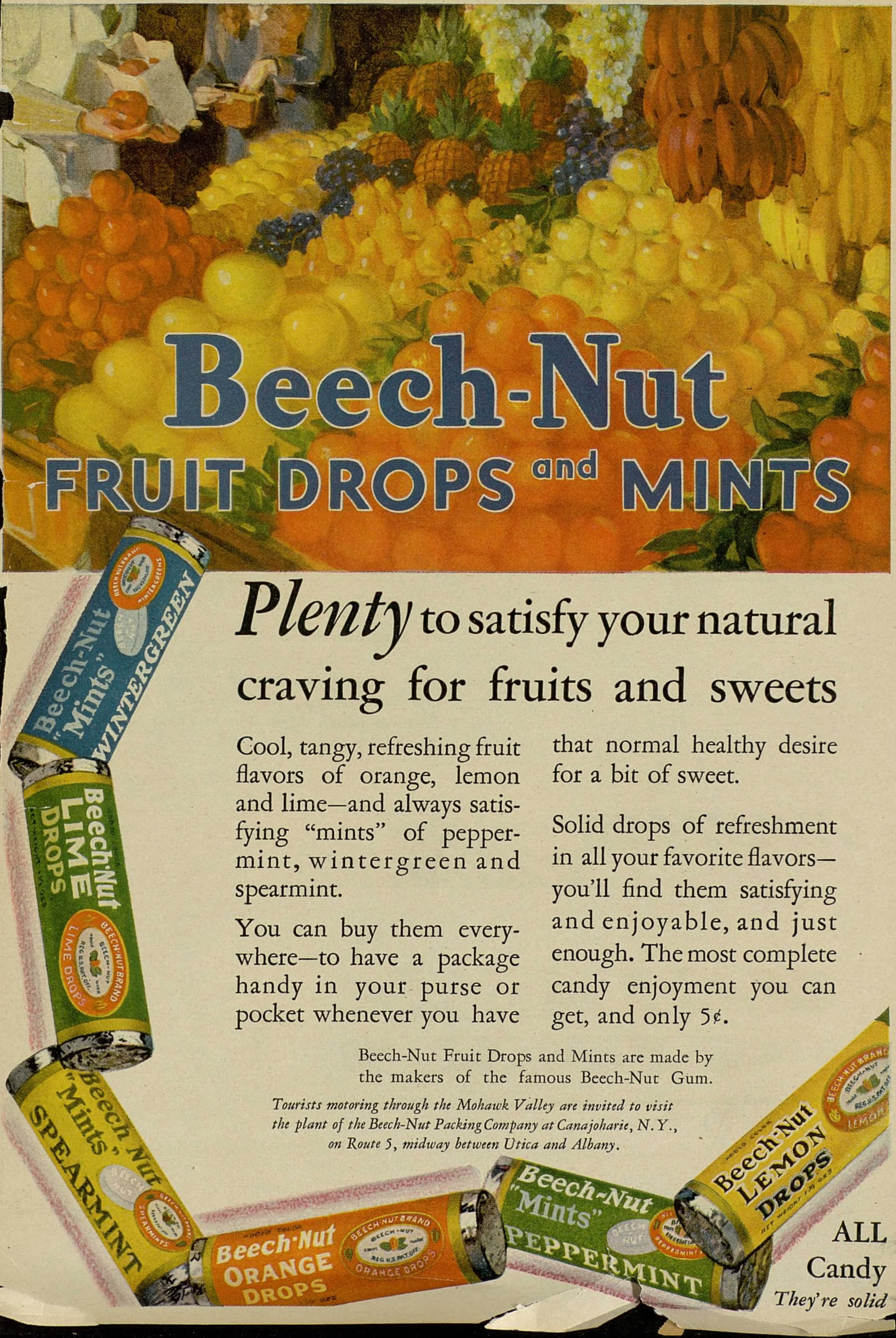


ALL WATERMAN'S ON THIS PAGE ARE SHOWN ¾ ACTUAL SIZE.

L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, New York • 129 South State Street, Chicago • 40 School Street, Boston • 609 Market St., San Francisco
263 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada

For a College Man—The PATRICIAN • *High-powered . . . hand-crafted . . . smart as a good roadster. The large nib . . . the great ink capacity . . . the five jewel colors {Nacre shown}—and the seven styles of pen points for selection all appeal to him. Pen $10; pencil $5. Set, smartly boxed, $15.*

Waterman'


Beech-Nut
FRUIT DROPS and MINTS
Beech-Nut "Mints" WINTERGREEN
Beech-Nut LIME DROPS
Beech-Nut "Mints" SPEARMINT
Beech-Nut ORANGE DROPS
Beech-Nut "Mints" PEPPERMINT
Beech-Nut LEMON DROPS

Plenty to satisfy your natural craving for fruits and sweets

Cool, tangy, refreshing fruit flavors of orange, lemon and lime—and always satisfying "mints" of peppermint, wintergreen and spearmint.

You can buy them everywhere—to have a package handy in your purse or pocket whenever you have that normal healthy desire for a bit of sweet.

Solid drops of refreshment in all your favorite flavors—you'll find them satisfying and enjoyable, and just enough. The most complete candy enjoyment you can get, and only 5¢.

Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints are made by the makers of the famous Beech-Nut Gum.

Tourists motoring through the Mohawk Valley are invited to visit the plant of the Beech-Nut Packing Company at Canajoharie, N.Y., on Route 5, midway between Utica and Albany.

ALL Candy
They're solid